Modern Screen

JUNE
15c

Anniversary Issue

FANNIE HURST • HEDDA HOPPER
LOUELLA PARSONS • SIDNEY SKOLSKY
VICKI BAUM • JIMMY FIDLER



JUNE ALLYSON

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL

MAY -2 1945.

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Martha O'Driscoll

in "HERE COME THE CO-EDS"

A Universal Picture



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There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?

Your bath only takes care of <u>past</u> perspiration, but to guard your <u>future</u> freshness—the word is Mum!

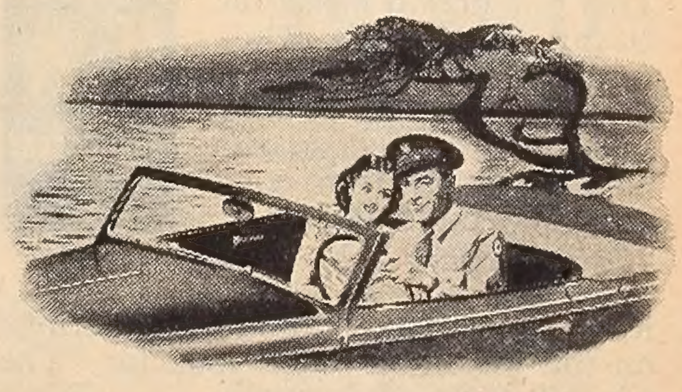
YES, YOUR bath washes away all *past* perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor *to come*. It can't safeguard your *future* freshness. That's a job Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake. Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!



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MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

modern screen

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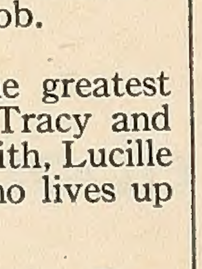
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement— ★ ★ ★ ★ None of these goes with the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn film —"Without Love". ★ ★ ★ ★



We're talking about the Abdominal Upheaval—the kind of laugh that gets a half-nelson on your midriff and rolls you around in your seat. ★ ★ ★ ★ The handkerchief-stuffed-in-the-mouth kind of laughter. ★ ★ ★ ★ "Without Love" is sensationally funny. And personal and warm. ★ ★ ★ ★ This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time. ★ ★ ★ ★ Spencer was never immenser. Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can't Hepburn here. ★ ★ ★ ★ The picture is much better than that. ★ ★ ★ ★ Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's play with a fresh approach and a free hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif. ★ ★ ★ ★ Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It's a sleep-walkie-talkie. ★ ★ ★ ★ Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks. ★ ★ ★ ★ Harold Bucquet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job. ★ ★ ★ ★ The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there's, to begin with, Lucille Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation. ★ ★ ★ ★ Keenan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and and. ★ ★ ★ ★ It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It's a long run picture. ★ ★ ★ ★ Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year? ★ ★ ★ ★ This production based on Oscar Wilde's absinthe-tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see "Dorian".



★ ★ ★ ★ M-G-M has many wonderful offerings on the way. You might look for "The Clock", "Son of Lassie", "The Valley of Decision" "Thrill of a Romance", and "Ziegfeld Follies". ★ ★ ★ ★ Still roaring. —Leo



STORIES

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM M-G-M! (color spread)
Golly, how could MODERN SCREEN help but have a happy fifteenth birthday with M-G-M giving us such a super swell party and inviting Sidney Skolsky to bring you all along? Let's go!.. 38

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX! (color spread)
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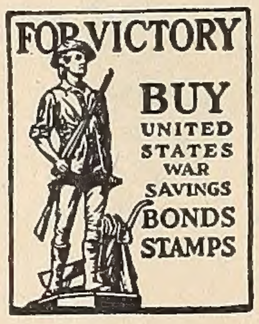
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IT'S A GALA YEAR FOR MOVIE FANS.....



Watch for these M.G.M hits...

"WITHOUT LOVE"

starring SPENCER TRACY, KATHARINE HEPBURN with LUCILLE BALL, KEENAN WYNN, CARL ESMOND, PATRICIA MORISON, FELIX BRESSART • Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Directed by Harold S. Bucquet • Produced by Lawrence A. Weingarten

"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"

starring GREER GARSON, GREGORY PECK with DONALD CRISP, LIONEL BARRYMORE, PRESTON FOSTER, MARSHA HUNT, GLADYS COOPER, REGINALD OWEN, DAN DURYEA, JESSICA TANDY, BARBARA EVEREST, MARSHALL THOMPSON • Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by Tay Garnett • Produced by Edwin H. Knopf

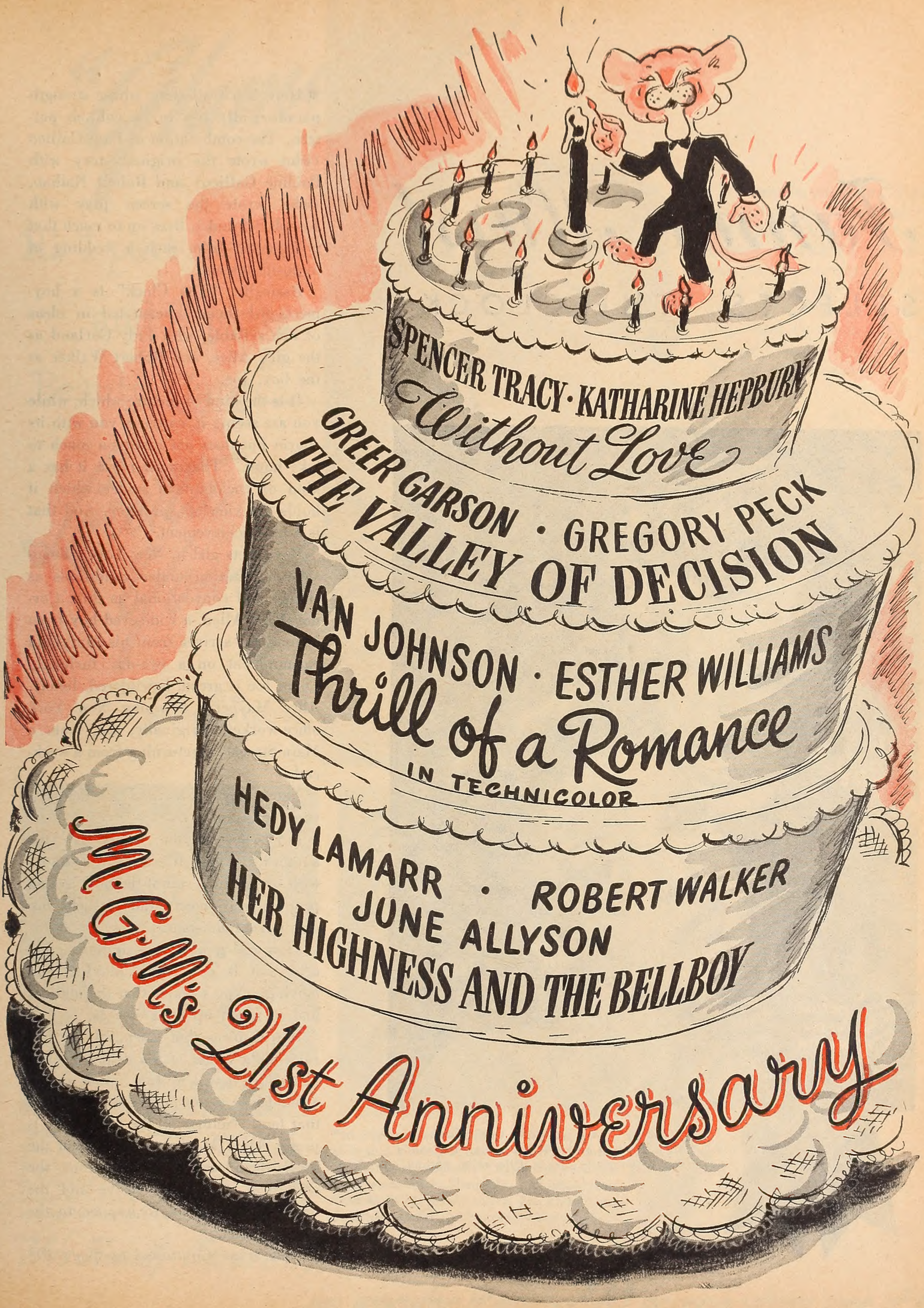
"THRILL OF A ROMANCE"

starring VAN JOHNSON, ESTHER WILLIAMS with FRANCES GIFFORD, HENRY TRAVERS, SPRING BYINGTON and Introducing The Metropolitan Opera Star LAURITZ MELCHIOR, TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA • Photographed In Technicolor • Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

starring HEDY LAMARR, ROBERT WALKER, JUNE ALLYSON with RAGS RAGLAND, WARNER ANDERSON, AGNES MOOREHEAD Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

P. S.— Remember "Lassie, Come Home"? You'll love "Son of Lassie", M-G-M's spectacular sequel in Technicolor!


SPENCER TRACY · KATHARINE HEPBURN
Without Love
GREER GARSON · GREGORY PECK
THE VALLEY OF DECISION
VAN JOHNSON · ESTHER WILLIAMS
Thrill of a Romance
IN TECHNICOLOR
HEDY LAMARR · ROBERT WALKER
JUNE ALLYSON
HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY
M-G-M's 21st Anniversary

Fannie Hurst

SELECTS "THE CLOCK"



Alice Maybery (Judy Garland) meets Corp. Joe Allen (Bob Walker) on his 48-hour pass. They fall in love, marry and part—"for a little while, darling."

■ Here is a frail story whose strength paradoxically lies in its cobweb pattern. The combination of Paul Gallico (who wrote the original story with Pauline Gallico) and Robert Nathan, (who wrote the screen play with Joseph Schrank), lives up to much that is expected from such a wedding of opposite talents.

Basically, "The Clock" is a boy-meets-girl theme interpreted in ideas of one syllable, with Judy Garland as the girl, Alice, and Robert Walker as the boy, Joe.

It is the kind of picture which, while you are seeing it, captures you with its charm but does not give you much to take home. That must mean it has a kind of enchantment under which it holds the viewing spectator. And that is a nice achievement.

Boy meets girl in New York's Pennsylvania Station under conditions as simple and conventional as this: Corporal Joe Allen, a wide-eyed boy from Minnesota, arrives from his Maryland encampment on a two-day furlough. Corp. Joe is green, bewildered, lonely. Alice Maybery, a young New York office-worker (originally, too, from a Main Street), is returning from a week-end.

Thus, boy meets girl in Pennsylvania Station.

But what in the world are the authors and the director going to do with these two run-of-the-mill young people who meet under such unoriginal circumstances?

They are going to do quite a good deal that is delightful, playful, and moving. You wonder that the authors had so much up their sleeves.

It transpires that Corporal Joe has forty-eight hours at his disposal. The New York that is milling and storming around him is not one bit interested in that fact. Neither, in the beginning, is pretty Alice Maybery. And then the droll, the pleasant, the humorous, the whimsical, the apprehensive and the heart-hurting, begin to happen to the boy and girl.

This is a (*Continued on page 10*)

"Glamour?"

It's 1 part Beauty and 9 parts Beauty Care"

Loretta Young

Star of International Pictures



"The man in your life," says this lovely star, "just takes it for granted you were *born* beautiful if your hair is shining, your eyes are bright, and your *skin* is soft and fresh. But we women know how important *day-to-day* care is in order to look and *keep* looking our prettiest."

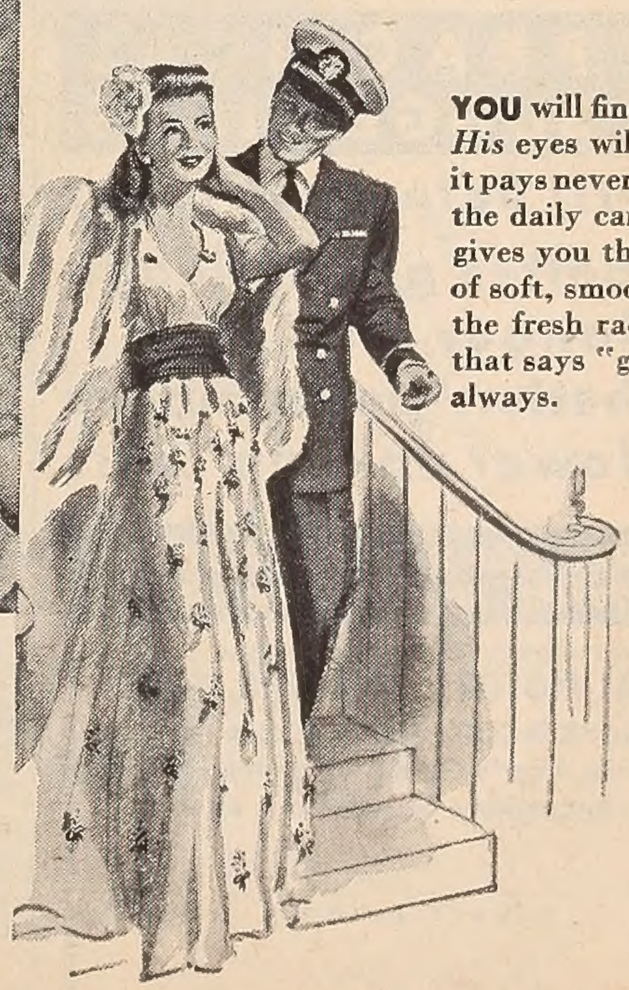
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



"What a wonderful feeling... when you *know* your skin looks smooth and lovely. That's why I never neglect my daily Active-lather facials with Lux Soap. Feels like smoothing *beauty* in when I cover my face with that creamy lather, and work it in thoroughly!"



"In any man's vocabulary it's 'glamour'... skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch." And our star concludes: "After you've rinsed with warm water, then cold, and patted your face dry with a soft towel, you know your Lux Soap facial's a beauty care that *works!*"



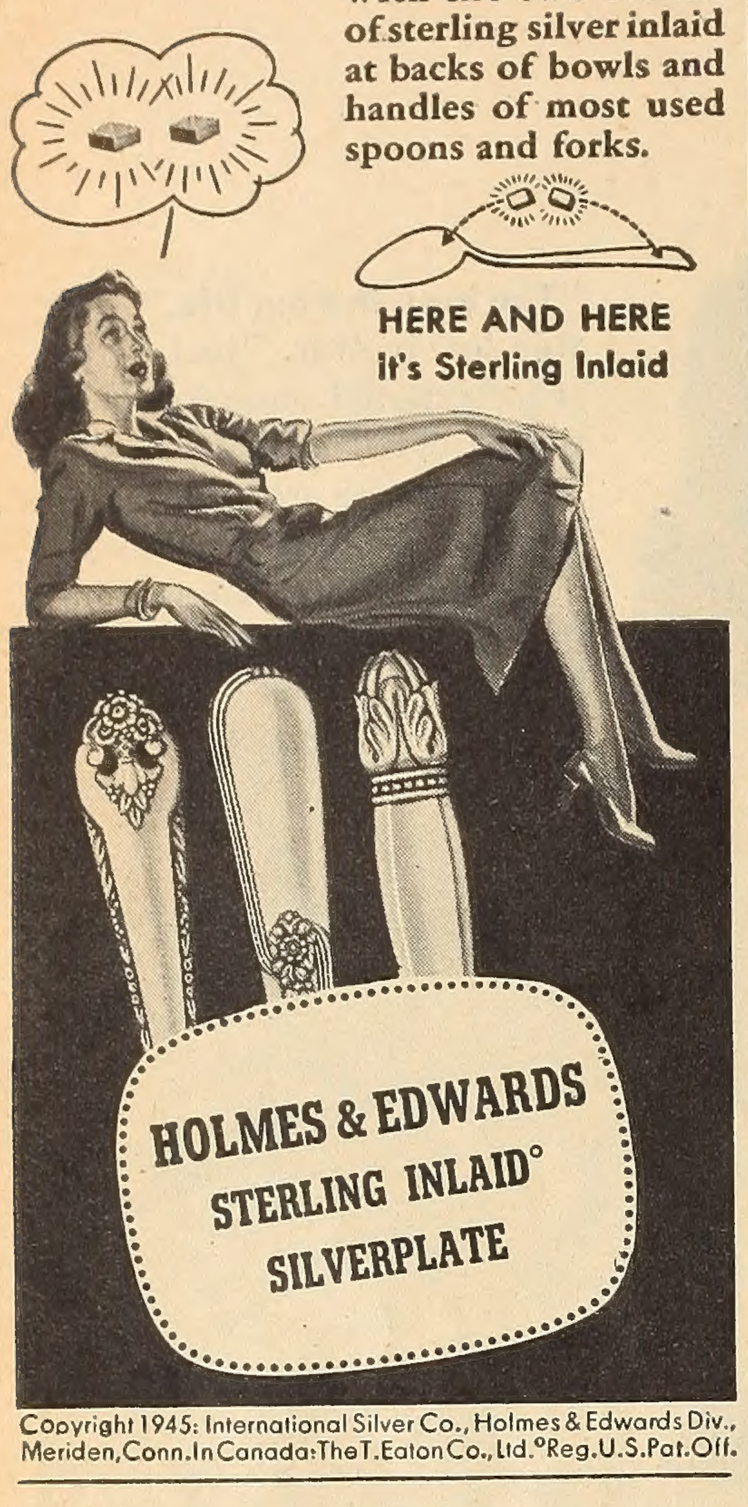
YOU will find it's true! *His* eyes will tell you it pays never to neglect the daily care that gives you the appeal of soft, smooth skin, the fresh radiant look that says "glamour," always.

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...

no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!

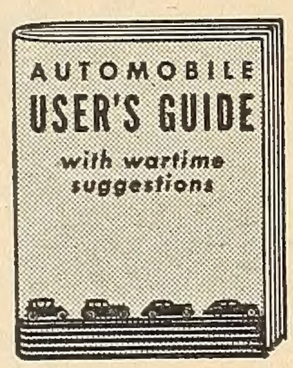
"I'm thinking of a clever idea!"

The famous silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.



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FANNIE HURST REVIEW

(Continued from page 8)

picture about teen-age young people, but the authors are not concerned with "the problems" of our present young generation, for Alice Maybery and Corp. Joe Allen are clean-minded, clean-hearted, any-generation, youth.

After about two hours of the precious twenty-four have passed, they are dumbfounded with the miracle of love, and one of the charms of this little picture is the fact that this ancient miracle as it happens to two conventional and usual young people, is as fresh as a rose.

Immediately the story becomes the breathless pilgrimage of a young soldier on leave, and his brand-new sweetheart.

lucky accident . . .

When Alice first loses the heel of her pump in Pennsylvania Station, and the lonely young Corporal rescues it for her, she agrees to let him ride part way on her bus. It is spring in New York. It is spring in Central Park. Presently two young people, who hadn't meant to do it that way at all, find themselves in the Park, and already a couple of hours have been clipped off the precious forty-eight.

Yes, it is actually that simple. When Alice leaves Corporal Allen that afternoon, he exacts a promise from her to meet him later. She calls out of the bus window, "I'll meet you under the clock at the Astor Hotel at seven."

Well, as you may suspect, Alice in the end, is irresistibly drawn to The Clock.

Alice and Joe, admirably and unerringly played by Judy Garland and Robert Walker, are starry-eyed with miracle; lovely with authentic innocence. They swap home-towns, revel in the present.

Their rambles lead them from pillar to post, from Metropolitan Museum to Fantasia There is a tender idyll of a scene in Central Park that is as sweet as dew, and almost immediately following this, we move into a hilarious episode which lands them in a milk-delivery wagon.

The milkman, masterfully played by that old master, James Gleason, offers them a lift. On the way, ole man milkman sustains an eye injury which incapacitates him. Thus, at three a.m. the Corporal and the young office girl are jointly engaged in the procedure of milk-servicing Mr. and Mrs. New York.

Well, scene by scene, which includes breakfast in the home of the milkman, an interlude in a lunchroom where Keenan Wynn plays one of the funniest drunks known to the screen, these young people approach the decision of marriage.

The forty-eight hours shorten! The red tape lengthens! The spectator sits on the edge of his seat, breathless, but the picture closes on Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen, safely wed.

The self-conducted religious marriage ceremony, which these babes-in-the-wood take in their own reverent hands, following the civil ceremony, is an eye-moistener.

"The Clock," no tear-jerker, is like that

This is more of an achievement than it appears, because, actually, the story is made up of a variety of unrelated circumstances. Anything could happen to a couple of youngsters under these conditions and anything does. Yet the story remains believable. There is practically only one touch of Hollywood.

After this simple girl and simple boy marry we suddenly find Judy Garland far too expensively negligeed, sitting up in bed in an ornate hotel suite.

To go around the clock with Alice and Joe, is small but lovely adventure.

AUTOGRAPHS!

There are a lot of things that we just like to kid about—that are lots of fun, but nothing more. This isn't one of those things. This is a serious project that we're proud of. And you can be, too, because it's really been swell the way you've sprung to the colors. And it's all so beautifully simple: You send us a quarter; we send you the genuine signature of the star you've selected from the list below. And what does your quarter do? It goes right into the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND that has been set up to assist American seamen and their families. What could be better? Nothing, except one thing: Our offer of FIVE for the price of FOUR! So send them in, dollars or quarters—they're all headed for a proud purpose.

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Margaret Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunn
Jimmy Durante
Irene Dunne

William Eythe
Nelson Eddy

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn
Fred MacMurray
Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Trudy Marshall
Alan Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
Fibber McGee & Molly
Joel McCrea
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmund O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Francis Rafferty
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

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in

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from

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Celebrating its

30th Anniversary!

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Wait 'til you see . . . the daring ACAPULCO!

•

The dazzling AMERICAN BEAUTY!

•

GRABLE *go for* HAYMES!

Lucky, Lucky You!

Betty GRABLE

Dick HAYMES

IT'S A 20th CENTURY-FOX 30th ANNIVERSARY PICTURE

Billy Rose's

DIAMOND HORSESHOE

in Technicolor

with

PHIL SILVERS · WILLIAM GAXTON · BEATRICE KAY · CARMEN CAVALLARO

Directed and Written for the Screen by GEORGE SEATON • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

Suggested by a Play Produced by Charles L. Wagner and Written by John Kenyon Nicholson

Songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR!

"The More I See You"

"Acapulco"

"I Wish I Knew"

And other new hits!

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ MODERN SCREEN'S new, top notch Swing and Jazz Editor, Leonard Feather swings right into the mood of this, our 15th Anniversary issue, and jogs us back to the music world of boop-boop-a-doop and Rudy Vallee—into the year 1930. So climb on the bandwagon with Leonard and Joe, his purely-figment-of-the-imagination assistant, for a big name musical memory tour.—*Ed. Note.*



Les Brown, Doris Day, and yours truly, Leonard Feather, Cafe Rouge'ing at N. Y.'s Penna. Hotel

Well, here we are in 1930, and the music business certainly is in a state of turmoil this year. Looks as though these talkies may turn out to do some good for us after all, instead of throwing all the musicians out of work. They say that 9,000 out of the 22,600 movie theaters are wired for sound now, and it's going to take a lot of musicians to make the sound tracks for all these musical films that are springing up.

(*Joe, better get some arrangements made up on that rumba number, "The Peanut Vendor." Looks like it's a hit. And fix up those songs we heard on the radio last night—"Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," "Crying For The Carolines," "Tiptoe Through The Tulips" and "High Society Blues," willya?*)

Yes, everybody's going movie minded; songwriters and publishers and actors are invading Hollywood and it's another Gold Rush. They say Gershwin's on his way out West to write the score for a new musical. Those "Girl Crazy" songs of his sound all right, too—"Embraceable You" and what's the other one? Oh yes, "I Got Rhythm". . . .

This kid Lewis Ayres, the boy who was a banjo player and medical student at the University of Arizona, he's making quite a name for himself as a movie star, what with "All Quiet On The Western Front" and another one coming up. Not bad for a banjo player, huh?

(*Joe, get these out for the next set—"Boop-Boop-A-Doopa-Doo Trot" and "Betty Co-Ed"* (*Continued on page 91*))

PEARL BUCK'S

thrilling novel of adventure,
love and jealousy...under the

China Sky



Primitive Passions!

flame into conflict... in the hearts of an American doctor, the woman he married and the girl who loves him...amid the devastation of daily bombings!



Starring

RANDOLPH SCOTT
RUTH WARRICK
ELLEN DREW

with ANTHONY QUINN · CAROL THURSTON
RICHARD LOO

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by Maurice Geraghty • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Brenda Weisberg and Joseph Hoffman

Congratulations
to
MODERN SCREEN
on its
15th Anniversary
from
PARAMOUNT

The World's Most Honored Film Company

which has set a winning record with
these Awards:

8 ACADEMY AWARDS
LOOK MAGAZINE AWARD
REDBOOK'S ANNUAL AWARD
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL

and which is currently creating a
romantic riot as Joan Fontaine
flirts her way into everyone's heart
in her first gay, romantic comedy

"The Affairs of *SUSAN*"



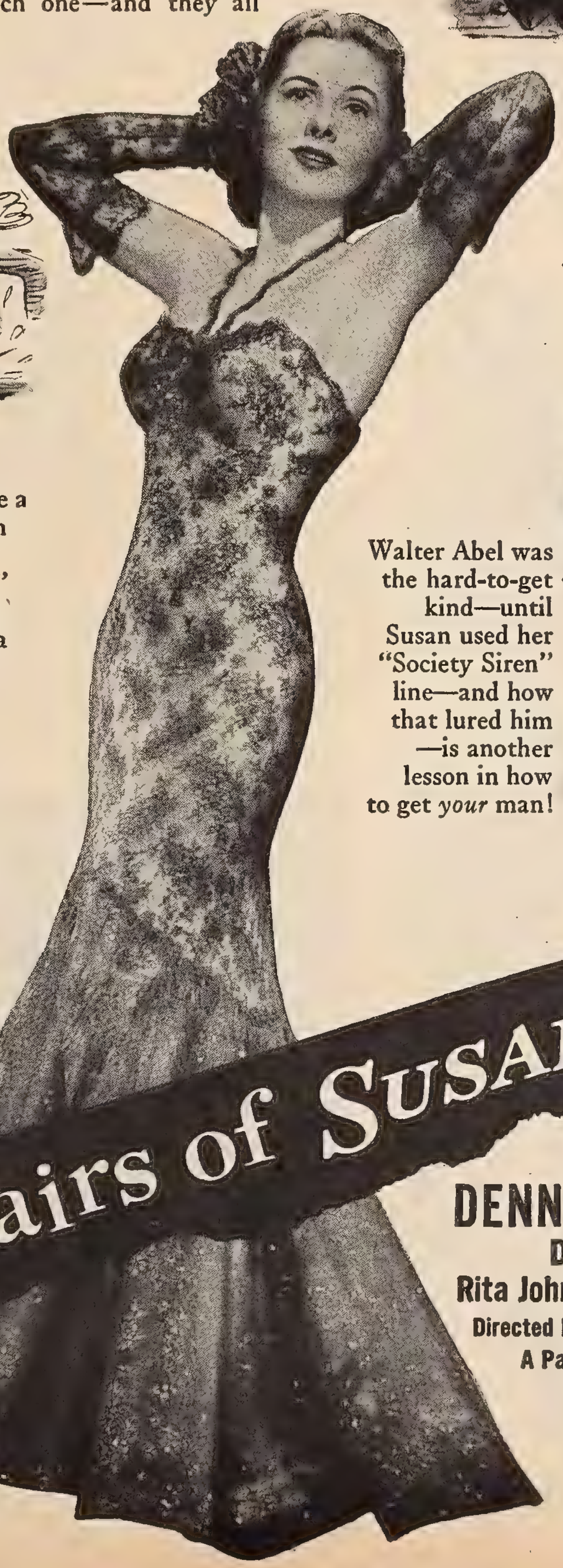
MELISSE
says

Hold on to your men, girls... here comes

JOAN FONTAINE



And does that girl have what it takes to snare the boys as she plays Susan—a divine man-trap in her first gay, romantic comedy. "Slick trick" Susan uses a different line for each one—and they all work, but beautifully.



You'd think she didn't know *anything* when she meets George Brent. So wide-eyed and innocent (you know—the sweet sixteen act that makes men *so* protective)!



Some men, like Dennis O'Keefe, take women seriously! So Susan puts on glasses and takes up a good book –and she can write her own story from there on!



Glamour Girls! Take a lesson in dazzle from Susan. When she puts on the "allure" for Don DeFore she leads him on a conga that ends up you know where!



Walter Abel was the hard-to-get kind—until Susan used her "Society Siren" line—and how that lured him —is another lesson in how to get *your* man!

Joan Fontaine
George Brent

in

HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

"The Affairs of SUSAN"

with

DENNIS O'KEEFE
Don DeFore
Rita Johnson • Walter Abel
Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
A Paramount Picture



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

■ You aren't going to believe a word of this, but it seems that in Baghdad a thousand years ago there was a super-crooner named Aladdin, who was the Sinatra of his day. Every time Aladdin (Cornel Wilde) made with the musical notes, the anklet brigade (they didn't have bobby sox in Baghdad) swooned all over the place.

Aladdin has a disreputable pal, Abdullah (Phil Silvers), who picks pockets while the crowd listens to the crooner. Aladdin frowns on this, but Abdullah *loves* picking pockets! Only there comes a day when he's caught in the act and he and Aladdin have to scram. While scramming, they meet the litter of Princess Marjianna (Adele Jergens), being borne through the streets. Aladdin, who's the adventurous type and something of a wolf besides, distracts the guards' attention and climbs into the litter. He pitches a little woo with the beautiful princess and makes a date to meet her in the palace gardens that night.

They fall in love during their date, and Aladdin absentmindedly starts to croon, which brings the palace guards on the run. He is tossed into jail, where he finds his friend, Abdullah. The princess runs to her father, the King, to ask for Aladdin's release. What she doesn't know at this point is that the real king has been kidnapped, and his twin brother, Hadjii, a very nasty piece of work, has taken his place. Naturally her request is refused, for Hadjii plans to marry her off to the highest bidder.

The Princess' pretty handmaiden, Novina (Dusty Anderson) distracts the jailer while Aladdin and Abdullah escape. They encounter a sorcerer, a genie, and a magic lamp. Now a magic lamp is a very handy trinket to have around, since all you have to do is rub it and your wish is granted. The catch in this case is that the genie of the lamp is a voluptuous looking wench (Evelyn Keyes) who gets a yen for Aladdin and is very uncooperative about helping him win the Princess. Since this is a fairy tale, it must have a happy ending, so Aladdin, who simply can't make up his—no, on second thought, I *won't* tell you. *Col.* (*Continued on page 22*)



Aladdin (Cornel Wilde) loved a princess in old Baghdad, though to see Marjianna (Adele Jergens) with her face unveiled meant death! With a mystic lamp and a genie fair—who's a bit of a problem, too—in prisons dark and misty lands, Aladdin fights for love.

The Reception Committee—

(KNOW ANYBODY HERE?)



The Greeter. A one-man brass band. "Nothing's too good for Our Boys!" he always says. And that's what he gives them. Nothing . . . except a big hello. Help? "That's the Government's job," he says.



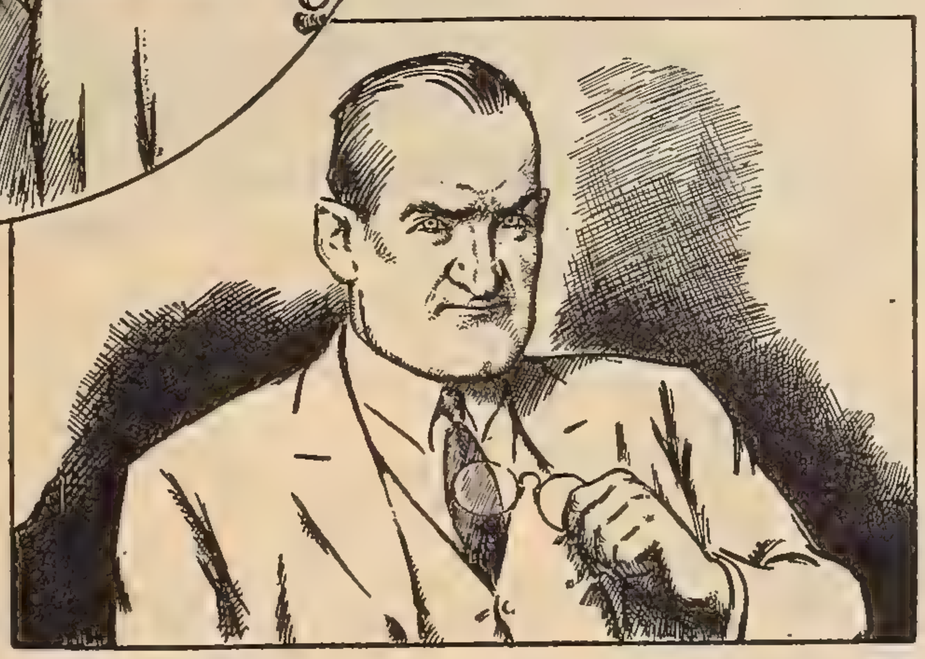
The Clutch. One like her in every town. Always leaping to help some disabled veteran over a pebble. Practically blubbers while she's doing it. Succeeds in making the veteran feel he's ruined for any normal life. Or career.





The Bloodhound. "It's OK, Sailor, you won't shock *me!* Ever knife a Jap? How does it feel to be bombed?" The War's just one big adventure story to him. But it hasn't been for the sailor. He wants to *forget* it—not *talk* about it.





The Patriot. Always talking about all the things he goes without. Mentions the War Bonds he buys as though he were doing the *Government* a favor. This makes veterans (who've been buying plenty of Bonds themselves) wonder whether we had the right people in foxholes.

•

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.

The Rock. He's nerveless. The Iron Man. War hasn't affected *him.* Can't understand why discharged veterans are allowed 90 days to relax before going back to their old jobs. Can't understand why they should need time to get over the War. He doesn't. Combat Officers would love to have this type in their care for a while.

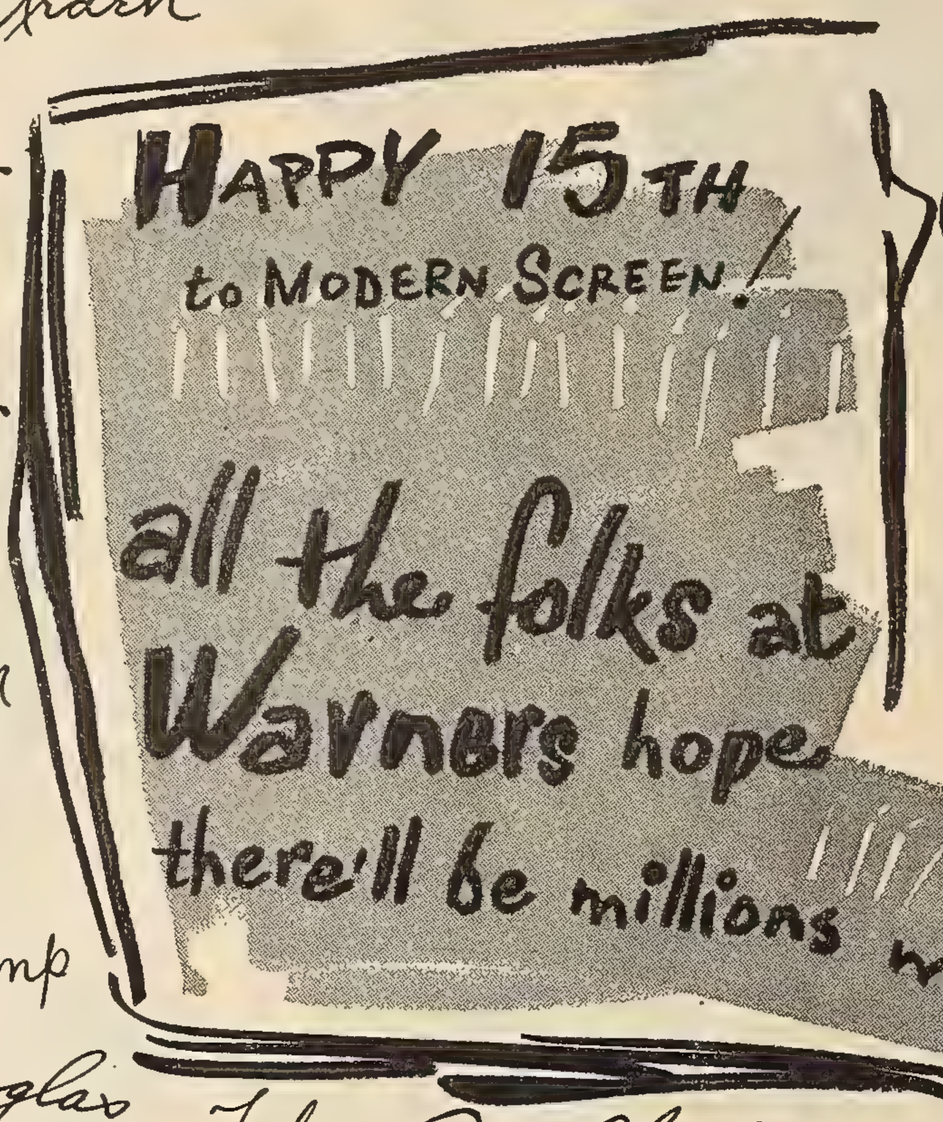
Blue Ribbon Citizen. Like all good people, she asks no questions, weeps no tears, doesn't stare at disabilities. To her, a returned veteran is an abler, more aggressive and resourceful citizen than the boy who went away. She's proud of him, proud to know him. Anxious to be of real help. She's the kind of person we should all be.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

Robert Alda
Lauren Bacall
Humphrey Bogart
Jack Benny
Jack Carson
Dane Clark
Joan Crawford
Helmut Dantine
John Dall
Olivia De Havilland
Bette Davis
Faye Emerson
Errol Flynn
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Sydney Greenstreet
Paul Henreid
John Garfield
Ida Lupino
Robert Hutton
Betty Alexander
Eleanor Parker
Dennis Morgan
Joan Leslie
John Alvin
William Prince
Rosalind Russell
Joyce Reynolds
Ramsey Ames
Eve Arden
Alexis Smith
Ann Sheridan
Robert Arthur
Barbara Stanwyck
Lynne Baggett
Jane Wyman
Bruce Bennett
Monte Blue
Alan Hale
Victor Francen
Barbara Brown
Lolores Moran
Becky Brown
Peter Lorre
Tom D'Andrea
Rosemary De Camp
Warren Douglas
Dick Erdman
John Compton
Clare Foley
Pat Clark
Bill Kennedy
Robert Lowell
Angela Greene
Wanda Hendrix
Peggy Knudsen
Andrea King
John Miles
Dorothy Malone
Raymond Massey
Joan Loring
Don McGuire
Joan McCracken
Janis Paige
Helen Pender
Zachary Scott
John Ridgely
Claude Rains
Marjorie Riordan
S. Z. Sakall
Robert Shayne
John Sheridan
Arthur Shields
Craig Stevens
Jean Sullivan
George Tobias
Martha Vickers
Joan Winfield
Donald Woods



Bette Davis

NEW HONORS FOR
THE SCREEN'S MOST
HONORED ACTRESS!



In her heart of hearts she knew she could never hold him...



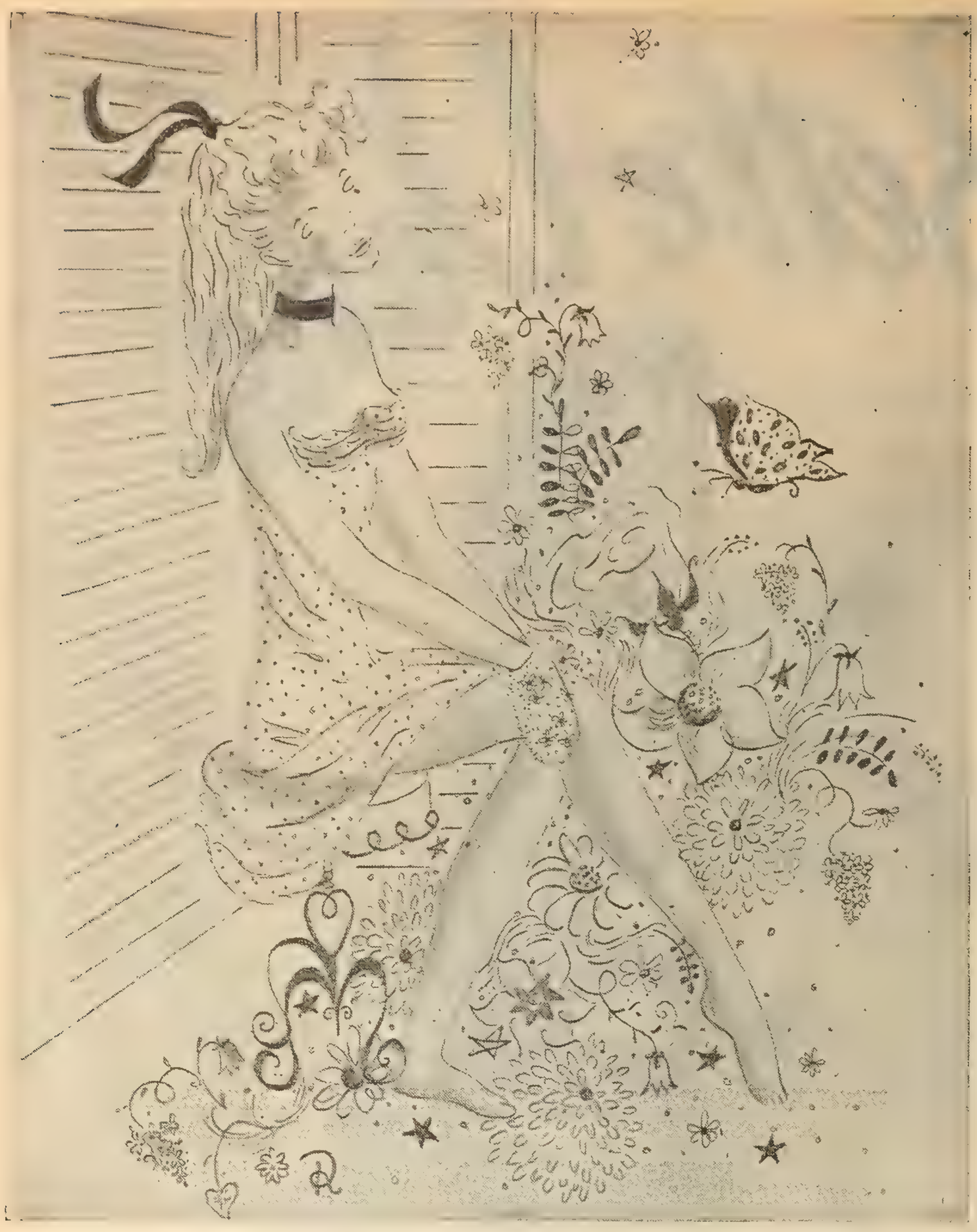
His first picture! Meet that stage sensation . . . John Dall!

WARNER BROS.
BRING ANOTHER GREAT
PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

"The Corn is Green"

A LOVE THAT RIPENED TOO FAST!

Directed by
with JOHN DALL • JOAN LORRING • NIGEL BRUCE • RHYS WILLIAMS • IRVING RAPPER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK • Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett • From the Stage Play by EMLYN WILLIAMS • Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner



Wilt Not . . .

STAY COOL AND LOVELY

Select one of seven heavenly Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts, in floral prints and petal pastels.

Whisper-soft palm sifts scented, silken powder onto your body —leaves you coolly clean, completely lovable. A tempting assortment of Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts awaits you at good stores everywhere, from $1.00 to $2.50.

Be sure it's Refillable!



U. S. Pat. No. 2233686

Le Sonier

REFILLABLE POWDER MITT

LE SONIER, Inc. New York — Boston

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

P. S.

This is a Technicolor extravaganza of Old Baghdad told in swingtime. Although it's based on the 9th Century Arabian Nights adventure of Aladdin, the narration of the fairy tale is in terms of 1945 sophisticated humor, contemporary jive-talk and streamlined romance. . . . The film required an entire section of ancient Baghdad to be recreated at the Columbia ranch for exterior sequences. . . . Other sets were constructed at the studio. . . . This gives Cornel Wilde his first chance to sing on the screen. The vocalizing is not new to the actor, however. He sang on the Broadway stage in "The White Plume" and "Fashion". . . . Another accomplishment which Wilde reveals for the first time is fencing. He was a member of the U. S. Olympic Fencing Team in 1936. During the filming of the sword scenes, Cornel was injured when Dennis Hoey's blade slipped, lacerating the center finger of Wilde's left hand. Cornel didn't mind the necessary six stitches which had to be taken but fretted because his wedding ring had to be sawed from his finger. He'd worn it for seven years. . . . Evelyn Keyes discovered an allergy for horses while making this picture. Whenever she got near one, she'd sneeze and cough—touching a horse seemed to give her a rash.

THE CORN IS GREEN

Most of us have thought, one time or another, "What's the use of going to school, anyway? I'd be just as well off without so much education." In "The Corn Is Green," a brilliant young student begins to feel that way, and his teacher has quite a battle on her hands. Since Bette Davis plays the dynamic, stubborn teacher, you can be sure she'll win out. But John Dall, as the pupil, makes the question of school or no school an unexpectedly engrossing one.

All this takes place in a small Welsh village. Miss Moffat, the teacher, has come there from London. When she sees boys from ten to seventeen or eighteen, who can't read or write, working in the mines, she feels that something must be done about them. So she starts a school, using her own money, and conducting classes in her own house. She runs into a lot of difficulties, which is partly her own fault. She isn't a very tactful person, and she antagonizes the local Squire (Nigel Bruce).

Miss Moffat would, perhaps, have given up, if it hadn't been for Morgan Evans. Morgan, a boy of eighteen, shows promise of a writing talent amounting to genius, and she devotes two years of concentrated effort to getting him ready for Oxford. Then Morgan goes suddenly berserk.

Discouragement and rebellion and liquor have conspired to lure Morgan into a brief affair with an impudent little servant girl. Bessie (Joan Lorring) has been flaunting about the place with an air of secret satisfaction, lately. She takes the greatest delight in telling Miss Moffat, whom she hates, that she is going to have a baby. But the Squire has decided to pay Morgan's way through Oxford, and he has a brilliant future before him. Which way does his duty lie?

You may or may not agree with the solution, but you'll certainly agree that Bette is tops in this picture, and that both John Dall and Joan Lorring are definite discoveries.—*War.*

P. S.

This show had four-and-a-half years on Broadway. . . . Warner Brothers bought it especially for Bette Davis. . . . With the play came four of the original New York cast: Rhys Williams, Rosalind Ivan, Mildred Dunnock and Gene Ross. . . . Here are a couple of notes about newcomers John Dall and Joan Lorring. Dall and Miss L. are completely unknown to movie audiences. He is six foot, 26 years old, the son of Charles Thompson, noted civil engineer. Pop's work took him to Panama where John joined the cast of his first amateur play called "Yes Means No." . . . Joan got her role through circumstances rivaling a publicity man's dream. Chertok and Rapper were at wits' end for a girl to play Bessie Watty. They cried on the shoulder of Rhys Williams who promised to keep an eye open for a gal. One morning Rhys' car wouldn't start and he hailed a passing motorist. The motorist turned out to be Casey McGregor, small-parts actor at Universal. They talked shop and Rhys told McGregor of their plight. Casey knew just the girl. He knew Joan. She read the part to Chertok and Rapper and was engaged without a test. . . . Joan's father, an English broker, is a prisoner of the Japanese, interned at Hong Kong.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Eddie Bracken as an ex-Western Union messenger turned radio crooner presents a hilarious spectacle. He embraces the microphone fondly, rolls his eyes heavenward, opens his mouth—and Bing Crosby's voice comes out! You'll love it! Especially the scene where Bing's four sons are listening and one of them says "I've heard that voice before." "Yeah, but I still like the guy with the bow tie!" retorts another.

Herbie Fenton (Eddie Bracken) becomes a crooner by sheer accident. The accident being that beautiful Dorothy Dodge (Veronica Lake) faints when he is singing at an amateur performance. Betty Miller (Diana Lynn) signs him up to sing with her girls' orchestra at fifty dollars a week. Betty needs money to take the band to New York where they have been offered a radio job, so she sells pieces of Herbie's contract around town. The trouble is, she's not so good at arithmetic, and finds she has sold one hundred-and-twenty-five percent of Herbie!

They get the radio job, and Herbie is a sensation! That is partly due to Dorothy Dodge, who has twenty-five percent of him, and who hires "swooners" at three bucks per swoon. Anyway, he is offered huge sums for personal appearances, and Betty, who doesn't dare tell him about her muddled finances, is in the nasty position of losing more money the more Herbie makes.

He is in love with Betty, and she loves him too, but she feels she must straighten things out before she can let him know it. Then Herbie's "owners" get together and find out the situation. The sponsor finds out, too, and Betty is threatened with jail. Of course it all works out, with a musical accompaniment that will really send you. There's a lovely ballad called "June Comes Around Every Year" and a very funny number by Cass Daly, "Sailor With An Eight Hour Pass." Don't miss this picture, girls, because it's pretty special.—*Par.*

P. S.

Hard to beat Paramount when it comes to a high-stepping musical. And it's hard to beat Eddie Bracken when it comes to stepping in them. . . . The story is a typically Bracken story and he comes through it in fine style. . . . As the girl band leader, Diana Lynn insures herself against ever being typed. Every role she's

(Continued on page 26)

Are you in the know?



For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ *A skilled operator*
- ☐ *A cold wave*
- ☐ *A machine wave*

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your *daintiness* with care . . . especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.



Is this little beach belle—

- ☐ *Playing patty-cake*
- ☐ *Dive balmy*
- ☐ *Collar-bone conscious*

No, she's not "tetched" . . . just collar-bone conscious. And if *you* have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort—choose Kotex, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. And the special *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection.

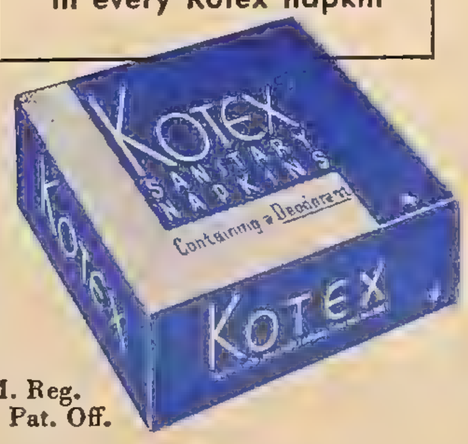


If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ *Try to reform him*
- ☐ *Go smilin' through*
- ☐ *Make with the icicles*

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying *days*, too . . . when you laugh off "telltale outline" fears with the patented, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

done has been completely different. This time she goes glamorous. She plays the part with an abandon worthy of her less than twenty years. . . . Veronica Lake does the "other woman" role in the best Theda Bara tradition. Her clothes (designed by Edith Head) gave the Hayes office more headaches than they've had since they tried to get Lana Turner out of sweaters. Even when the clothes were redesigned there was not much they could do about what Miss Lake puts into them.

WITHOUT LOVE

A new Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy picture is definitely an event in the cinema world. "Without Love" will remind you of "Woman Of The Year" and "Keeper Of The Flame," which is nice reminding. There's a luminous quality about Katie these days that makes her more exciting than ever. Spencer, as always, contributes solid acting.

He plays Pat Jamison, a scientist doing experimental work for the government. Pat is looking for a room in Washington. But he's different from most people—*he* finds one! It's in a house belonging to Jamie Rowan (Katharine Hepburn), a young widow who spends most of her time on her farm in Virginia. Pat goes to the house with a drunk who shares his taxi and who is Jamie's cousin. The drunk, Quentin (Keenan Wynn), assures him that Jamie won't mind their using her house. She'll be delighted. As a matter of fact, when Jamie drops in the next day she mistakes Pat for a caretaker the employment agency was to send over. She even hires him—and then fires him five minutes later for impertinence.

When she finds out who he really is and the importance of the work he's doing, she consents to let him stay. That will be her contribution to the war effort. But when she gets back to the farm, she broods over some things he has said to her. She realizes that he has made her feel young and alive and a woman for the first time since her husband's death. Of course she's not interested in love. But then, Pat isn't either. He was in love once, and it didn't work out. So Jamie goes up to Washington with a plan. Why couldn't she and Pat get married—without love? They could work together, she would help him, and they'd be good for each other. All purely platonic!

Pat is dubious, but Jamie is very persuasive and he finally consents. Everything progresses beautifully until a serpent enters the Garden Of Eden. The serpent is handsome and well-dressed, with wavy hair and quite a technique. His name is Paul (Carl Esmond) and his effect on this marriage-in-name-only is devastating.

There are amusing lines and situations in "Without Love." There is also Lucille Ball, Felix Bressart, Patricia Morrison, and an unidentified dog who steals every scene in which he appears.—*MGM*

JULY JULEP

We don't mean to play "hard to get"—we just naturally are! So you better be an early bird on June 12 if you want to catch our big July issue. It'll sparkle with color and bubble with news. Don't miss it!

P. S.

Spencer Tracy tried to sneak away after this one was in the can (Hollywood slanguage for completed) for a short vacation at the Arizona Biltmore. Spent most of his time there poring over scripts. Bets are that Spence was looking for a Broadway show to appear in. . . . During production of the picture, Tracy's birthday rolled around and Lionel Barrymore came onto the set with an original sketch of his late brother, John Barrymore, done by John Sargent in 1923. . . . Peggy Gough, Spence's former secretary, sent him a Nazi Party pin from Germany where she is Red Crossing. . . . Katharine Hepburn had to come from Connecticut for this one. First spot in Los Angeles that Katie heads for is usually Chinatown where she stuffs herself with the delicious fried shrimp and chop suey. This time she caused a mild sensation—was so mobbed she couldn't even have dinner. The Chinese natives in the village remembered her terrific performance in "Dragon Seed." . . . Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz celebrated their wedding anniversary during production. They gave one another a post-war tennis court for their home in the shape of War Bonds.

IT'S IN THE BAG

Fred Allen ambles his wisecracking way through this entertaining yarn as the owner of a flea circus. He is aided and abetted by Jack Benny, Binnie Barnes, William Bendix, Robert Benchley and a flock of other well-known names. The plot concerns itself with his efforts to collect an inheritance left him by a cousin who has been murdered.

Fred (his last name's Floogle instead of Allen in the picture, but let's just call him Fred) doesn't know at first that his cousin was murdered. The police called it suicide. The papers referred to him as

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Now don't move, darling—I want to remember you as you naturally are."

a millionaire and said Fred was his sole heir. On the strength of that, Fred and his wife, Eve (Binnie Barnes), and their daughter, Marian (Gloria Pape), go completely haywire. They move into a tower suite in New York's snootiest hotel. They order a lot of de luxe clothes, and Fred starts betting a thousand bucks instead of two on the fourth race at Belmont. Only Fred's son, Homer (Dickie Tyler), aged twelve, remains calm. Homer is a genius, and money holds little interest for him. Fred's arch enemy, an insect exterminator named Parker (Robert Benchley), lives at the same hotel. His son is in love with Fred's daughter, and now that Fred is the heir to a fortune, Parker withdraws his previous objections.

But, alas! When Fred goes to see his cousin's lawyer, he has a rude awakening from this dream of wealth. The lawyer, Pike (John Carradine), says his cousin's fortune is spent. All Fred gets is a set of Louis Sixteenth chairs. Homer takes the chairs off to sell them to an antique dealer, and while he's gone, Fred gets a message from his dead cousin. It was left at a bank to be delivered after his death, and says that he has been threatened and may be murdered. It also says the evidence and two hundred thousand dollars will be found in one of the six antique chairs. Fred calls the dealer frantically, only to be informed that the chairs have been sold to six different people.

The rest of the picture is devoted to a mirth-provoking search for the two hundred thousand dollars. The highlights are Fred's interview with Jack Benny who has bought one of the chairs, Fred's and Eve's visit to the movies, and a scene where Fred has to carry what he thinks is a corpse for six blocks. If you're looking for fun, "It's in the Bag!"—*U.A.*

P. S.

The script of this picture was practically rewritten during production. Most of the members of this comedy cast are terrific in the ad lib department—especially Benny, Allen, and Bob Benchley—and when the scheduled punch line didn't suit one of them they simply changed it—impromptu! . . . Fans of Bob Benchley (and who isn't?) will get a good laugh from his mouse-trap demonstration. Just the thought of it should bring a giggle. . . . Three screen debuts in this picture: "Sugar Blonde" Gloria Pope, Chevy Chase graduate, plays Fred Allen's daughter; 12-year-old Dickie Tyler, popular with Broadway theatergoers, makes his cinema debut as Allen's precocious son; and "Mrs. Nussbaum" (real name—Minerva Pious) was brought to Hollywood for a role similar to the one she plays on the air. . . . Binnie Barnes returns to the screen after more than a year away. You'll be glad she did when you see her and Fred Allen demand their money back for a movie show. . . . The voice of Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) supplies one of the most comical moments in "It's in the Bag" although Mary does not appear in the picture.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

This picture skips with reckless abandon from one century to another, hitting the high spots from 1492 to 1942. But don't get the idea that it's any cavalcade of history. Any resemblance between it and history is purely coincidental. It's a lot of gay, musical nonsense, whipped to a froth by Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie and June Haver. Fred seems a bit bewildered through it all, and that's only natural. After all, he starts out as a civilian in 1942 and bounces around through the



It's fun...it's young...it's meant for You!

frolic

...by CHERAMY



There never was a perfume more endearing. Sparkling-fresh . . . tantalizing as a misplaced memory. You'll wear Frolic for fun . . . for the joyous way it lifts your heart and *never* lets it down!

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; *debutante size,* 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. *Talcum Powder,* 50c.
(plus tax)



CAN YOU BARE IT?

Fashion has snipped sleeves to the shoulder, deepened the arm-holes. To wear these charming new sleeves, arm-pits must be smooth as your cheek, sweet as your breath. NEET Depilatory removes underarm and leg hair, leaves skin satin smooth in a few minutes... Use with NEET Deodorant to halt both perspiration and perspiration-odor. Inexpensive!

neet

at cosmetic counters in stores everywhere



centuries and the Army, Navy and Marines. You can't do that? Well, watch!

The civilian is a guy named Bill who is 4-F, in love with a girl named Lucilla (June Haver) who goes for uniforms. Then there's another girl named Sally (Joan Leslie) who's in love with Bill. So there we are with the eternal triangle going along normally enough, when Bill finds an antique lamp. He gives it a couple of absent minded rubs, there's a puff of smoke, and a Genie materializes. The Genie is a carefree gent called Ali, who tells Bill to make a wish and he, Ali, will see to its immediate fulfillment. "I wish I were in the U. S. Army!" says Bill loudly. The next minute he's marching along in uniform. But there's a slight difficulty. It seems that a century more or less isn't important to a Genie, and the uniform Bill is wearing belongs to the *Revolutionary* War! In fact, he is with General Washington's Army at Valley Forge.

Bill tries to be helpful. After all, he has a pretty accurate knowledge of what future events will be. This leads him into trouble, though, and he is about to be shot as a spy when Ali hastily appears and whisks him into another century. This time Bill finds himself a sailor—aboard Christopher Columbus' ship en route to America. His next transformation puts him on Manhattan Island, which is still in the possession of the Indians. Bill buys it for twenty-three dollars. Sally appears as an attractive Indian maiden, and he realizes he loves her instead of Lucilla, but it takes another century or so to straighten things out, and put Bill in the Marines.

Nonsense? Sure! But it's the kind of nonsense that gives you a pleasant evening. And it's in Technicolor.—*T.C.F.*

P. S.

This, as you may have guessed by the review, is completely zany. But it's guaranteed to loosen up the tightest war nerve. . . . The story, by Morrie Ryskind, was bought in brief synopsis form for $50,000 —the entire movie cost over two million dollars. The music is by Kurt Weill and the whimsical Gilbertese lyrics were done by Ira Gershwin. . . . No one but Gregory Ratoff could have directed it. . . . This is Fred's first picture under his brand new 20th Century-Fox contract. . . . Joan Leslie was borrowed from Warner Brothers.

THE MAGNIFICENT ROGUE

Joseph Schildkraut has the kind of role actors dream about in this picture. There's a large cast, including Billie Burke, Eugene Pallette, Ona Munson, Robert Livingston and Anne Gillis. But it is Schildkraut, as "the magnificent Rogue," who dominates the plot.

Mr. M. comes unexpectedly into the lives of the Pidgeon family of Park Avenue. It is Christmas time and the Pidgeons have decided to take a "charity case" into their home for the holidays. I regret to say that it is not entirely Christmas spirit which prompts this gesture. Theresa, the Pidgeon's elder daughter, has become engaged to Stephen Bates (Robert Livingston) of Boston. The Bates are known for their charitable work, and Theresa persuades her father (Eugene Pallette) and mother (Billie Burke) that this will make a good impression. Angela (Anne Gillis), Theresa's kid sister, thinks it's pretty silly, but Angela is strictly a brat and thinks everything is silly.

The "charity case" turns out to be Mr. Marchand (Joseph Schildkraut), an ex-matinee idol who was crippled years ago in an auto accident. He is a handsome, cynical drunkard, who can be utterly



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charming. He proceeds to charm the Pidgeons and practically take over the household. An uncle of Mr. Pidgeon chooses this time to die and leave five million dollars. He leaves it, not to Mr. Pidgeon, but to an actress named Florrie Watson whom he knew when she was a child. Of course, if Florrie can't be located, Mr. Pidgeon will get the dough. And can he use it!

The Pidgeons cook up a plot to find Florrie themselves and keep the news of her inheritance away from her. They find her (Ona Munson) broke but cheerful, but they have counted without Mr. M. There's something uncanny about that man and his effect on people. Before the Pidgeons know what's going on, they find themselves changing into a nice, sweet, old-fashioned family. Even Angela starts to develop some endearing qualities. The ending is sweet, with the somewhat sticky sweetness of Christmas candy.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Most of this picture was done on one stage set . . . Republic's stage 10. This is the most expensive set Republic has ever produced—cost close to thirty thousand dollars. The Chinese Chippendale furniture was found in antique shops and basement second hand stores in Los Angeles. Every piece is authentic—selected by some of the top men in the furniture business. . . . A crew of 200 men worked night and day for several weeks getting the furniture cleaned and polished and arranged onto the set. . . . Ann Gillis was victim of a ptomaine poisoning attack—was rushed off the set to the hospital. Was back to work two days later with a registered nurse standing close by. . . . Since most of the cast were former stage actors, everyone on the other end of the camera was amazed at how quickly the picture was done. Stage actors very seldom "blow" their lines, and before the picture was done Joseph was known as "One Take Schildkraut." . . . At the close of the picture, Mr. Schildkraut was given a new contract by the studio. It calls for three pictures a year with an interval of three months each fall in case Joseph wants to do a stage play in the East.

PATRICK THE GREAT

Donald O'Connor, who's buzzing around in a private's uniform and looking very well, is at his most exuberant in his last pre-Army picture. Peggy Ryan is teamed with him, as usual, and Donald Cook and Frances Dee complete the rectangle.

Donald O'Connor and Donald Cook play Patrick Donahue, Junior, and Patrick, Senior, respectively. Pat Senior is a big name in the theater. A bit of a ham, sometimes, but still a good actor. Pat, Jr., is crazy about show business, too. He's traveled around with his dad, and now he's working with a group of kids up in the Berkshires to put on a show. Judy (Peggy Ryan) is one of the kids, and Donald brings her to New York on a weekend trip to see the closing night of his dad's play. They meet several producers at a party Pat, Sr., gives, and one of them, Prentiss Johns, becomes interested in the boy.

Mr. Johns comes up to the Berkshires the next week to see Pat and the kids put on their show. He likes it and offers Pat the lead in his new Broadway production. The kid is on top of the world and goes off to find his father. Pat, Sr., is vacationing at a mountain lodge, and when Pat arrives he's away on a fishing trip. Pat meets beautiful Lynn Andrews (Frances Dee) at the lodge. Lynn hears him practicing a torchy love ballad from the new show and thinks he has been disappointed in love. She tries to get his mind off his troubles, with the result that when



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Rhonda Fleming, featured in Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound," starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.
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Pat, Sr., gets back, he thinks his son has fallen in love with her. Lynn is in her late twenties, and Pop thinks she would be better suited to *him* than to Pat, so he cuts Jr. out with neatness and dispatch.

Meanwhile Pat discovers that his father had expected to get the leading role in the Johns show, so he calls the producer long distance and refuses the part. Johns hurries up to the lodge and so does Judy —in search of Pat. Things straighten out to the eventual satisfaction of all concerned.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Don made this picture just before going into the service. His scenes were written and staged long before the rest of the picture was ready for shooting. . . . This marks the return of Donald Cook to the screen after an absence of six years. Don, who has been on the New York stage, won the New York Critics' Medal for the best light comedy performance of the 1942 season with his work in "Claudia." . . . Since it was necessary to the filming that menus in the story be of pre-war perfection, Universal, being kindly disposed towards audiences, saves them the pain of seeing the actual dishes. Scenes were cut after ordering and the cast is shown again after they have supposedly finished their dinner.

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID

William Eythe, whose name causes a pleasant jingle at the box-office nowadays, has the lead in this story of politics in a Georgia city. Bill and Joan Bennett and Charles Coburn make the most of its humor and occasional pathos.

Newspapers have always been a potent factor in American life. That's why the freedom of the press is so important to our way of living. In the town of Fredericksville, Georgia, the papers are pretty much under the domination of the political machine—that is, until Colonel Effingham comes along. The Colonel is retired from the Army, but he's still a fighter. When he arrives in his home town of Fredericksville, he is not pleased at the conditions he finds there, and he decides to do something about them.

The Colonel's cousin, Al (William Eythe), is a reporter on The Leader, one of the two foremost newspapers. Al is an easy-going young man who believes in minding his own business as far as politics are concerned. He covers the local news events with his tongue in his cheek, and spends the rest of his time squabbling amiably with Ella Sue (Joan Bennett), the paper's society reporter. Then the Colonel with Al's unwilling, and to some extent unwitting, aid, becomes a columnist on The Leader. The editor, who has the impression that the Colonel is a slightly loony but harmless old gent, discovers that he has a tiger by the tail. The Colonel's opinions are not only directly opposed to those of the political bosses, but they are expressed with military forcefulness. And people *read* them!

The main point at issue is whether the courthouse, which is a beautiful and historic old building, should be repaired or torn down completely. The Mayor and his cohorts want to tear it down and build another, at considerable expense to the county and profit to themselves. The Colonel objects strenuously, but soon finds that his supporters desert him when enough pressure is brought to bear on them. So Al, reluctantly at first, then determinedly, comes to the rescue.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Lamar Trotti has come to be known as

a special type of producer. He's an author—has worked on some of the most distinguished of the Fox productions, including "Wilson." Consequently, as a producer, he can sense a good movie story immediately. He found "Colonel Effingham's Raid" in a book store, mentally cast the whole story in ten minutes. When Fox bought it for him he cast it exactly that way. . . . Charles Coburn, as Col. Effingham, is cast into the medium in which he was born. He's a native of Savannah, Ga., was steeped in the traditions of the old South and raised on stories of the Civil War. Matter of fact, through all his 50 years on stage and screen he's dreamed of playing a part like this. . . . Joan Bennett celebrated her 14th anniversary in movies during production. She is playing about the same type characters now as she did when she entered the profession. She's perfect as the sweet young Southern gal—hard to believe she's the mother of Diana Fox, 16; Melinda Markey, 10; and Stephanie Wanger, 2 years old.

CHINA SKY

Love and jealousy seem to flourish under bomb-laden Chinese skies as well as in the hot-house atmosphere of New York night clubs. Take one handsome doctor, played by Randolph Scott, add two women in love with him, and you'd have an emotional whirlpool even if it weren't complicated by Jap spies and bombings.

The story is set in a hospital in a remote Chinese village. Dr. Sara Durand (Ruth Warrick) is in charge during the absence of Dr. Thompson (Randolph Scott). Thompson has been in America getting new supplies; but he is expected back almost any moment now. The patients are deliriously excited over his return. They all adore him. Sara is excited, too, although she won't admit it, even to herself.

There is a commotion outside, and a patient cries "It's Thompson-doctor!" It is indeed "Thompson-doctor," complete with a beautiful, shiny new wife! Her name is Louise (Ellen Drew) and she is about as well suited to life in a Chinese village as a chiffon nightgown would be to life in an igloo. Sara covers her own feelings gallantly and tries to be friendly, but Louise takes an instant dislike to her and makes no effort to hide it. Her attitude makes Thompson conscious of Sara in a way he never has been before.

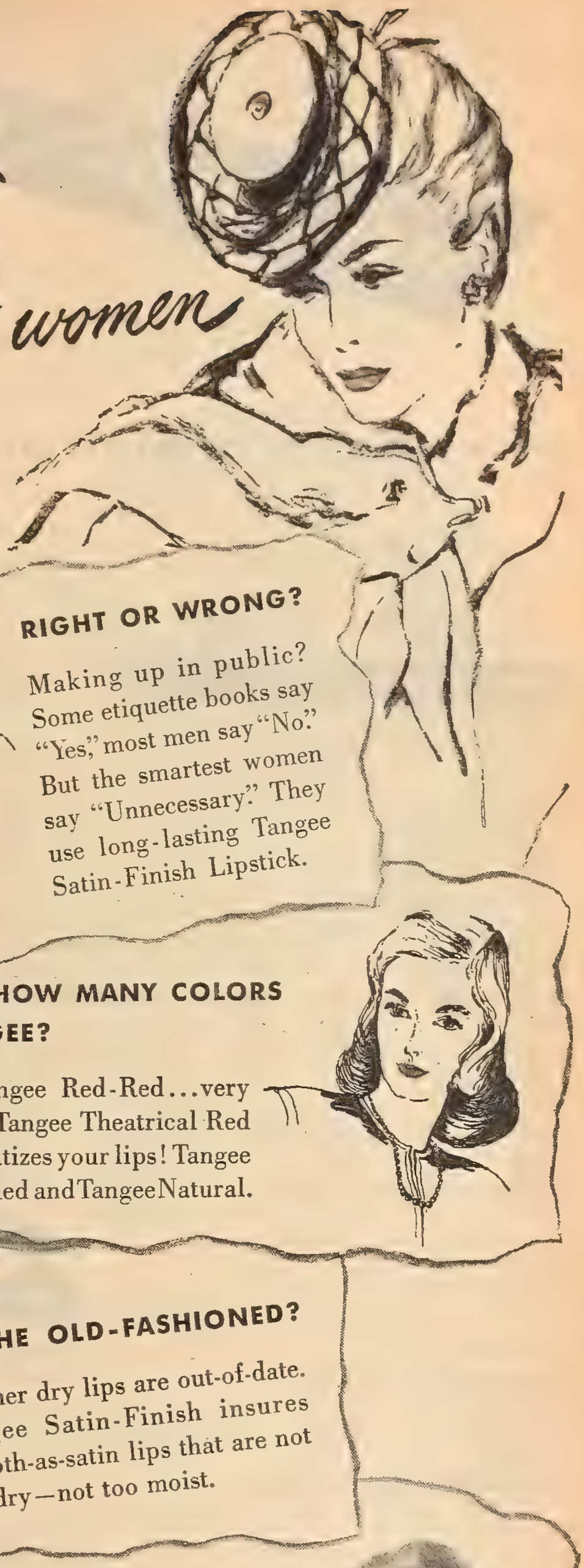
There is an important Jap prisoner in the hospital, who was wounded by the Chinese guerrilla, Chen Ta (Anthony Quinn). He is cared for by a native doctor who is actually half-Jap. Between them they evolve a plot which makes use of Louise's cowardice. She falls for it and the result is almost catastrophic.

Carol Thurston makes a luscious Chinese nurse, and Philip Ahn is good as the half-Jap doctor.—*RKO.*

P. S.

This is another Pearl Buck story—guarantee to the movie-goer that it's based on true life experience and actual locale. . . . Randolph Scott was on the cast roster to play Dr. Grey Thompson when RKO first began filming preparations on the show more than a year ago. This is one of the strongest roles of his career. . . . Ruth Warrick, you remember, is the radio actress who won screen fame by playing the wife of "Citizen Kane." . . . Quinn was the only Occidental actor chosen to play an Oriental role in this picture. His facial contours require practically no make-up to fit him for the part of the war lord who falls in love with the Chinese nurse (Carol Thurston). . . . Like Quinn, Carol requires little doing over to qualify for the role of a Chinese nurse.

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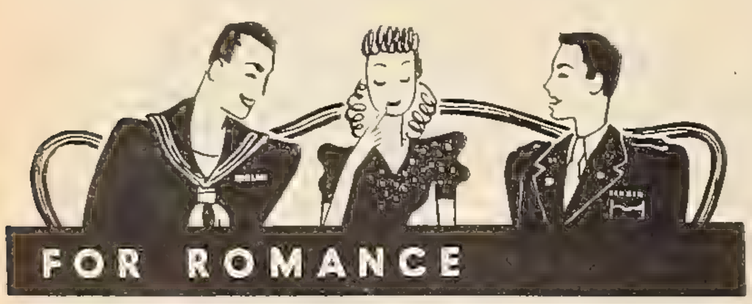
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All of My Life—Bing Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia)

He's Home For a Little While—Les Brown (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)

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I'm Gonna See My Baby—Jimmie Lunceford (Decca), Phil Moore (Victor)

I Should Care—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)

Laura—Woody Herman (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)

My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time—Les Brown (Columbia), Phil Moore (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

My Heart Sings—Hildegarde (Decca), Duke Ellington (Victor), Johnny Johnston (Capitol)

This Heart of Mine—Ginny Simms Columbia), Fred Astaire (Decca)

Yip Yip De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes—Phil Moore (Victor), Charlie Spivak (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

King Cole—Bring Another Drink (Capitol)

Benny Goodman Sextet—After You've Gone (Columbia)

Edmond Hall Swingsters—Big City Blues (Blue Note)

Edmond Hall Quartet—Shanty in Old Shanty Town (Commodore)

Billie Holiday—Lover Man (Decca)

Etta Jones-Barney Bigard—Blow-top Blues (Black & White)

Hot Lips Page—The Lady In Bed (Continental)

Boyd Raeburn—March of The Boyds (Guild)

Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five—Sad Sack (Victor)

Teddy Wilson Quintet—Bugle Call Rag (Musicraft)

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After Dark—Morton Gould (Columbia)

King Cole Trio (Capitol)

Dennis Day Sings (Capitol)

Horowitz - Toscanini - NBC Symphony—Brahms Concerto No. 2 (Victor)

Meet Me In St. Louis—Judy Garland (Decca)

Music of George Gershwin—Andre Kostelanetz (Columbia)

Andres Segovia (Guitar Solos) Decca)

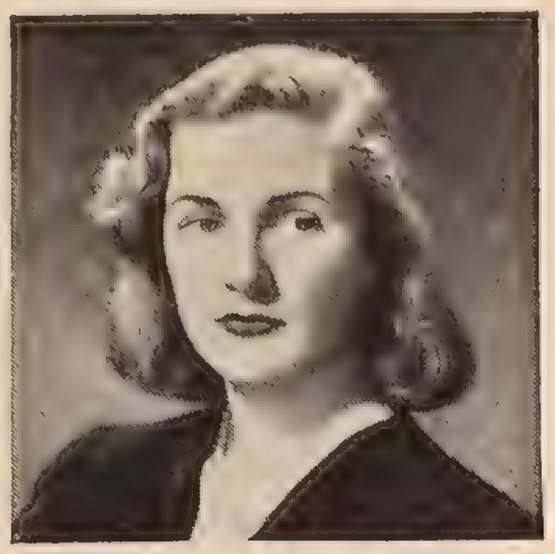
Song of Norway — Kitty Carlisle (Decca)

Song of Norway—Irra Petina (Columbia)

Tenor Sax—Hawkins, Byas, Young, Webster (Savoy)

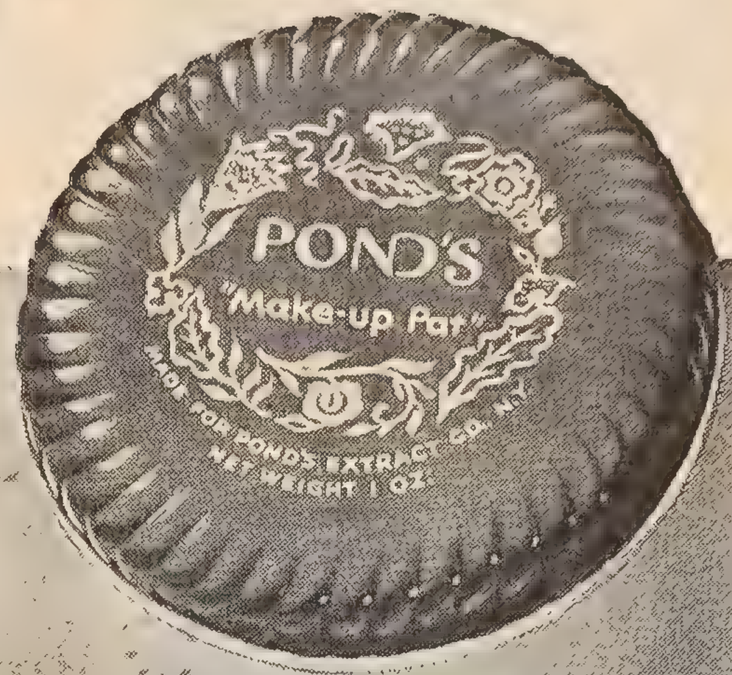
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CO-ED

Your guy's comin' home! You wanta perk him with parties, shout to the moon—but don't, for he's hurt and bewildered and needs to forget

■ Are you one of the lucky, lucky ones with a guy on the way home? A beloved big brother, maybe, or a nearly-new husband, or a very best beau? If you are, this is all yours. If you aren't, won't you read it anyway, 'cause your turn is coming, maybe sooner than you think.

You've got such plans, haven't you? Parties, excitement, the bright lights. You want to be terribly, terribly gay to help blot out the sights and sounds of war. Of course you do, but if you're wise you won't shove hilarity down his throat the minute he gets home. You see, most of the returned kids are quietly grieving. They have lost so many friends. They have suffered, many of them, but more than that, they have seen suffering. They are sad beyond words, beyond tears. Oh, they'll laugh again, never fear. They'll paint the town the brightest shade of red. But not right away. Let them forget a little first.

When your soldier went to war he was a noisy, cocky guy, wasn't he? He won't be like that when he first gets home. He'll keep to himself a lot and seem to shut you out. It's going to hurt, but don't let him know. Be interested in whatever he wants to tell you, but don't pry. Don't follow him around with that worried look you've become such a past-master at. And above all, refrain from queries like, "What's the matter with you?" And "Is it anything I've done?"

The trouble is something like this. He's home in body but his spirit is still flying a B-29 or slogging through Rhineland mud. The adjustment from warrior to man-on-leave is pretty terrific, so be as patient as you can possibly be, and be assured that the silences and the brusqueness aren't directed at you.

He used to be the life of your own little crowd. His jokes used to kill the people, and the gang loved him to death. And do you know that when he comes (*Continued on page 102*)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My fiance has been in the South Pacific for a year and a half. He is due for a leave soon at which time we had planned to be married. Now he seems to be getting cold feet, and he thinks we should wait. He knows a thousand and one reasons why we shouldn't rush things. What do you think is the trouble? J. B., Des Moines, Iowa.

For one thing, he's had a lot of time to think, J.B. He's not the hot-headed kid he was when he left home. He has a deeper sense of responsibility. A solemn outlook on marriage. Probably he's seen a lot of war marriages go to pot. He's seen his buddies up to their ears in debt because their child brides thought their little allotment checks were a lot of money. When you write, don't sulk and don't bully him. Tell him you think he may be very wise and that you will have a lot to talk about when he gets home. When he does get back discuss it all thoroughly and sensibly, and then take him for a walk in the moonlight and let your hearts have something to say about it, too.

(*Continued on page 101*)



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These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin. In the doctor's own words—*"Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation."* Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on *your* skin. Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just *one cake* of Camay.



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning. Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting to see how *one cake* of Camay can make your complexion look lovelier . . . softer . . . more endearing!

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.

short cuts to big moments!

come on, get down to bare essentials...
the wonderful bare essentials of the
new Jantzens...like lines that take
the words right out of a man's mouth,
slimming fabrics, singing colors, in-and-
out-of-water glamour...the things that
make Jantzen completely marvelous...
left: Celanese* rayon 7.95...right: wool 8.95
(not enough of them, we're sorry to say) *Reg. U S. Pat. Off.



Jantzen swim suits

tan with JAN...Jantzen's new sun-cream lotion for a smooth soft skin.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MODERN SCREEN!



■ I'm glad of a chance to talk to you readers about MODERN SCREEN on its birthday. No speeches. Just the personal angle—

I met Editor Al on a trip back East after my first picture. Since then he's stayed with us in Hollywood, borrowed my T-shirts, been bossed by Sue, sneaked in at night to cover Alana up because he was lonesome for his own kid, Pete. That's how you get to know a guy—through the little things. Getting to know Al, I understood why MODERN SCREEN's the kind of book it is.

He likes people. He cares what happens to them. He knows the important part of living isn't parties and big productions, but digging your garden and laughing over some screwy joke with your wife and chewing the fat with your pals in front of a fire. The little things again. The things that make life warm and good—that stay with you through the years—

That spirit is reflected in the magazine. Here movie stars aren't names, but people. They're neither glorified nor belittled. They're treated as you'd treat your friends and as you'd like to be treated yourself. That's why I think of MODERN SCREEN as a friend. I trust it for its belief in fair play. I respect it for its sense of the dignity of the American home. I like it for its warmth of heart.

Drink a toast with me, will you?—in a coke or a milk shake or whatever concoction you go for at the corner drugstore—make mine a chocolate soda. So here's to MODERN SCREEN. May her shadow never grow less, may her circulation grow more. Happy birthday, good luck and long life to her. Bottoms up!

Alan Ladd



It's a star-studded party with no gates to crash

'cause Sidney Skolsky will take you along.

Happy Birthday from

■ METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, a studio that is topped by none in Hollywood, also had a party to celebrate the fact that MODERN SCREEN was fifteen years young. And of course Leo the Lion put on a party that was a topper. Leo howled just as he does when every Metro picture begins, and this was the signal for the birthday party to start. It was also the signal for Leo's players who cavort on the screen to gather and have a time for themselves. Leo also invited you and me, so we'll get going.



First we see Louella Parsons feeding Hedy Lamarr. I guess Louella felt Hedy had fed her so many news items that turn-about was only fair play.



Jimmy D. tells John Payne, wifie Glo, E. Williams and Van he's "got a million of 'em."





Greer Garson and her shaggy French poodle get a big kick out of the special newspaper extra for MODERN SCREEN's birthday party, while Tom Drake, Peter Lawford and Robert Walker peek at the headlines.



Elizabeth Taylor, Van J., Esther W. and Bob W. chortle "Happy Birthday"—bill this vaudeville act and it'd be back again!

MORE PICTURES

M. G. M.

Here's John Payne at Gloria's studio party and she was at his. Glo's guy reports he wasn't afraid of Leo the Lion, but he knows all about the wolves.





Sylvia Wallace, lovely West coast editor of MODERN SCREEN, greets Judy Garland while Robert Walker and Peter Lawford, a couple of wolves who make the bobbysockers howl, look on.

Van goes affectionate with Esther Williams while James Craig looks on. Van's had plenty of practice for he's been in a couple of pictures with Esther. James is still waiting to be her leading man.



What's a party without food, so you and I will stop for refreshments. Everybody's doing it! Here are Robert Walker, Phyllis Thaxter, Peter Lawford and Esther Williams making with the food.



Elizabeth Taylor brought her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, with her to the party, and she's showing me the tricks it can do. With Elizabeth it's love me, love my 'munk.



Tom Drake and Jan Clayton, who were a *thing*, are now just friends. Jan went to New York to do the lead in the show "Carousel" and Tom got himself married to Christopher Curtis.

(Please turn to page 96)



Come along inside with me. We're now in Anne Baxter's house and here is John Payne having a time for himself by feeding June Haver oatmeal so that she'll become a sweater girl without even needing the sweater.

HAPPY

Anne Baxter played hostess and the kids ran wild—Sidney Skolsky's our escort so let's join the gang!



What's a birthday party without a cake! Hostess Anne Baxter is ready to cut it and those sweeties waiting for the sweets are June Haver, Vivian Blaine, MODERN SCREEN'S Sylvia Wallace. The fellas are D. Andrews and Bill Eythe.

BIRTHDAY FROM *20th Century-Fox!*

■ MODERN SCREEN, the magazine which is the liaison officer between you and the movie players, is celebrating a birthday. It is fifteen years young. And I mean *young*. During all these years it has been for the new players, it has always given you the news, and whenever a person joined the army of new movie fans, they turned to MODERN SCREEN.

So to celebrate its fifteenth Birthday, what could be more appropriate than a youth party, a kiddie party, which Twentieth Century-Fox, with Anne Baxter as hostess, gave for this magazine and you, its readers. Because Hollywood Is My Beat, I was there—to be your guide, take you to the party and tell you all about it.

MORE PICTURES——→



Now we walk in on a playful scene. Anne Baxter is whispering to Vivian Blaine while Bill Eythe cuts the ribbon on Anne's new bonnet. Oh, well, you know how it is when kids get together!



And if you don't know, here are John Hodiak and Gene Tierney making a mud pie. The raggedy doll is really Gene's for she loves dolls. So does John, who has a doll named Anne Baxter!

20th Century-Fox!

Dick Haymes is the tough guy of the party. He came in a sweater and a baseball cap, brought his own bat. You can see that I have no chance of winning this contest with Haymes, for if I do, he'll let me have it.



I said to June Haver, "Why don't you get a bicycle?" So she did—a bike with a chauffeur—who is none other than Bill Eythe!



Now little June (my, how she did get around at this party!) is asking cherubic young Richard Crane about his teddy bear. Get a load of Dick Crane while you're at it, because he is wearing the very latest in three cornered pants.

All kids like to play house, so June Haver is having fun with Dana Andrews straightening up the rug they've been cuttin' during this hep party.





Nothing like a fast game of marbles to keep things rolling, and these champs can shoot 'em! Stanley Prager, Henry Morgan, Eddie Ryan thought Vivian Blaine would be easy to beat, but you should have seen her hit those mibs.

June Haver and Jeanne Crain are eating a piece of birthday cake, and June, who had plenty to eat (there was the oatmeal and a lollypop), is offering Dana Andrews a piece of hers. A good time, you'll admit, was had by all!



(Please turn to page 96)



It was happy birth-

day with a western wallop:

Sonny Tufts was head

rancher, Sid Skolsky our guide.

Sonny Tufts and his guitar hay-haying with lovelies Marj Reynolds, Diana Lynn, Barbara Britton, Mona Freeman, Gail Russell and Ella Raines. Sonny strums a neat guitar.



Barbara, Sonny Tufts and Joan Caulfield are very mystified by that old rope trick of Roy Rogers, whose studio, Republic, is now celebrating its 10th birthday.

■MODERN SCREEN couldn't celebrate the fact that it is fifteen years young without a Happy Birthday from Paramount, and a party at which none other than Sonny Tufts was the host. It was a Western party, for there is nothing actors like to do better when they play than dress up. Sonny even had the Les Paul Trio there to play Western music, and in between times he strummed a pretty mean guitar himself. Believe me, when these Paramount kids start playing there's bound to be plenty of excitement. But enough of this chatter, because you have to dust off that dude-ranch cowboy garb of yours and rustle into the stirrups. For you and I are going to the party, and we'd better hurry or those high-handed cowpunchers will have lassoed all of the refreshments, not to mention those pretty gals!



"Unhand that woman, man!" That's what Ella Raines appears to be saying to William Bendix, but Marjorie Reynolds, the Belle of "Yukon" Tufts' place, doesn't appear disturbed, either by "One Gun" Raines or Big Bill. From the looks of things, Ella's out not only to save Marj from the villain's clutches, but to put the snatch on that lucre he's fingering.



When a guy like Sonny Tufts searches for "Half-Pint" Skolsky, he's apt to overlook me. I'll let you in on a secret: That's how I get my items—by being present but unseen.



Eddie Bracken is explaining things in the Wild and Woolly West to Olga San Juan, who can explain a few things herself, famed as she is for that wicked samba that speaks for itself.

A Western shindig wouldn't be complete without Roy Rogers, and here he is watching editor Sylvia Wallace handcuff our host. He's been in this kind of picture before.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY from PARAMOUNT



Pianistic WIliam Demarest is being threatened—y'see, he started singing "Don't Fence Me In", and Roy just can't take it.



How did I get mixed up with this? Glenn Ford is the Hero, Bill Bendix tilts the jug, Gail Russell is rolling her own, and I'm just a-settin'. All I can say is—"They went thataway!"



While you and I watch, Alan Ladd tries to slip a pair of handcuffs on Veronica Lake. We stand there delighted, for it's just like watching them do a scene for one of their movies.



The struggling gal who's trying to pull on her boot is Ella Raines, but I'll bet ten to one you'd never recognize the Westerner with the pipe—it's Turhan Bey! Honest. Didn't think you'd know him without Lana Turner.



"I'm the Law," rasps Sheriff Ladd, whereupon elopers Di Lynn and Bey look guilty and freeze in their tracks. But—surprise!—it's make believe.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY from PARAMOUNT

(Please turn to page 96)



Gail Russell (left) claps while funny man Gil Lamb jigs to Laddie's harmonica jiving. Choral effects are by courtesy of John Coy, Diana Lynn and Jim Brown.



Sonny and Veronica outwit the ciggie shortage with their corn husk peace pipes. Well, so long folks, thanks for coming to our parties, hope you've had fun.

These are the



Best dressed woman, Ljlyan Tashman.

Most spiritually confused, Lew Ayres.





Gable. Greatest lover, of course!



Joan Crawford's most "movie-starrish."



Bing's the most indifferent to success.

Sorry, Ginger's uncooperative!



Louella's seen stars come and go

but these have burned the brightest:

Some sad, some gay—they're the "mostest."

by Louella Parsons

UNFORGETTABLES!



■ I love to reminisce. Also, I dearly love to stick out my neck. If I didn't like both of these journalistic sports almost more than any other form of writing, I would have had an entirely different answer to my friend and yours, Editor Al Delacorte, when he suggested:

"Look, Louella, let your hair down and GIVE for our fifteenth anniversary number. Tell us honestly, who, in your opinion, has been the greatest lover, the most outspoken, the most cooperative, most beloved, wittiest, wackiest, most generous, luckiest, most ambitious, most flamboyant, most rebellious, most patriotic star."

I could have said to him, "Al, my hair is short—so I can't let it down. And besides it might not be good politics for me (since I am still in business) to go about bestowing my own private Oscars and booby-prizes."

But did I say that? No. Being a smart boy as well as a smart editor, he had caught me in my weakest spot—and I think he knew it.

So, instead of playing smart and staying on the safe side, I sat right down to my typewriter to bat out this story on the actors and actresses, the boys and girls, the wise ones and the foolish ones who, in my opinion, have been the outstanding personalities one way or another since MODERN SCREEN has been (*Continued on page 81*)



Bogart? He talks too much.



Swanson, most queenly of them all.

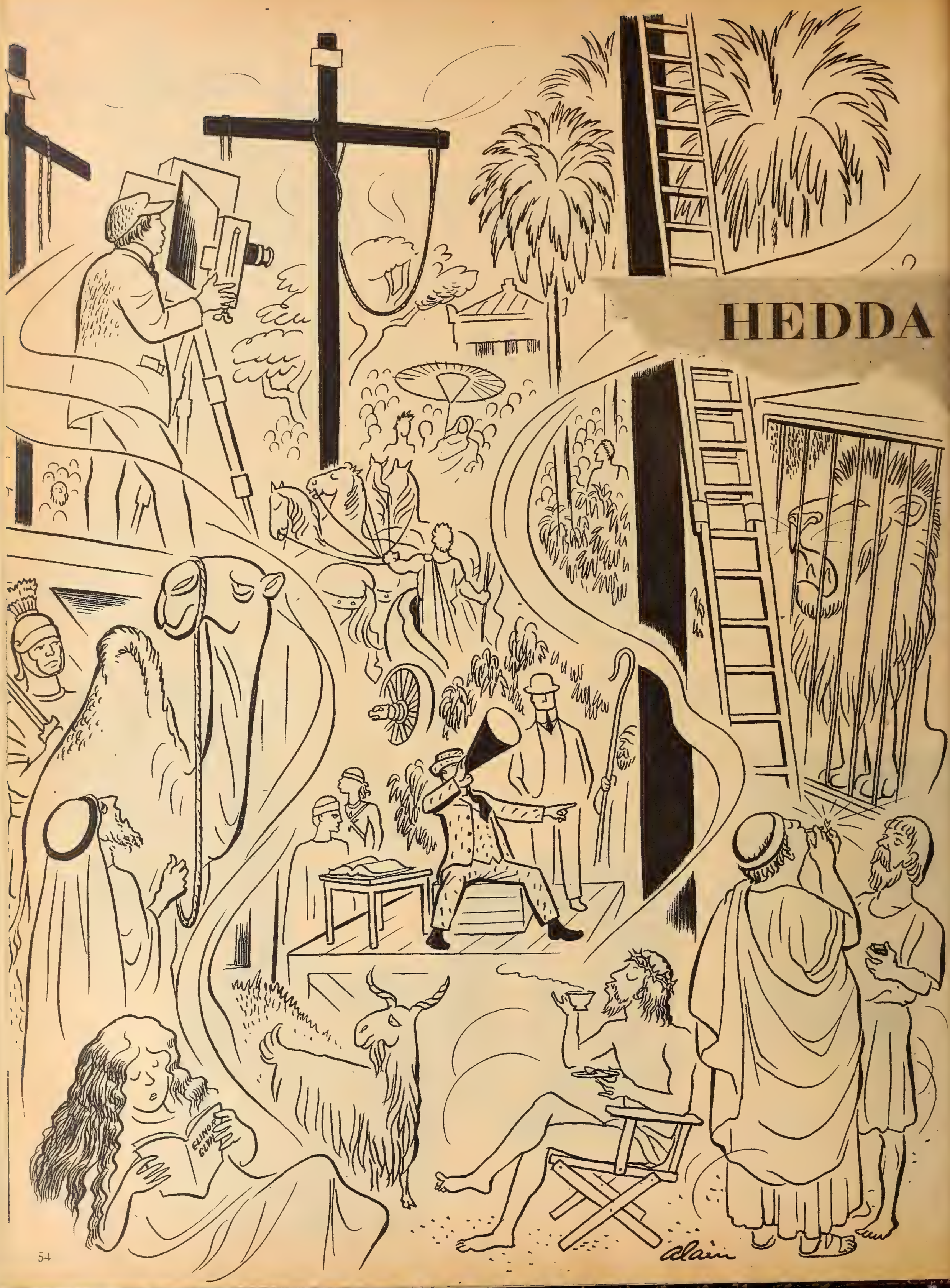
The most tragic actress, Lupe.





J. Barrymore had a most outrageous wit.

HEDDA



they've never been told before,
they shouldn't be told now... Hopper's juiciest
tidbits on Hwood morals and manners

HOPPERS' SECRET MEMOIRS



■ All right, Professor, a little soft music, please. "Among my Souvenirs?" No—hold it—"Thanks for the Memories," (excuse it, Bob Hope) that's better. Because I wouldn't trade my Hollywood memories for Bing Crosby's contract. I wouldn't sell 'em for Louis B. Mayer's salary.

I've got a million of 'em, like Schnozzle Durante—a million of 'em. Some are funny and some sad. Some are bitter. Some are gay. Some are fantastic and some are outrageous. And some, well—don't ask! But they're all big events in the giddy life I've led, just like birthdays. It's not *my* birthday, of course, but it is MODERN SCREEN's, and birthdays do something to me. They make me expansive and sentimental and reminiscent and maybe a little foolish. They make me want to bake a cake and wrap gifts with ribbons and yell "Happy Birthday!" So, a little soft music, Professor, while Hopper takes down her hair—just a few bobby pins—and, Happy Birthday MODERN SCREEN readers! Cut yourself a piece of Hedda Hopper's Hollywood. It's on the house. If you can stand it, I can. And it's been cooking a long, long time.

So MODERN SCREEN is fifteen years old this month. Well, it was twice that long ago that I first stepped a fairy foot in fabulous Hollywood. Thirty years ago—twenty-nine to be exact, come St. Swithin's Day—I tripped past a glowering gateman at the old D. W. Griffith studio, as bug-eyed as Bette Davis and as green as grass about the movie world. I was a blushing bride, (honest) on the arm of my husband, DeWolf Hopper, a swell actor your mom and pop will remember. I had never been on a Hollywood set before. I was eager and had heard "stories"—I was prepared for anything and, believe me, I got it!

Griffith was shooting his big religious epic, "Intolerance," then. Outside the studio wall traffic hummed busily along Sunset Boulevard. Inside, I stepped back two thousand years. Roman legionnaires brushed past me with jangling armor, shields and spears. Arabs in white burnooses padded by, and ancient Hebrews with bare feet and shepherds' crooks. Chariots rumbled around behind plunging horses. Dancers, fakirs, wise men, thieves, kings, princes, houris, ragged urchins, goats, sheep, mules, dogs, oxen all mixed around in the dry, dusty lot, babbling, shouting, barking, braying. In one corner a cage of lions split the din now and then with mighty roars. I'd never seen anything like it before—the color, the mob, the noise, the confusion. I was dizzy, but right in the center of all the hullabaloo sat David Wark Griffith, the daddy of modern Hollywood, and not so old then, calm, cool and composed, lean, hawk-nosed, his smart eyes taking everything in. He was shooting the crucifixion of Christ.

On a table beside him lay a Bible, his script. It was open at the ageless scene. Right beside him Mary Magdalene read a novel by Elinor Glyn. Pontius Pilate was getting a light from a Good Samaritan. A huge cross reared up into the sky, and crucified on its arms—at least 40 feet up it seemed to me—was the Savior. On each side rangled two thieves on lesser crosses. Cameramen, cast and carpenters looked about; nobody seemed to be doing anything. Everyone gazed anxiously at the sky.

"Fog," said Griffith. "Call off the crucifixion." You couldn't have a crucifixion in this crazy land without California sunshine!

The whole mob relaxed and carts brought around hot

tea and cakes. I was sipping mine when the assistant director came up to Griffith. "How about Jesus?" he asked. "He's been hanging up there over three hours now. Think we'd better let him down for some tea?"

Griffith nodded. "Lower Jesus!" he yelled into his megaphone. They lowered Jesus on a rope. I had tea with Jesus and also my first Hollywood interview. I remember I asked him how he liked his job and he said, "It's a heck of a way to make a living." He said his arms hurt, and he had a lousy sunburn. Pretty soon they hauled him up again on the cross.

When I went home that evening I passed him again, standing on the corner alone in the fog with his beard and make-up kit. He was thumbing a ride up Sunset toward Hollywood. A shiny Packard rolled by without even slowing down. It had a special built trailer cage behind, padded and polished. Inside, the lions, whose roars still rang in my ears, rode home in pampered luxury, while the Lord's Son begged a lift on the highway. In Hollywood, I soon found out that was perfectly proper. You see, the lions were worth a thousand dollars a day and Jesus—well—he got five bucks. He was just an extra!

That was my first sample of Hollywood and today it remains my number one recollection. When I got home that night, my little brain whirling, I said right out loud, "This Hollywood is a crazy town!" That's an opinion I've never had reason to change.

HEDDA HOPPER'S SECRET MEMOIRS



Maybe it's the climate, maybe it's the people—anyway, there's something about Hollywood that makes everything different. There's magic in the air of this glamour-gilded orange grove—there always was, there is today and, I suspect, there always will be. The most preposterous, fantastic things happen to people when they come here. They get rich, they get famous, they get—well—a little screwy. They act like Fatty Arbuckle did when he had an automobile built almost a block long, so big he couldn't park the darned thing and couldn't use it! It makes people like the late, lovable Charley Ray doll up their bathrooms with solid gold plumbing fixtures. It made Cecil B. DeMille, before he got older and wiser, throw Roman feasts with bowls of real jewels sitting around for his fair guests to help themselves! It made Mabel Normand literally good time herself to death, as it made Barbara LaMarr and Renee Adoree do too, and Wally Reid, poor Wally, the big weak, wonderful kid who couldn't stand the pace. It's cracked to pieces marriages made in Heaven, as it cracked Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford's and it's cemented the most preposterous unions, like Clara Bow, the Flatbush Flapper, and cowboy Rex Bell, which have flourished in the best story book style. It's made saints out of sinners and vice versa; turned commoners into kings, made boors of bluebloods, and sophisticates out of hicks. Not magic?—well you dig me a better word!

Take Gary Cooper. Sometimes today when I look at that big lug, tailored like a London bandbox, balancing a cocktail at a swanky Hollywood party, I want to

neigh like a broncho and yell, "Yippeee!" just to see him jump. I never do because I like him too much but I know that's just what he'd do because at heart Gary's the same Western hillbilly he always was. But outside, what a difference a few Hollywood years make!

You want to know the first time I ever saw Gary Cooper? It was, I'm sure, at the most miserable moment of his life, very similar to the agony a colt goes through when he's broken to saddle. I can tell it without making Coop mad, I know, because just the other day at a bond rally he bid $100,000 in war bonds for one of my favorite hats (I sure hated to lose it, but anything for the war effort) and after it was over he grinned sheepishly as only Gary can grin and said, "Say—you remember that old picture we made together?"



"How could I forget it?" I answered. "Want to talk about it?"

He looked like he'd been shot. "Hey," he said, "no, no—gosh no!" And I swear sweat popped out on his face like tapioca.

The picture was "Children of Divorce" and the gal who started Gary on his way to fame and fortune was Clara Bow. Me, I was hanging around as I did in those days strictly for an actor's check and playing—as I always seemed to—a snooty Park Avenue rich-witch. But that's not important. Except that it tossed me right into the first scene which was Gary's Gethsemane and his Open Sesame at the same time. He was pretty fresh off a Montana Ranch then with sheep dip and corral cologne wafting out of every pore and alfalfa sticking out of his hair. He'd come to Hollywood hearing a cowpoke could pick up easy money, and he'd peddled his western paintings from door to door to help out on the rent of his furnished room. He'd got himself a break in a couple of Paramount horse operas looking strong and silent, which was easy. Then came "Children of Divorce," which was not.

I don't know whose idea it was, maybe Frank Lloyd's, the director who's spied star stuff in more than one unknown, maybe Clara's, who was a lot smarter than people gave her credit for. Anyway, after that first scene it looked like somebody made a terrible mistake.

They had him dolled up in a cutaway morning coat, striped trousers and spats. They had his hair slicked down and his big Adam's apple clamped in a high wing collar and still he looked exactly like what he was—a big, beautiful rube. But that wasn't half. The scene was a gathering of smart young merrily-we-go-to-hell Manhattan sophisticates at a cocktail party. Gary was supposed to sip champagne, smoke cigarettes daintily and be debonair and charming. And—this is the pay off—make love to Clara Bow.

I can hear Clara giggling now. She spied the apparition. "Look, Hedda," she said. "Look at the poor boy. He's falling over his own feet!" Gary was, too. You could tell he'd hand over his check willingly just to be out of those fancy duds, just to get the heck out of there and back to Montana (*Continued on page 113*)



Hedy Lamarr

Greta Garbo

Ingrid Bergman

These are the Loveliest!



■ *(Surprised to see Columnist Ed Sullivan's by-line on my beauty pages this month? Well, let me explain. As a special feature for* MODERN SCREEN'S *wonderful anniversary issue, I asked Van Johnson, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Milland, Joe Cotten and Errol Flynn to make up their own individual lists of the ten most beautiful stars of the past fifteen years in Hollywood. They did—and for a look at their individual scores, turn to page 99. But there were a lot of ties, and I wanted* one *list of Hollywood's ten loveliest. So I called in Ed Sullivan—to break the ties and just talk about beautiful women, as only he can. What are we waiting for?—*CAROL CARTER)



Virginia Bruce

Being no chump, and with a full awareness that Hollywood scripts insist that movie heroes *must* win, I pick no quarrel with Van Johnson, or Bogart, or Errol Flynn, or Ray Milland or Joe Cotten. However, when these five characters, having been asked to name to an attentive world the Ten Most Beautiful femmes ever to float past their vision, fail even to nod in the beautiful direction of Merle Oberon or Ilona Massey, fail to remember Jean Harlow or Luise Rainer, completely ignore Lena Horne, Irene Dunne and Alice Faye, overlook Ginger Rogers, Wendy Hiller, Arleen Whelan, Gene Tierney and Virginia Fields—well, at that precise point, your correspondent remembers (*Continued on page 98*)

by Ed Sullivan

Our dream-guy jury picks

the ten top beauties of fifteen H'wood

years. Do you agree?



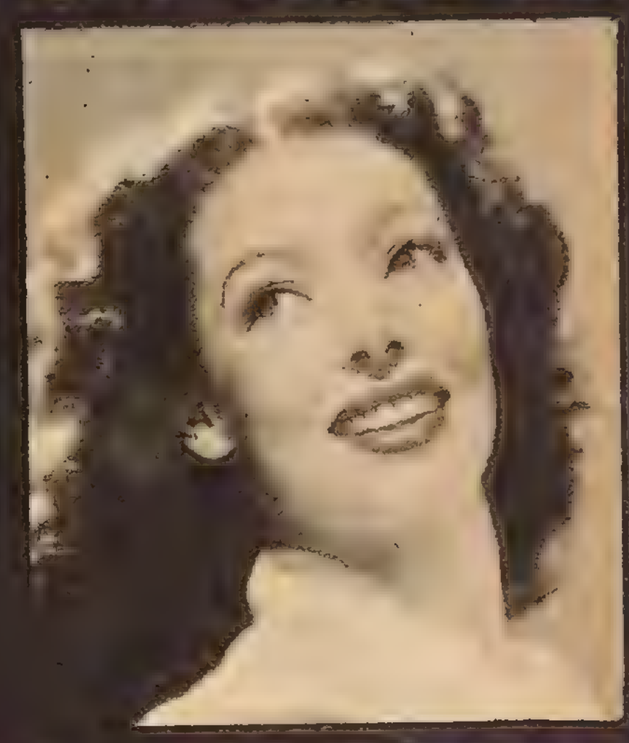
Marlene Dietrich



Joan Crawford



Dolores Del Rio



Loretta Young



Olivia De Havilland



Danielle Darrieux

A great writer tells the life story of "just a guy" who's learning to laugh again.

CLARK GABLE



At just 7 months, Clark was semi-orphaned with the passing of his young mother. In later years, he and Carole were always "Pappy" and "Ma" to each other and planned on eventually adopting a family.



■ We sat round the fire after a dinner party. Among us was a young and very excited actor. That day he had been cast in a Clark Gable picture. He was a sweet boy, well-mannered, charming. All evening he had tried to hold his excitement down. Now we encouraged him to let it boil over—

"The guy's a legend already," he said. "You hear so many stories. I wonder what he's really like—"

I knew Gable as you know many people who work on the same lot. To smile, to say good morning, to exchange a few words about the weather, a preview, a mutual acquaintance. I had no intimacy with him. We had never sat down together to take the world apart—

Yet, as a writer, I am trained to observe. I had observed Gable, on the screen and off. I had observed the reactions of others to him. To such a man, you cannot be indifferent even if you've never met him, even if you know him only from the films. You may like or refuse to like him, (*Continued on page* 63)



No effort was spared to salvage the marriage, but his need of the soil he now tends on his Encino ranch couldn't jibe with Rhea's social background. They divorced. (With Rhea and her children, Jana, Al.)

by VICKI BAUM



At 15, he'd shot up to his 6' 1", had developed some of his charm, most of his dislike for "Sunday bests." He'd also adopted, then rejected, medicine as a career.



1934 found him an "Oscar" winner for "It Happened One Night" and very much in love with Carole. Now, 11 years later, he dates Dvorak, V. Grey, Kay Williams.

In 1932, "Red Dust" and the late Jean Harlow established him as "the heavy lover with the light touch." He had married (and briefly separated from) the older. social Rhea Langham but knew even then that it couldn't last.







Clark Gable, the "people's choice" to play "G. W. T. W.'s" "Rhett Butler," dazzled even the incorrigible Vivien "Scarlett" Leigh with his dash.

but you cannot say he doesn't matter, he's of no consequence. Whatever feeling he leaves with you is a positive feeling. Mine was very positive . . .

"I could wish nothing better for my boys," I said, "than that they should grow up to be like Clark Gable—"

"You mean movie stars like Clark Gable?" somebody teased.

But I was in earnest. "I mean *men* like Clark Gable. The rest is nothing—"

That was ten years ago. Much has happened to Gable meantime. Great wealth and fame. Great happiness. Great sorrow. In public affection, he has ranked higher over a longer period than any other star. In his personal life, he found love, and lost. He entered the service of his country and served her well. Now, more popular (*Continued on page 64*)



With Carole came peace. She was his wife and his friend and the greatest testimonial to her wisdom is that her death left him saddened but unembittered.



CLARK GABLE

He worked hard to prepare for OCS and regretted neither his annual $250,000 salary nor the $7,500,000 in receipts his enlistment cost M-G-M per year.

CLARK GABLE



Busy with "Strange Adventure" and the renewing of old ties, he vetoed offer to MC Lux Radio Show to concentrate on M-G-M's GI rehabilitation film planned for him, Taylor, Stewart. (Ginny S. at CBS.)

than ever, he returns to the films.

I have followed him through the years, and my feeling about him remains unchanged. It is the man who counts, the rest is nothing. As a farmer, a tool-dresser, a lumberjack, he would still have been Gable. This is no story of a movie star, but the story of an American.

First there was the child in a little Ohio town. A child of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, who inherited their strain of simplicity and strength. When his mother died, the baby was seven months old. His father—like Clark, a man of few words, especially where his emotions are concerned—took the child to the farm of his dead wife's parents. There he stayed till he was four.

They had no close neighbors. The barnyard animals were his playmates, the changing aspects of nature his wonderland. With his father's visits, the tales of his grandfather, his grandmother's tenderness, it was enough. They were none of them the (*Continued on page 103*)

Acting as gunner and combat photographer, he was upped from pvt. to Capt. during his 22 months AAF career and returned with 50,000 feet of film shot in 5 raids—plus Air Medal!



AIRLINE HOSTESS is airman's fiancée! Mary Ann Long helps servicemen and their families feel "at home" in PCA planes. She works in one of the war jobs where women are so badly needed. Ask your local U. S. Employment Service about *your* war job.

Flyer to Wed Mary Ann Long

Popular Tennessee girl, the daughter of the H. C. Longs, engaged to Richard H. Albrecht. She is a graduate of Virginia Intermount College and was May Queen in her senior year. He was at Yale before entering the Air Force



She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is *another* lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth *Pond's* complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream —"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond's:

She smooths snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's coating —swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These *two* creamings make her skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night, *every* morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, *big* Pond's jar!



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties.. The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cabot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor

new! Film-Finish Powder

Finest-ever texture... loveliest-ever shades for that Hollywood "finish"

It's a charmer, a four-alarmer . . . this new Woodbury Powder! Made to give you the breathless appeal screen stars have. 5-stage blending for lovelier shades, smoothest-ever texture. Woodbury Film-Finish won't clog, cake, turn pasty. Never makes your skin look "porey". Just clings like a lovely dream, to help you charm your man! 8 lovelier, star-styled shades.

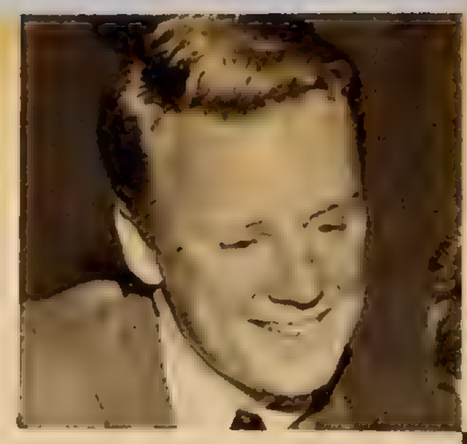


SUSAN PETERS, lovely young star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in **"KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY".** Woodbury CHAMPAGNE-RACHEL is golden drama for a honey-toned medium skin like Susan's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box... all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish".

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax

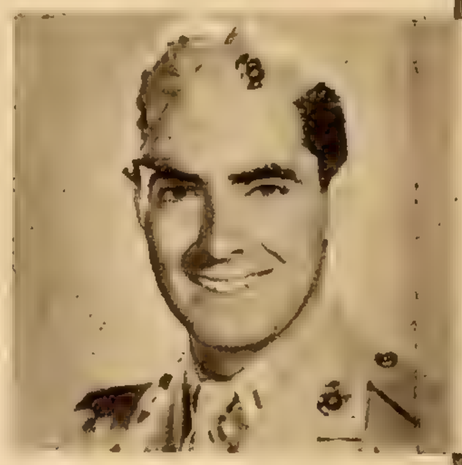
Woodbury Film Finish Powder



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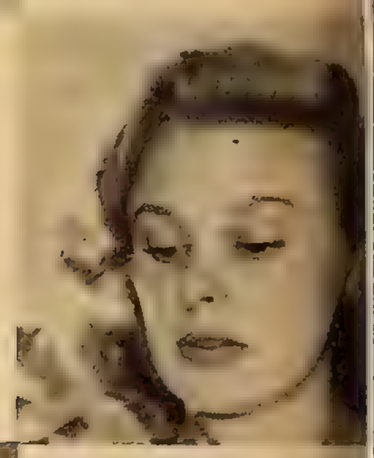
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7



9



11



12



13

Modern Screen's Birthday Quiz

by Phil Baker

HI, swell meeting you! Here are 14 portraits of your favorite stars as they appeared last week—and 15 years ago. It's up to you to unscramble 'em so that their 1930 pics (which are marked a, b, c, etc.) match up with their 1945 pictures (designated by numbers.) Page 84 has the answers.



A



2



B



C



4



D



E



6



F



G



8



H



J



10



K



L



M



N



14



O





CHEN YU

Cloud silk

MAKE UP

Out of a dream world into yours comes a veil of cloud silk to cover your skin with a new kind of beauty as rare as Chinese silk . . . with no hint to the heaviness of make-up as you have known it. So smooth . . . so perfect . . . Cloud silk dresses your skin in a glowing radiance that belies the presence of blemish. When you wear it . . . no matter whether it be day or night . . . in the sun's brilliance or in the darting beams of firelight . . . others see you through a veil of sheer beauty . . . *and they wonder why!* And Cloud silk (because it's Chen Yu) stays beautiful so long, time stands still.

Cloud silk, newest triumph of Chen Yu, is the completely beautifying, thoroughly protective make-up you have hoped for. You'll find it now at your favorite store in a shade that is exactly yours.

CHEN YU, Chicago and New York



Modern

By Jean Kinkead
and Toussia Pines





Super lines in this make-it-yourself housecoat—a MODERN SCREEN pattern, easy-as-pie to make! It changes personality with various materials, so make two—a flowered lovely, and a smoothie of solid black.

No fuss, no satin, no nonsense in this little plaid beauty by that master, Henry Rosenfeld. Washable gingham, spiked with black ruffles to give you the look of a Victorian belle!



We think you're lucky! Just look at the glamor-garb of fifteen years ago, and thank your lucky stars for the clothes of 1945!



Screen's Fashion Guide



Which one gets your vote? We knew it—the sleek, smooth Junior Formals honey on Gloria De Haven! And glamor isn't all it's got, it's washable, practical, inexpensive! Sophisticated black velvet accessories by Arpad.



■ We were chortling through one of the first MODERN SCREENS, and look what we found! These fashions, chums, were the MacStuff in 1930, and the gals modeling them were (and still are) among the best-dressed women in the country. Notice the impractical fabrics, the messy lines, the complete lack of figure flattery. And don't miss the utter disregard for grooming as we now know it. The sporty hat on Joan Crawford, for instance, with the swish afternoon dress. The hit or miss coiffures on Joan and Connie Bennett, and the just-out-from-the dryer look to Norma's. Gosh, we've come a long way, when you think that today's stenographers and riveters and housewives look infinitely more chic, more fashion-wise than yesterday's golden girls. And when you think that they look so darn beautiful on so darn little.

Let's do some contrasting. Take the evening dresses of then and now. The cut of the 1930 number gives smooth Connie Bennett the figure of a Mickey Rooney. In addition, the fabric (beaded white chiffon) couldn't possibly be less practical, involving an expensive trek to the cleaners after each wearing. The accessories—bracelet, watch and choker—(*Continued on page* 72)

TIGER LILY BRUNETTE

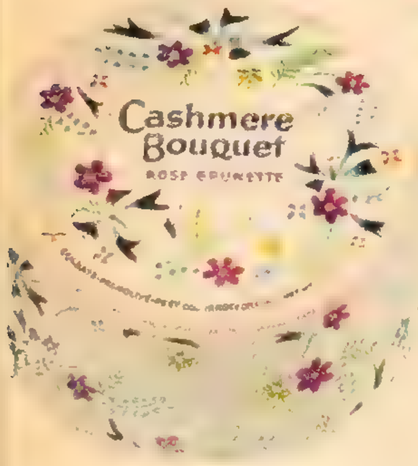
— by Bradshaw Crandell



Brunettes take notice: Famous painter shows how to beautify your skin with original*

"Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

YOU with the dark hair, give your skin a pink-pearl accent with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rose Brunette. *This* is what you've been waiting for . . . dreaming about . . . this rosy radiance in a face powder that goes on like sifted star-dust to help veil tiny blemishes. And it clings for hours and hours. Cashmere Bouquet's exotic "Flower-fresh" shades are keyed to all skin types from an angel-faced blonde to a sultry red-head.

neither match nor complement each other.

Now just look at our 1945 honey at approximately one-fifth the cost. Crisp and slim as a celery stalk, this Junior Formal is It for the senior prom, for a club dance, for a candlelight dinner with Him. Everything about it is new—the not-too-dolman sleeves, the doll waist (straight from Paris, kids) accented with a black velvet bow, the full waltz skirt. The wee surplice top is red and white checked, the skirt is black and white. Whip off the belt and the dress takes to water like a newly launched PT boat 'cause it's a Dan River Starspun cotton. All this for under $18, if you can stand it. We are mad for the matched accessories by Arpad, aren't you? The sophisticated gloves—the hair-bow in black velvet—are irresistible.

As for afternoon dresses. Ornateness was the keynote for 1930 dress-up clothes, as witness the beribboned Peter Pan collar, embroidered bolero and multi-buttoned cuffs on Joan's dress. Lushness of material was likewise the ticket, and satin, lace, velvet and chiffon were In.

The age of elegance is very dead, praise the Lord, and today fashions for gallivanting are light-hearted, casual, beautifully simple. A gander at the sweet Henry Rosenfeld plaid on Gloria deHaven and you'll see what we mean. From the sentimental sweetheart neckline to the brand new flaring skirt, it's young and wide-eyed, but there's a whiff of sophistication in the black ruffle at the neck, sleeves and hem. It's a dress that's up to tea at the Ritz, still isn't too spiffy for the office. It'll do you proud at a sidewalk cafe, on a station platform. It's wearable, washable, lovable, and it comes in cool water-ice colors. Price: About $11. Complete the pretty, pretty picture with black accessories—gloves and headband.

Our precious, indispensable housecoat wasn't born fifteen years ago. You either slipped on something wan and shapeless called a "wrapper," or you poured yourself into a gadget on the order of the negligee Norma Shearer's wearing. On the one hand you were comfortable but repulsive, and on the other you were not too smooth and virtually straitjacketed.

Look at the good, clean lines of our make-it-yourself housecoat; fall in love with the gay print in tubbable cotton, and be *that* grateful that it's '45 instead of '30. A breeze to make is this long-torsoed baby with its scooped out neckline and low-placed fullness, and it changes its personality with your choice of fabric. For star-hung evenings on that second honeymoon, you might have it in something white and bridey. For rustling chow for a hungry brood of a summer morning, we'd choose a splashy print. You could do it in crisp pique, in cool black linen—just name your pet fabric and get to work. You know the WPB has limited the manufacture of housecoats to conserve material, so it's a wise child who sews her own. Look below for how-to-get-it.

* * *

Your letters keep coming and coming, and we keep getting thrilled about them. It's still open house here at our office, so if you've a query, dearie, let's have it. Want to know what stores carry these fashions? What sizes and colors they come in? Anything a-tall? Just ask us, we've got all the answers. Know where to write? Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

To order MODERN SCREEN *pattern 1597, send 16c to* MODERN SCREEN *Pattern Service, P.O. Box 224, Sta. G, N. Y. 19, N. Y. Indicate size, request pattern number 1597, and write your name and address clearly.*

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Your "info desk" is feeling ancient this month. Think! 15 years have passed since my Mom came home with her first copy of MODERN SCREEN—and gave me a lickin' 'cause I cut out the pics when she wasn't looking. . . . But now that I'm through looking for grey hairs and celebrating with three super-deluxe ice cream sodas, I think I'd better get down to the business at hand. Having practically grown up with MODERN SCREEN, is it any wonder that I've accumulated loads and loads of data on your favorites? And, heck, why should I be selfish with it? But I do have two requests: Be considerate with the amount of questions asked, so the next one can have a chance on a prompt answer; and please, REMEMBER THE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE, sent to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Fair nuf?

Love, Bev.

Al Barbato: MAY I HAVE THE MUSIC FROM "A SONG TO REMEMBER," AND IS THE MUSIC PLAYED THROUGHOUT? . . . As a rule, background music is just incidental in 99 out of 100 movies and definitely unavailable. But the "S. to R." score was by Chopin and therefore attainable. Here it is:

WALTZ IN D FLAT (MINUTE WALTZ)—played in part by Chopin as a child.

MAZURKA IN B FLAT—during talk between papa Chopin and Prof. Elsner.

FANTASIE IMPROMPTU and ETUDE IN A FLAT—for recital in Wodzinski mansion.

POLONAISE IN A FLAT (in part)—by Liszt and Chopin in Pleyel's office.

B FLAT SCHERZO—in darkened salon of Duchess of Orleans.

ETUDE IN E MAJOR—played for Madame Sand at Nohant.

NOCTURNE IN E FLAT—played by Chopin at Nohant while Sand is writing.

BERCEUSE—played while Elsner visits Nohant, ignored by Chopin.

WALTZ IN C SHARP MINOR—second recital at home of Duchess of Orleans.

ETUDE IN A MINOR, BALLADE IN A FLAT—WALTZ IN A FLAT (opus 42 and 34). THE REVOLUTIONARY ETUDE, THE SCHERZO IN B FLAT MINOR, and POLONAISE IN A FLAT—in musical montage for Chopin's last tour.

NOCTURNE IN A MINOR—background music for finale.

Barbara Drake, Texas: MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESS OF A FAN CLUB FOR DON TAYLOR, WHO WAS "PINKY" IN "WINGED VICTORY?" . . . Don is very enthusiastic about his fan club headed by Adele Schneider, 1280 b, Sheridan Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Dues are 75c and you get loads of privileges, so why not join?

Arlene Landis: MAY I HAVE BIRTHDATE, PLACE, REAL NAME OF GUY MADISON? . . . Guy's real name is Robert Ozell Moseley, and he was born in Baker-sville, Cal., Jan. 19, 1922.

James Miller, New Guinea: WHO WAS "PIERRE" IN "FRENCHMAN'S CREEK?" . . . That was 32-year-old dancer Billy Daniels. Write him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.



PROTECT YOUR NATURAL *SWEET SELF* WITH *NEW*

ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

The very act of dressing stimulates perspiration. Even your daintiest frock becomes a menace to your natural Sweet Self . . . by imprisoning under-arm perspiration odor. Stop this threat *before you dress* with fast-acting ODORONO...the new cream deodorant that goes to work to protect you *faster than you can slip on your slip.*

New ODORONO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper . . . protects up to three days. Will not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. No waiting to dry. Does not turn gritty in the jar.

Change to snowy-white ODORONO Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection.



39¢; also 59¢ & 10¢ (plus Federal Tax)

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD



Best Child Actress of Year: Oscar copper Margaret O'Brien, also winner of Look's plaque. Her next co-star will be W. Beery.

Congrats Al and

Henry—the Haymes'

stay the Haymes'

—Ladd 'n' Bendix

make up



Bing Oscared for "Going My Way." Brings 3 sandwiches, 2 thermos of coffee to broadcasts, munches in dressing room, then home for re-fills.



Barry Fitzgerald requested a part in "Stork Club" because Betty Hutton's in it: She makes him feel *so* young! (With Bing and Ingrid.)

NEWS



■ It's anniversary month on MODERN SCREEN and, like all you readers, I want to extend my congratulations to everybody in the official editorial family. No, I haven't been a member of the clan for the full fifteen years—but I have been on hand for the best year—and I say that in all modesty.

Last year was MODERN SCREEN'S finest and fattest in all departments from the editorial to the circulation. Unlike that famous little "Topsy" we all know, the book hasn't "just growed," either.

There's a nice spirit of "folksiness" with this gang that is not only reflected in the intimate stories and interviews but even comes along to us scribes when we get our checks every month. It's nice to get a check—any check—but its also very, very nice to get a letter along with it, from Ye Ed, Al Delacorte, saying that he liked the last batch of material and that I am a good girl. We all like a pat on the back—me, particularly.

But the nice part of my association with MODERN SCREEN is that I've met Al and pretty little Sylvia Wallace (the West Coast honey—and is she a honey!) and we aren't just the usual editorial and scribe brand of friends.

When Al was out on the Coast recently he developed a nice little habit of dropping by in the morning to have coffee with me. We would talk for an hour or so about what was going on in Hollywood, what was making Van Johnson tick, whether Lana Turner and Turhan Bey were really in love and if Judy Garland wasn't just a little too thin?

Al surprised me, one morning, by saying that he was planning to hitchhike his way back to New York. I couldn't get over it. For a young, successful and prosperous editor to even think of thumbing his way 3000 miles was something I'd never heard of.

"What ever made you think of such a thing?" I asked him.

"It's swell," he enthused. "You really get to know people and talk to them and get their honest reactions to everything from politics to movie stars. My wife and I hitchhiked on our honeymoon and it was a lot of fun. It's also good business to talk to the paying customer of the magazine first hand."

What Al didn't tell me is that these "hitchhiking" jaunts cost him more money than the swankiest train reservations, for he has a quiet habit of footing all the food and hotel and motel bills for whoever happens to give him a "lift." (*Continued on page 76*)



Laddie, whose lobby pics at N. Y. Paramount Theater are almost covered with bobby-sox' lip-sticky kisses, will star with Veronica L. in "The Blue Dahlia." (With Sue to see the Awards dished out.)



Jeanne dreaded roller coaster scenes for "State Fair" but only got her knees skinned; almost had her hair clipped cause it hid that lovely face. Family frowns on marrying P. Brooks—too young! (That's Paul.)



Fluent in French, Shirl's larnin' Spanish for foreign "Kiss and Tell." Pin-up gal of 782nd Artillery, she won't pose "leg-art" pics: "I don't think I'm the uncover type of girl." (With Guy Madison.)

Solitair Dons Basic Black



New!

De Luxe $1 Size

In Plastic With DuPont Sponge

Solitair dons basic black in a compact as slim and smart as your beloved basic black dress. Inside this new, larger compact (with its own applicator sponge) is a full 2¼ ounces of Solitair, that lanolin-rich cake cosmetic you depend on for a velvety skin, a fresh and truly *natural*-looking make-up! Why be without it?



New Deluxe Plastic compact with DuPont sponge and handy carton for both. All for only $1. Solitair also comes in 60 and 25 cent sizes.

Solitair CAKE MAKE-UP WITH LANOLIN

I haven't met Henry Malmgreen, as I have Al and Sylvia, face to face—but that's a little matter I intend to fix up the next time I go to New York. However, I have had some grand letters from him and if he is as nice as he writes, he's a boy I want to meet—and soon!

Getting to know people through the mail is a very nice thing. I've learned that from all you readers who've written to me since I have been doing "Good News" for the magazine, and I deeply value the ideas you give me about your favorite stars and just what you want to hear from Hollywood.

And now while we are still passing out the anniversary bouquets, let me say that Al isn't the only Delacorte in the magazine who gets a special bouquet from me. He has a mighty nice father who has a special place in my esteem. He was the first publisher to buy a series of articles from my pride and joy, Harriet Parsons, when she was just starting out in Hollywood. And look at her now. She's the lady producer of "The Enchanted Cottage."

So I say—good luck and many more happy years to everyone on MODERN SCREEN—and now, how about a little GOOD NEWS from Hollywood?

* * *

Judy Garland isn't a superstitious girl. Her engagement ring from Vincente Minnelli is a huge pink pearl set in gold and black enamel and the matching wedding ring is also black enamel edged in tiny pink seed pearls.

Somebody said that she would be a little bit afraid of wedding rings set in black—but she hadn't seen Judy's two new rings. Take my word for it, they are stunning and very far off the usual pattern of romantic sparklers.

Minnelli, who is very much in love, says he wanted Judy to have something "different." Well, she has!

* * *

Ran into the Robert Youngs the other day and they told me I had certainly created havoc in their household announcing on the air that they were expecting their fourth child.

Seems that Bob and Mrs. Y. had thought the news was a great big secret. Suddenly, their middle daughter, Barbara Queen (and one of the cutest little girls in Hollywood), burst into the living room shouting, "Mother! Daddy! We are going to have another baby at our house!"

"How do you know?" Betty and Bob asked.

"Aunt Louella just said so on the radio," gasped Barbara Queen, "aren't you GLAD to know about the baby?"

Ma and Pa Young admitted that they were really quite pleased—and so glad to get it straight from headquarters!

* * *

Sometimes I feel like spanking Errol Flynn and I get thoroughly out of patience with him. He should have stated in the beginning that he was married to Nora Eddington and stopped all that shillyshallying around with the New York press that landed him in more Dutch—if possible—than usual.

I met Errol at the Charlie Morrisons' party after he returned to Hollywood and, without any fuss or bother, he admitted to me that he and Nora were married—but still said it was nobody's business.

But how he raved about their baby daughter. "She's the cutest little baby I've ever seen," he said just like a proud parent, "with dimples and everything. I've always thought little babies were raw looking—but she was all pink and white and a glamour girl from the moment she was born."

Errol can be so charming—when he wants to. Wonder if the baby will have his trick of turning on the same brand of Irish charm when she grows up?

* * * *

Farley Granger, now in the South Pacific, writes June Haver a letter every day. Recently he wrote (and I think it will interest all you girls who are wondering whether to tell THE boy friend, in service, about the innocent dates you are having):

"Please tell me where you go and whom you go with. I'd much rather have you tell me about the fellows you meet and go out with than not to mention them at all. I've always flattered myself that I could tell by the way a girl talks about a man whether she is really interested in him—or whether he's just another date along her social life."

So, girls, I guess you had better "give"—but don't get too enthusiastic unless you mean it!

* * *

Don't say I told you—but Shirley Temple has a definite crush on Van Johnson whom she's never met. As she told one reporter, "I go for him. But definitely!"

* * *

Rambling Opinions:

Jennifer Jones should never wear her hair in an "upswept" hair-do as she did at the Academy Awards. It ain't becoming.

Bob Hope can never kid anybody again with his Bing Crosby ribs. Bob's voice actually shook with emotion when Bing won the Oscar.

I wish Barbara Stanwyck were a little more gracious. I suppose it is shyness and self-consciousness that makes her seem a little

SWIMMIN' IS SLIMMIN'

I'll bet you think the Red Cross is so busy thinking about soldiers, sailors and Marines that there couldn't possibly be any time to worry about just plain you. But golly, they seem to do everything! For example, right now your Red Cross is mighty excited about swimming courses for you weary Nurse's Aides, bandage wrappers, and, well, anyone who's interested in fun that's beautifying. Just snap yourself a few pert questions: Posture perfect? Complexion clear? Figure à la Grable? Uh, huh! Not quite! Then splash right into a lime-fresh pool and swim yourself up a great big "yes" to every one of those queries. Honestly, there's scarcely a beauty problem that can't be solved by plenty of cooling practice of the popular crawl, breast-stroke, or back-stroke. Have you ever seen a swimming champ with slumpy shoulders, protruding tummy, hips-to-be-hidden? No, indeed! So dash right off to that Red Cross Chapter around the corner and get all of the details on swimming courses. Remember, the healthy are the helpful, so here's a perfect way to do your bit.



Plenty of iron in these baby cereals...
for a very good reason!

Baby is born with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. Doctors find that this supply of precious iron in many babies may be low three months, or more, after birth. That is why Gerber nutritionists have added to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal generous amounts of iron along with Vitamin B_1—so helpful to baby's well-being.

Feed your baby *both* Gerber's cereals, turnabout—for variety helps baby eat better. Remember, too, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

These two Gerber's cereals are recommended by doctors for their well-balanced, nourishing value. Each ounce exceeds the National Research Council's recommended allowance for infants in both Thiamine (Vitamin B_1) and Iron.



© 1945, G. P. C.

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Free sample .....

My baby is now ..... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE6-5, Fremont, Michigan

Name.....

Address..... *City and State*.....

More Exciting Kisses...



Q. I wish—I wish . . .

A. For skin that's satin-smooth for kisses?

Q. Yes—and my skin is so dry.

A. Try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—works wonders smoothing dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Serves every beauty-need of your skin so fully—it's like a daily "treatment". Jergens Face Cream—faithfully used—actually helps prevent dry skin troubles. Use this one new cream . . .

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**

3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

You have a skin scientists' cream in Jergens Face Cream—by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. Already helping so many girls to their hearts' desire—smooth skin. Use this exciting Jergens Face Cream yourself, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax. It's the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

☆ BRING HIM HOME SOONER... BUY MORE BONDS IN SEVENTH WAR LOAN ☆

abrupt and unbending, particularly when she meets people for the first time.

Why will certain Hollywood actors keep on denying stories that they are "engaged" to certain ladies? Don't they know that the lady involved should always make any necessary comments? At least, that is the way it is in my Emily Post book.

June Allyson is one of the most difficult of all players to interview. It is hard for June to talk about anything that is close to her—and the other kind of material doesn't matter to writers.

You would be surprised to know the identity of the top notch actor who, a leading exhibitor of the country recently told me, "is poison at the box office." And would he be surprised—for this gent thinks very well of himself!

Mickey Rooney writes very cute letters from France—but wonder why he is so formal and calls me "Miss Parsons." When he was twelve or thirteen he used to call me "Toots!"

Frank Sinatra isn't the only headliner to take up the juvenile delinquency problem in a big way. Abbott and Costello are also crusading and have incorporated their movement dealing with our boys and girls who need moral help.

* * *

What a good guy that Van Johnson is!

He never left the bedside of his pal, Keenan Wynn, until Ed Wynn (Keenan's father) arrived here by plane from New York. Van is plenty jittery about the two accidents—one which almost cost his life two years ago in an automobile crash, and the recent motorcycle disaster that happened to Keenan.

"I've never been superstitious," he told me, "and I think the best way to get over jittery nerves is to get right back in a car and drive it again. But it seems like a jinx that we should both crack up. If you see anybody driving a car about ten miles an hour and hugging the curb, you'll know it's ME."

* * *

The Dick Haymes separated and then made up before anybody could say "scat." But I never heard a more ridiculous reason for a rift. Dick said, "I guess prosperity and success came between us." Now I ask you!

When a couple have two small children to educate and care for—how can a little prosperity and success come between them? It is wonderful to know that you can care for children properly and secure their future and that's what most of us work for in life.

Well, they are now reconciled—or are at this writing. I hear the inside on the separation is that Mrs. Haymes also wanted a career and Dick didn't approve.

* * *

Whatever caused the tiff between them at one time, I'm glad to say that Alan Ladd and his old crony, Bill Bendix, have made up. I can't believe any of the silly stories I've heard about why they were on the outs for awhile—much less the one that it had its basis in publicity. Alan's the romantic type and naturally would rate more space and attention from the maids and matrons.

Bill, on the other hand, is a lovable mug

getting a huge salary and is tops in his field though he rates less "space" than Alan.

But the main thing is that the boys are friends again and will make another movie together, "The Blue Dahlia."

* * *

The saddest news of the month is the death of John Garfield's little six-and-a-half year old daughter, Katherine. I can hardly write this item without a catch in my throat, and I am not trying to hold it back. I know what plans John and his wife had for the little girl's future—and her musical education.

They had hoped that she would be either a writer or a singer. She had a sweet little voice and showed marked musical talent.

Her nurse had taken the child to spend the weekend with her grandparents when suddenly she developed a mysterious throat ailment and complained that her throat was sore. When the little girl's condition did not improve within a few hours, she was taken home where she died within a few minutes.

No one knows—except those who have lost a child—the heartache and heartbreak that has come to the Garfields.

* * *

Susan Hayward was still "out" after the birth of her twins when they aroused her to tell her that the boys must be fingerprinted.

"Fingerprinted?" gasped Susan, "what have they done? They're so little!"

* * *

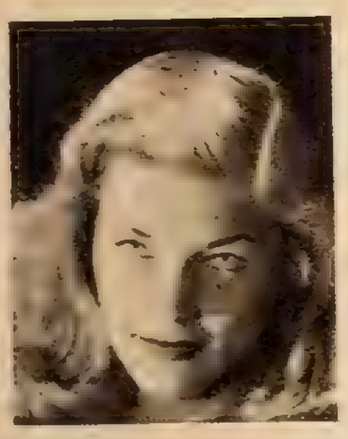
Anita Colby, affectionately called "The Face," came back from Tucson before she was entirely well from pneumonia. On the day she returned, Pat Smart, who lives with Anita, gave a cocktail party. La Colby, wearing the frilliest of negligees and propped up in bed, received guests at her bedside. Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and the young Bob Huttons were among those who visited. Anita, I must say, looked as pretty as a picture with the blue frills and matching bows in her hair.

* * *

There was a lot of spirited bidding for the various dolls at the "Diamonds and Dolls" cocktail party. Four thousand dollars was realized for the fund which gives the wounded boys a chance to telephone home.

Claudette Colbert was very cute when she kept bidding against Mervyn Le Roy for the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A friend of mine who operates a beauty shop on Broadway knew Lauren Bacall when. . . . *It seems that every time the siren of "To Have and Have Not" came into the shop to have her hair done, she would sigh in that deep, mysterious voice of hers, "Oh, Angie, can't you do something with my hair?" Lauren's hair, worn in a simple, natural style, just never would stay in place.*

Last week, Angie chuckled to herself when a young girl entered her shop to exclaim, "Oh, won't you please make my hair like Lauren Bacall's!"

Elaine Burten
New York, N. Y.



FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

At An American Price...Three fifty the Ounce†

Dulcinea *

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC.
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†PLUS TAX
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ *plus tax*

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Vivien Leigh doll. She kept boosting the price so that Merv paid plenty for the little "Scarlett O'Hara."

Lady Mendl's fan, which once belonged to the Empress of Austria, brought $600. The Gary Coopers bid on this—and lost it.

I must say Paulette Goddard looked very happy at the same event. I met her with husband Burgess Meredith, and John Patrick, author of the "Hasty Heart." Paulette was wearing a sweater trimmed in gold and a diamond necklace that made the other dolls look dim!

* * *

Rosalind Russell is blooming again, pink cheeks n'everything, after her long illness. Roz's illness is directly traceable to worry over the Sister Kenny project—for she is head of the Sister Kenny foundation in Los Angeles. Every time a sick child was brought to her she actually suffered until she got the youngster to Minneapolis. At her own expense she made an Infantile Paralysis "short," acted in it, and cut it. Then out of the blue came a blast at her for not getting to work on the Sister Kenny movie—the most undeserved and unfair criticism ever aimed at an actress. It was RKO that delayed the script—not Roz—and the criticism sent her to the hospital.

* * *

There has been a lot of speculation about Turhan Bey and the Turkish Government. The rumor was hot and heavy that Turhan had received word to report for military service in his homeland. I thought the best way to find out was to ask him—so I did.

He told me, "I can't join the American Army, Louella, because I would lose my Turkish citizenship. And I can't return to Turkey until I am told to do so because of transportation difficulties."

Everybody is now convinced that Turhan and Lana Turner will be married in August if he is still in this country. Of course, the war may be over by the time you read this—and if so, just forget we ever mentioned Turhan and the Turkish government.

MONEY? WE GIVE IT AWAY!

Things just don't happen to us! Here we sit in our MODERN SCREEN office, slaving away on your favorite mag, and then you get all the breaks—always seein' stars. So how about letting us in on it, huh? Don't even take time to put that autograph book under lock and key; don't even steal a second to phone the gang; just make a dash for the nearest pen and dress up your story in its best bib and tucker while your excitement is still crinkly around the edges. Mail your account of that moment with a screen celebrity to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. That'll be almost as good as if it happened to us. And you know how glad we'll be? Five dollars glad! That's what we'll send you for a clearly expressed, sincere story we can print for our readers—if it'll make them laugh or make them cry or tell them something really new about a star, it's practically in print already. So get busy, you stargazers, make your hobby pay!

THESE ARE THE UNFORGETTABLES!

(*Continued from page 5*)

so faithfully and happily in business.

The Greatest Lover? Without a moment's hesitation, I say—Clark Gable. Ah, yes, there have been others, romantic heroes such as John Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Stewart, Frankie Sinatra, John Gilbert—to mention just a few who at various times have had women at their feet.

But more women have idealized and idolized Gable, both on and off the screen, than any other movie actor since Valentino.

great lover . . .

And I say he is the greatest lover for another reason—he has been constant to the one great love in his own life, Carole Lombard. Women know this and in realizing it, they sense the strength and integrity of Clark's love. It makes them want to try to win him all the more.

But I don't believe he will ever marry again. Since Carole's death there have been times when his name was linked with other women—pretty little Kay Williams and socialite Dolly O'Brien.

Even when his romance with Kay was at its height I think he liked her best for the qualities she has that reminded him of Carole—the camaraderie, the good fellowship, the humor, the same blonde loveliness.

"I knew such great happiness with Carole," he told me once when we were talking confidentially, "that I can't hope to ever find it again. I would be foolish to try—and selfish to expect it." And so it is ironical to say—but very true—that the greatest lover of them all will go through the rest of his days with a heartache that can never be cured. And now let's look at the feminine side of the ledger for a moment. Who has been——

The Most Movie - Starrish - Of - The-Movie Stars? Mae West? Marlene Dietrich? Jean Harlow? Lana Turner? No—I say Joan Crawford gets the prize for being the girl who for the longest time has remained the popular conception of what a Hollywood star should be.

Joan's private life, her marriage and divorces, her movie-starrish home, the drama of the adoption of her two children, her clothes, her interviews, have been as dramatic as any role she has ever played on the screen.

From the moment she came to Hollywood she was *News* with a capital N. I remember, in the early days, when she was winning dancing cups all over town for the Charleston, one of her partners (a charming boy to whom Joan was devoted—but not engaged) died suddenly after a brief siege of pneumonia. Sincerely touched as she was, I remember how Joan startled Hollywood by appearing in widow's weeds and a flowing black veil for days after his funeral.

Long before she became an official star at M-G-M she was garnering more publicity than the brightest lights on the lot. Once, she rented a house in Beverly Hills that boasted just one small window on the entire lower floor. Joan would receive the press for interviews, her face chalky white in the single shaft of light that poured in like a spotlight, sitting like a woman with a secret sorrow! Yes indeed, the best *acts* of all have been put on for a grateful press by Crawford!

The Most Tragic Actress? To my mind—it is poor little Lupe Velez. I thought,

Great-great-granddaughter of a Russian Emperor

Striking Nancy Leeds—daughter of the lovely Princess Xenia.
Mother and daughter share direct descent from Russia's imperial family—
and an enthusiasm for America's favorite beauty creams—Pond's.
"My *special* love is the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing
Cream," Nancy says. "Partly because it's so *quick*, but mostly
because it makes my skin look so much smoother and *clearer!*"



"My favorite beauty trick—the 1-Minute Mask" . . . NANCY LEEDS

How to have a smoother, clearer, "new" complexion

Cover your face from chin to forehead (*everything* but your eyes)
with an ermine-white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Leave the Mask on for one whole minute. Pond's Vanishing Cream has
"keratolytic" action—it loosens and dissolves scaly little "chappings"!
Goes after imbedded dirt particles, too!
After one minute, tissue off.

The Mask "re-styles" your complexion!
Makes it clearer and lighter! Smoother,
too—beautifully "finished" for make-up!
Have a Mask 3 or 4 times weekly!

For *extra-quick powder base* . . . Stroke on
a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—
and *leave it on*. Smooth. Long-lasting!



Get the luscious BIG jar!

Something for the Brides!

1 You can't go wrong giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size 45¢.





2 Extra "pie-appeal" with Pyrex ware—even for first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, storing, and serving!



3 Two hearts that beat as one . . . even over the dishpan! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!

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PYREX BRAND OVEN WARE
for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS
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LOOK FOR ONE OR THE OTHER OF THESE FAMOUS PYREX TRADE-MARKS. THEY MEAN "A PRODUCT OF CORNING RESEARCH IN GLASS." CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

too, of Marie Dressler. But Marie once said to me, "I have had a glorious life and career. I am sick now with an incurable illness and I am old, but I have had everything—love, affection of people I have not even known, fame, friends. It has been a wonderful span." And then there was little Jean Harlow who died too young.

But neither her fame nor her loves ever brought any real happiness to Lupe. Before she was an actress, she was a warm-hearted woman. She loved men who weren't worthy of her (with the exception of Gary Cooper) too deeply. She expected more than they could give her.

Lupe was a gamin, a flame and a zephyr—but she drew hurts to herself that she could not cope with. Not many people knew how deeply she loved—until she ended her life by her own hand. No, she wasn't broke, she wasn't down on her luck. But she couldn't bear the disgrace of bringing a baby into the world in her status of unwedded mother. Nothing that Hollywood and Broadway had given her, or *could* give her, could compensate Lupe for the one thing she wanted in life and hadn't found—Love.

The Most Outrageous Actor? No one before or since has held a candle to the incomparable Barrymore—John, of course. There was one of the great wits of our day. He didn't need any gag writers, either, to put funny sayings in his mouth. Sometimes his wit was devastating—but it was always to the point.

One of the most famous stories about him concerns his first interview in Hollywood as a movie actor. John, idolized by women, completely spoiled but charming—had come out from Broadway "to let the movie cameras take the sags out from under my eyes" and, after refusing any number of interview requests, had finally consented to see a woman reporter on one of the daily papers (not me!).

He received the lady in bed in his hotel suite and—since it was early in the morning—asked her if she would prepare breakfast for him in the adjoining kitchenette.

"But I don't cook," protested the bewildered scribe.

"You don't cook?" said Barrymore, "how unfeminine! All women should be completely feminine—even reporters. If you can't think of something feminine to do, I'm afraid I can't give you an interview. Come, come—you must do something *cozy!*"

"I can darn a little bit," gasped the unhappy writer.

"Ah, that is fine," said John, leaping out of bed. "Here's a pair of socks with holes in both the toe and heels. You can darn them and I'll give you the story of your life!"

And, honest, that's the truth. While the lady patched his hose, Barrymore gave her an interview that had Hollywood rocking for days!

"baby" and boss . . .

The Actor Who Talks Much Too Much is Humphrey Bogart. Humphrey recently told Inez Robb, crack Hearst reporter, "Of course I love Baby and I'm going to marry her." "Baby" being Lauren Bacall—there was a big gasp from everyone and plenty of uplifted eyebrows. Bogie wasn't even divorced so how could he be engaged to marry his lovely leading lady of "To Have And Have Not?"

I received a letter from him shortly after he gave this startling statement. "I shot off my big mouth again," he wrote. "I wish I hadn't. You're not mad at me, are you?" How could I be mad at him—I only felt sorry for his having put "Baby" in such an awkward position. He had previously made me swear I wouldn't print a word about his mad love for the Bacall

girl until they were free to announce their engagement. But, as I said in the beginning, Bogey is a guy who shoots off his mouth too much—so he gets this Oscar.

The Actor Who Gets In The Most Trouble is—you guessed it—Errol Flynn. And believe me, he asks for it. When the answer is the obvious one to reporters, his replies are ones that no actor should ever utter. He could have stated very simply that he was married to Nora Eddington and that she had a baby and that he had been married to her for eighteen months. But not Flynn. He told the reporters it was none of their business and denied his marriage. This brought forth indignation, meetings of the press, women's clubs and what not. As a matter of fact, I happen to know Flynn is very much in love with Nora and may even bring her back to Hollywood.

We have to go back a spell in order to select *The Most Extravagant and Queenly* of all the stars who have reigned in Hollywood—but Gloria Swanson is the lady. All other contenders are just plain pikers.

I'll never forget how Gloria, after she married the Marquis de la Falaise, came across the country on the train, in a flower-bedecked private car and the old Paramount studio was so impressed with their titled star that they arranged a parade through the streets from the station to the studio. Gloria, arrayed in sables and orchids, rode the distance in an open car—bowing to the excited crowds like visiting royalty.

And she lived like royalty. She seldom appeared anywhere—even on a shopping tour—without an entourage consisting of her secretary, liveried chauffeur and usually her colored hair-dresser, Hattie, who earned $200 weekly just thinking up la Swanson's exotic coiffures.

Early in her career, when Gloria electrified the fans by being one of the first cinema queens to have a baby, she decided to bring the infant over to the studio for her co-workers to see. What they saw was Gloria arriving in sartorial splendor, preceded by the chauffeur carrying Gloria, Jr. on a lace pillow, the baby wearing a magnificent dress so long it hung over the sides almost to the floor! And behind the baby came Hattie—beaming with pride over the way she had scooped up the infant's three or four hairs!

Gloria was often hailed as "The Best Dressed Woman" of the screen—but when we get around to fashion horses of the past fifteen years, I'm giving the Oscar for *The Best Dressed* woman to Lilyan Tashman. The girl who established her career on what she wore and who both spent and made a fortune on the styles she set.

Lilyan, tall, svelte, sophisticated blonde who was married to Edmund Lowe in the hey-day of his fame, always swore to me that much of her famed style fame was largely luck.

accidental glory . . .

She never tired of telling, or laughing over, the way she started the fad of the "Grecian Goddess" hair-do. It happened this way: Lilyan had been selected by one of the leading fashion magazines to create a new hair-dress. The photographer was to be at her home at a certain day and hour, and try as she would, Lilyan could think of nothing startling.

All morning long she sat with her hair-dresser in a beauty parlor, curling and uncurling her blonde hair—and still the great inspiration didn't come. Finally, it grew so late that she couldn't wait any longer and dashed home with her hair still sopping wet and still twisted in tiny, precise curls all over her head (even as you and I look under the dryer).

As she dashed into her house, still

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Solv-x in Parker Quink protects your pen 4 ways:



1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
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Inks cause 65% of all pen troubles, authorities say. Give your pen the protection of *solv-x* . . . get Quink now. 9 brilliant colors, at good ink dealers. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts.

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You, too, will say this cream containing olive oil is a wonderful discovery!

See how Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil *instantly* relieves dry skin! Smooths away flakiness and dry lines. Gives your skin the satin softness and radiant freshness of dewy roses!

For adorable hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. It has the real richness you want. Get *both* creams at your 10¢ store.

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FOR LOVELIER LIPS . . . Use the new style creation—Dorothy Reed Lipstick. In most popular, most flattering shades. Jumbo size, swivel case, only 25¢. By Dorothy Reed, Cosmetic Stylists, Fifth Avenue, New York.

"pinned up," the fashion photographer gasped and said, "Startling! Simply *startling!* We'll call it 'The Greek Goddess' coiffure, originated by Lilyan Tashman!" And, believe me, it was a sensation—particularly sprayed with gold dust the way Lilyan eventually got on to wearing it. And all because she hadn't had time to take the bobby pins out!

no talkie, no likee . . .

Lilyan was the most cooperative girl in the world and a terrific favorite with the press. I wish I could say the same for Ginger Rogers whom I must nominate, from my own experience alone, of course, as *The Least Cooperative Actress* I have ever known in 20 years of Hollywood. I'm supposed to have it "in" for Ginger—which isn't true. Rather, I think she has it "in" for me because it has been frequently reported to me that she doesn't see why she should ever do anything to help me since "Parsons is so rich!"

I have never been able to see what this has to do with why she will never come to the telephone when I call to check a story with her. Getting a direct answer out of Miss Rogers doesn't make me any richer or any poorer. Among the men, I have always found Jimmy Cagney a little on the non-cooperative side, too, so I'm giving him that Oscar among the males as *The Least Cooperative Actor*—again entirely from my own experience.

Sometimes I feel that actors who have "aversions" to newspaper people because they feel we "invade their privacy" are a little mixed up about their careers. The minute a player exposes himself to fame—he has to take the spotlight along with it. But *The Most Confused and Bewildered Young Actor* I have ever known was Lew Ayres.

Everyone now knows Lew's current story—of the hell he went through when he was a conscientious objector, of how he overcame all that to become a medical aid in the war, and how he has found peace, at last, a deeply religious man who says he will embrace the ministry when the war is over. Certainly Lew was the unhappiest of the rich and famous movie stars.

When he was at the height of his fame he once said, "I don't know what to do with all this," indicating his luxurious hilltop home where he lived after his divorce from Ginger Rogers, "I don't want it." The few people who knew Lew well enough to be invited to his home frequently found they had a moody host on hand.

Often, he would get bored with the gossip and conversation at the dinner table and, without finishing his meal, would go off to the den to read a book on philosophy or to sit at the organ and play strange, haunting music. Hollywood never made Lew happy. I sometimes wonder how it ever attracted him in the first place.

The Star Most Indifferent to Success is Bing Crosby—but in an entirely different way from Lew. Bing knew what he wanted from his career—and he got it. But he has never let it go to his head. He wears exactly what he pleases, says what he pleases, sees the people he likes—and the devil can take the hindermost of those who might not like the way he behaves.

There was a time when I used to think that Bing was very snooty. We used to meet frequently in the old days of Santa Anita, and once, in an elevator on our way up to the Turf Club, I asked him, "Has your horse a good chance in the big race, Bing?"

"He's got four legs," was Mons. Crosby's only answer. He didn't exactly mean to be rude. It was just Bing's way of saying that he didn't know whether his horse could win or not. Since then, and particularly during the past year, Bing and I have become very good friends and I think I understand him better. He just won't put on "side"—and you can take him or leave him. Personally, I take him.

heroes in civvies . . .

One of the Oscars Ye Ed (Delacorte) wanted me to award was which actor has been *The Most Patriotic.* That I can't do. Each and every boy who has gone from Hollywood to the training camps and the fighting fronts deserves to be called a good soldier, sailor or Marine. Some of them have been more outstanding than others—particularly Commander Robert Montgomery, Lieut.-Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Lieut. Tyrone Power and especially, Colonel Jimmy Stewart. But a man's and an actor's love of his country is not to be judged by the rank he achieves. Private Mickey Rooney is doing as much in his way as he can, and he is doing it for the same reasons that motivate our more publicized war heroes.

They are all fighting for the same thing—to get this hellish war over with and come home to the USA. When you speak about patriotism, an actor ceases to be just an actor and becomes that greatest citizen in the world—John American.

While I refuse to name the most patriotic star, the two civilians who deserve all the credit they have received, are Joe E. Brown and Bob Hope. Both of these men, and others, too, have entertained under fire. In a way, if there is any edge, it goes to Joe E., who is a grandfather and who went overseas right after the tragic death of his pilot son, when his own heart was breaking. "I've got to get in it, Louella," he told me, "I can't sit by!" More power to a grand guy who has made our boys love him. Bob is a younger man, but we are not trying to take anything away from him. Both men deserve this special tribute and Oscar.

And now I am going to award a couple of novelty Oscars to *The Girls Who Are The Most In Love With Love*—Lana Turner, on the serious side—and Betty Hutton, on the comedy. Betty really wants to get married and makes no bones that she's out looking for a man. She says point blank, she's just "plain hard luck."

Lana, on the other hand, goes all out for loooove and gets her man. Two or three times it hasn't turned out well, but that doesn't stop Lana, who is now in love—or was when this was written—with Turhan Bey, madly, madly, madly. But with Lana, the hero is subject to change without notice. However, while it lasts, she believes it is the only love that means anything.

If I were a foolish girl I might attempt to bestow an Oscar for *The Best Actress* or *The Best Actor* of the past fifteen years. We all have our favorites among the Bette Davises, Ingrid Bergmans, Claudette Colberts, Irene Dunnes, Greta Garbos and the Spencer Tracys, William Powells, Charles Boyers et al. But, Editor Al, my neck isn't long enough to stick out *that* far!

MODERN SCREEN BIRTHDAY QUIZ

(*Continued from page 66*)

1. k	8. b
2. g	9. e
3. h	10. c
4. j	11. o
5. n	12. a
6. l	13. d
7. m	14. f

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ALERT

YOUNG RED

OFF DUTY

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SADDLE BROWN

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AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER...

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Then... TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely . . . *longer*. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days.

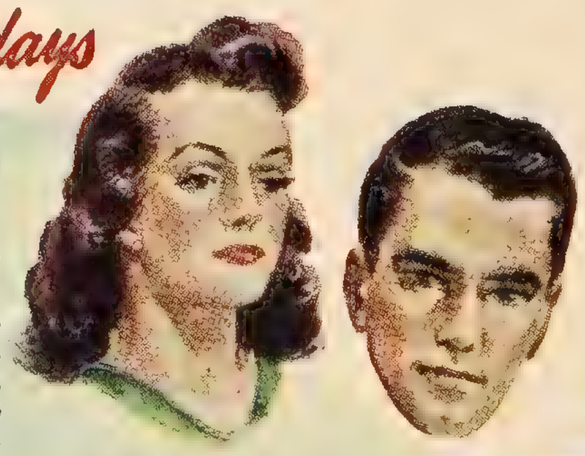
See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

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Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

TRY JUELENE. Why be ashamed of unlovely, dry hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful? See how much more beautiful your hair may be in just 7 short days, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may overcome the handicaps of dryness and have sparkling . . . *longer hair!* Be convinced! Send for your Juelene NOW.

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THRILLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen . . . if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW . . . you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier—longer hair.

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MAIL 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON NOW!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. G 603
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

( ) I am enclosing $1.00
( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage

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where are they now?

BY JIMMY FIDLER



While we know who your pet Hollywood stars are through the MODERN SCREEN POLL, we thought it would be fun to have your favorites pick *their* favorites—of 15 years ago! So here they are, plus a few of my own observations to bring them up to date.

Dana Andrews picks Ronald Colman because—twenty-five years ago the eyebrow wasn't so cocked, the voice so vibrant, the smile so gentle as it is today. But even then Ronnie had himself a whole swoon section—one he's hung onto ever since. So today's mommas go to the movies with today's daughters and still swoon in the same places and still sigh. Metro's "Kismet" was R's latest triumph—came just about the same time as did Juliet, the Colman-Benita Hume 9-month-old scene stealer.

Turhan Bey picks Leslie Howard because—the communique reads, "Missing and reported killed June 1, 1943 en route Lisbon to London in plane attacked by Germans." Somehow, moviegoers and stage lovers of the past 20 years can't accept this notice, because as long as there are audiences alive to remember his "Intermezzo," "The Petrified Forest" and "Of Human Bondage," those lines will be just another horror from the enemy's propaganda files. Leslie Howard still lives—leaving behind as he did a wife and children, a theater tradition, a soldier's legend.

June Allyson picks Charles "Buddy" Rogers because—people thought he was too good looking to ever ditch that "Buddy" tag. To turn from crooning to acting. To interest any but the jitterbug crowd. So in 1929 he was elected a "Money Making Star" by the Motion Picture Almanac, appeared in 21 movies and eventually persuaded America's beloved "Sweetheart," Mary Pickford, to become Mrs. Co-Producer Rogers! Or, to be technical, Mrs. Navy Lieutenant Charles Rogers!

Ingrid Bergman picks Ben Lyon because—like scotch and soda, Sears and Roebuck, Baltimore and Ohio, back in the 30's there was always Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. By turn they were slick and sophisticated, corny and cute, laughing and loving. Ben was "straight man" for his ever-lovin' spouse and continued in that tradition when the couple went overseas to remain and become Britain's favorite radio team. But came *la guerre*, came Ben back home. He's a full Colonel in the U.S. Army now, serving abroad, serving his country.

Anne Baxter picks Charles Farrell because—with Charley in "Seventh Heaven" the per capita consumption of feminine fingernails went up 70% and the greatest movie love team of all time was born—Farrell and Janet Gaynor. The stone of their popularity could have gone on rolling indefinitely, but Charles grew bored, turned to his favorite sport, tennis, added a little showmanship, and founded the swank "Racquet Club" in Palm Springs. As to present doings, the star of "Seventh Heaven" is very busy knocking those little sons of heaven right out of their niches in the So. Pacific via aircraft carrier—as Lieut. Charles Farrell, USN!

Shirley Temple picks James Dunn because—she appeared in her first picture with the dashing Jimmy and nearly plucked herself bald every time she'd hear cracks about his being a Dublin flash in the pan who wouldn't last. And he didn't. No more than 15 years, anyhow. Sure he hit a few rough spots during that time but whatever it was he had, that gee-you're-wonderful catch in his voice or that grin, along came Betty Smith with her wonderful Brooklyn growing tree and Jimmy was in, up and very definitely not out. P.S. The still adoring Shirley saw "A Tree Grows, etc." an even dozen times—how's that for keeping the faith?

Dick Crane picks Hoot Gibson because—with "Hoot" it's always literally, "home on the range," for that's really the only place he's completely happy, with a saddle under him and space for an ear-bustin' "Yippee!"—no small wonder for a guy born in a town like Tekamah! *Edward* still does a few pix now and then, just for the heck of it, but that's all it amounts to. No guy could manage that miles-upon-miles San Fernando Valley ranch and those vet hospital visits and peace-time woolly rodeos and still act. But "Hoot's" doing O.K. He's doing fine!

Bette Davis picks Paul Lukas because—Paul's the kind of actor who makes hepcats feel like Garbo and matrons feel like Greer. He knows his business backwards

(*Continued on page* 88)

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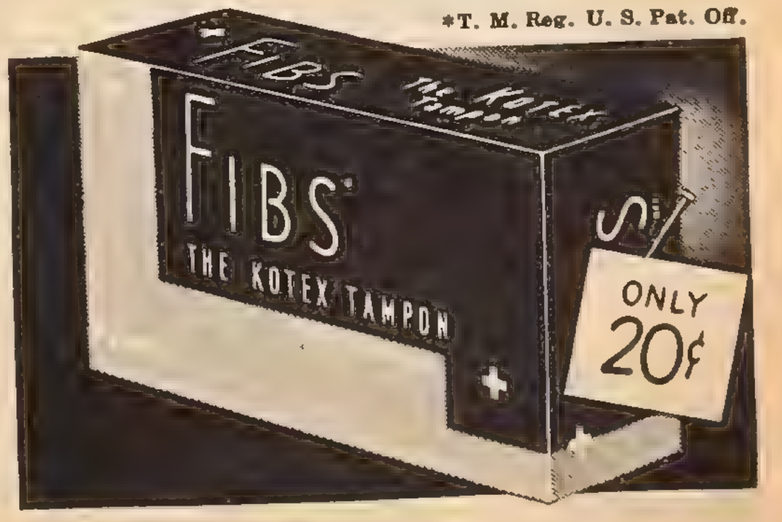
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38 PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

and forwards and can do anything from the dashing, headstrong "Lilliom" that he played back home in Budapest in 1916, to the weary, legend-making Kurt Muller in "Watch On The Rhine." Only thing is, good-natured Mr. L. gets annoyed sometimes. "It's fantastic," he reasons, "how many times I have been 'discovered!' " But that Oscar he won for "Watch" permanently sets him head and shoulders above the crowd—just high enough for the hepcats to smoulder and the matrons to swoon.

Jeanne Crain picks Jackie Cooper because—this was the kid who used to take your heart in his two dirty hands and squeeze until the tears came to your eyes. And then he'd grin. Not a cocky, aren't-I-the-prodigy-though kind of laugh, but a gentle curl of the lip that was far sadder than tears. And no matter what he played—"Donovan's Kid," "Sooky," "The Champ," "Peck's Bad Boy"—he was always the same little feller with the turned around cap and the knickers torn at one knee. He was always Skippy. Well, Skippy grew up. Grew up enough to embrace a very wonderful looking gal, his Mrs., June Horne, and a very wonderful-working organization, the U.S. Navy, as a Seaman 2nd Class!

James Craig picks Gary Cooper because—Coop's laugh-crinkled eyes go steely at the mention of "drawing room cowboy" and his jaw tightens. A cowboy from way back, Gary never could quite figure out what in tarnation he was doing simpering in front of that there measly camera. But time passed and with it the agonies of embarrassment. And Coop hit the Hollywood drawing room jackpot with such a clatter that now he's producer and top actor for International Pictures with barely enough time for squiring around Mrs. C., the ex-Sandra "Rocky" Shaw.

Bob Walker picks Will Rogers because—somehow, I always believed that Will knew more, much more than "just what he read in the papers." He was a smart man as well as a good one and no better proof is needed than in the splendid record his son, former Congressman Will Rogers, Jr., set in his advanced and humanitarian reforms. As a tribute to Will, who, with his dear friend, Wiley Post, was killed in an air crash in the Fall of 1935, his estate grounds have been designated a public park.

Ann Sheridan picks Lew Ayres because—to Lew must go credit for having been not only one of the most talented and intelligent actors around, but also for being one of the very few truly sincere men I have ever known. Lew knew that when he announced his anti-war inclinations at the time of his intended induction, a huge storm would be raised over his undefended head. Well, Lew's in the South Pacific now as a medical aide, yellow from the huge doses of atabrine he's been taking for that tropical fever, almost completely white-haired from the mental and emotional strain. But he's going on doing what he feels is the most good for the most people, firmly resolved to enter the church as soon as peace is ours. A truly sincere man.

John Payne picks Clara Bow because—Clara was to the 20's what Ann Sheridan, Bacall and Grable are to the '45 swoon set. She was one of the few actresses who didn't mind admitting that she was a woman, that she had legs and that legs had functions other than walking! But Clara's given up the movies in favor of the quiet life on that Nevada ranch with hubby Rex Bell, who not only bought the huge place (after they'd been living in a rented one for so long)—but simultaneously en-

tered politics and ran for State Representative!

Tom Drake picks Norma Shearer because—whenever first ladies are mentioned and graciousness and dignity and charm, Norma Shearer is mentioned in the same breath and while the sadness isn't quite all gone from her eyes, she can now talk about her late husband, Irving Thalberg. And why not? She's remarried, to Martin Arrouge, the ski instructor she met at Sun Valley and theirs is a happy, contented life. Martin is a Naval Officer now on active duty and so Norma takes her place with the millions of other war wives, caring for her two children, her home, her heart for the husband who'll be home—"soon."

Bob Hope picks Harold Lloyd because—To most people, Harold Lloyd will always be the funny man with the dark goggle glasses and the smirk. The fella with the custard pie in the face, the foot in the seat of the pants and the audience in the palm of his hand. He's turned the tables, now, or, to be truthful, he's just let down the funny man's face and is letting folks in on a glimpse of the real Lloyd. Said Lloyd being not only a functioning movie executive, head of Harold Lloyd Productions, but a radio director as well, with a bouncing comedy air show all his own.

Betty Hutton picks Edward G. Robinson because—Eddie's the original "between two worlds" guy. You're positive he's a real life "Little Caesar" until you overhear him discussing Picasso, Rembrandt or Dali, then you start muttering, "That was two other fellas." But it's not, not really. Because ever since those early days in Bucharest, E.G.'s had the soul of a scholar and the face of a vaguely confused bulldog —which combination has gone far and long to make Mr. Robinson a.) an authority on art, b.) a leading movie figure, c.) a wealthy man. Good, yes?

Paulette Goddard picks Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. because—Doug is probably one of the few sons of great men who turned out to be great himself, who was able to distinguish between being a "chip off the old block" and just copy-catting his way to fame. There's no question but that he's inherited the famed Fairbanks, Sr. swashbuckle and charm but the intelligence he's demonstrated in both his professional and private life are very evidently all his own. In some die-hard quarters, he's still thought of as "young Doug," but hunt up the reference books and the birthdate comes out 1908—37 being neither too young nor too old for him to be a Lieut. Commander in the U.S. Navy—with medals!

Van Johnson picks Greta Garbo because—while GG will always have a small group of despairing females ready to make snide remarks about "canal boat feet" or "vegetarian bug", to most of the world, she will always stand for something not quite earthy, something fragile and wonderful and super-artistic. Always a believer in quality, rather than quantity she still refuses to do any number of scripts which have been tailor-written for her and is currently browsing about New York reading new stage plays.

June Haver picks Mary Pickford because—Nothing new has been added to Mary Pickford—not that anything new was ever needed! She's still as fresh and winsome as the "Tess of the Storm Country," "Mistress Nell" and "Madame Butterfly" of the early 1900's which your mom and pop so loved. But if Mary was always "America's Sweetheart," she was always one of its leading business women, as well. Beginning with the Mary Pickford Company



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You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use FRESH, the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth...never greasy, never gritty. Doesn't dry out...usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢.

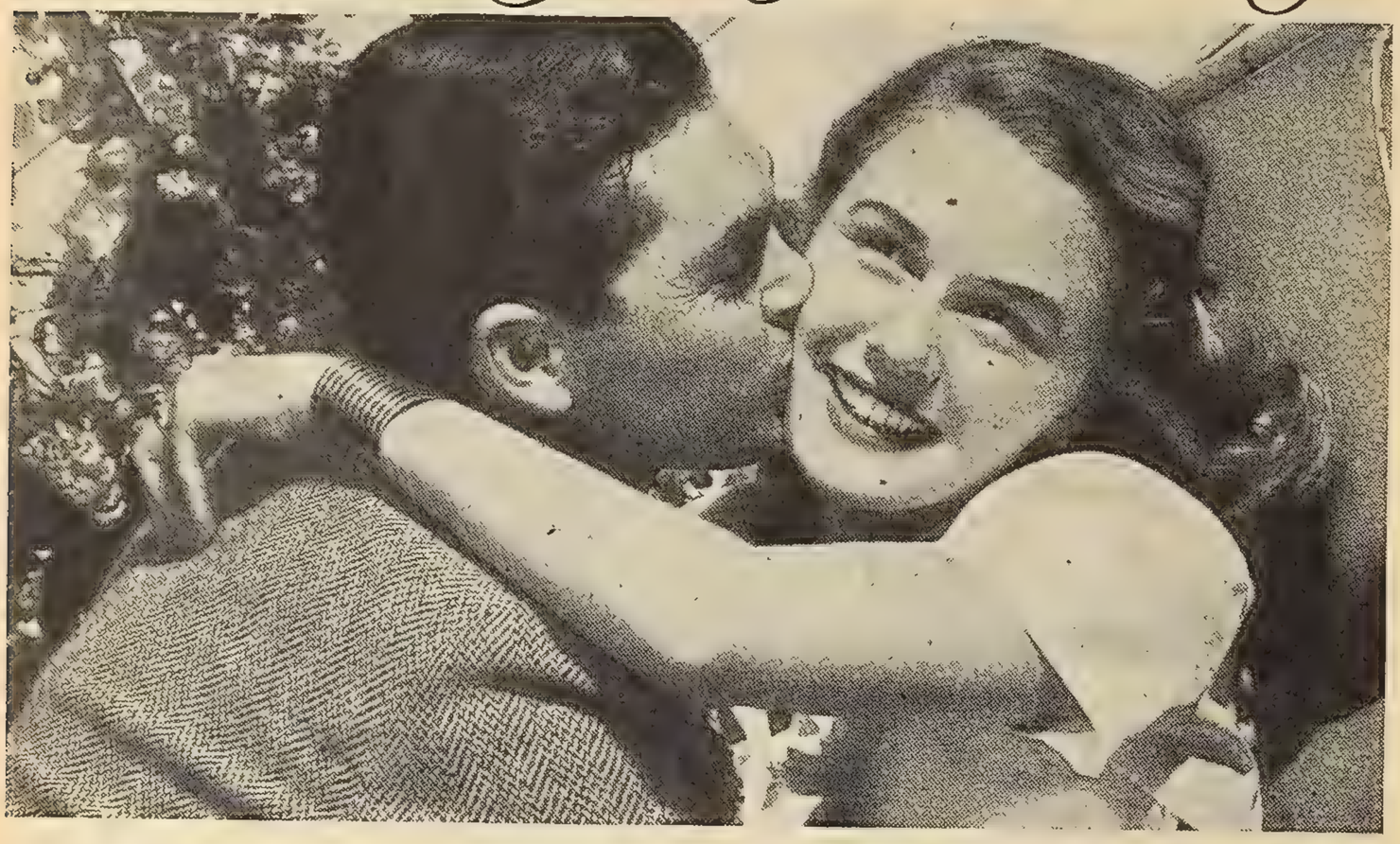


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Tragic scenes like this, now, in their once-happy home. Tearfully, Ellen seeks the reason. Why has her husband become so silent, *strange?* Little does Ellen realize her own "one neglect"—carelessness about feminine hygiene—is to blame. How much heartache she would have spared herself if she had known about Lysol!

Ann lives in *Honeymoon Cottage*



How different the scenes between Ann and *her* husband, still as loving as newlyweds! Ann, like thousands of modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant *regularly* and *often* for feminine hygiene. Her doctor advised Lysol solution as an effective germ-killer that cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. Yet so gentle for douching. Won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "Lysol works wonderfully!" says Ann. Inexpensive, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

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which she organized in 1916, giving her one-half interest in all her pictures, she has continued her producing activities until now, 29 years later, she is the new owner of an independent picture producing company. Which is one of the most painless ways anyone could think of to while away the time until V-day and the return of a warrior husband—in this case, Lieut. Charles Rogers, USN.

Dick Jaeckel picks Jimmy Cagney because—Jimmy Cagney is one song and dance man "gone straight" who's made the big time! Meaning, he's one entertainer who started out as a vaudevillian and ended up by heading the lists of top dramatic actors. There's probably very little about show business which Jimmy doesn't know and he's putting this fund of knowledge into Cagney Productions, the outfit he partners with his brother, Bill. But Jimmy still has a soft spot in his sentimental Irish heart for his old song-and-snappy patter routine—that's what made him such a standout in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and netted him the 1942 male Oscar.

Lon McCallister picks Janet Gaynor because—the caterpillar has become a butterfly, the femme fatale has emerged—Janet Gaynor is grown up! Fond audiences who remember her in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up" were startled, to say the least, at how woman-of-the-worldish she appeared in "A Star Is Born," but no more so than even her intimate friends and neighbors when they beheld Janet as the living proof of "clothes" making the woman." The transformation occurred, normally enough, at the time of Janet's marriage to Designer Adrian who made her the envy of her sex by producing those originals—and small son Robin.

Betty Grable picks Carole Lombard because—Carole was a very rare phenomenon in Hollywood, an actress who was honest, a woman who was loved by other women—even after she married all womankind's one dream of romance! There were no "inside angles" to Carole's personality, no "hidden traits." She was just a very intense, vivid, love-needing girl, severely critical of herself and her work, meltingly generous to everyone else, a girl who loved living even more than she loved life. Carole gave up that life for her country, being a good sport and an American, and probably thinks it was a fair setup. Not so the rest of us, not so Clark Gable.

Frank Sinatra picks Bing Crosby because—talking about Bing is like discussing oatmeal or Time. It's always wholesome, normal and unnecessary. It's good to know he's there, that he and Dixie and the boys are well and kicking and that no matter what happens, no matter what he does—he'll do it in Technicolor! One of Bingo's greatest dreams has just been realized, he won the Academy Award for 1944, and even though he insists the only reason he wanted the Oscar so badly was to please his aging, fond father, everybody and his brother was in there pitching for one of the swellest guys around. P.S. Watch for "The Great John L." It's the Groaner's first as an independent producer.

Lana Turner picks Maurice Chevalier because—to most people, France has always meant Paris and postcards, ladies in black dresses and bicycles, spring flowers—and Maurice. Well, maybe France has changed a bit since the old days but not so her spring flowers—nor Chevalier. He's still in there pitching, entertaining troops, unbelievably happy now that the French Underground has completely absolved him of any taint of collaborationist activities, that he has the honor of being London's first importation to her Victoria Palace theater.

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 14*)

and that song from *Marion Davies' first talkie, "Marianne," "Just You, Just Me."* . . . Looks like everybody's jumping on the Hollywood bandwagon. Ted Lewis in Warner's "Show of Shows," Abe Lyman in "Holiday" and "Just Imagine." And that band that was such a sensation at the Cotton Club last year, that Duke Ellington, he's going out West for his first feature film, "Check and Double Check," with Amos and Andy. Say, I just read an article in the paper that said "Are Musical Movies On The Way Out?" Well, with "New Moon" and "Just Imagine" and this big new production based on the life of Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," in color and all, how can they talk that way? Still, I guess they always will, just for something to talk about. Ten, twenty years from now they'll be saying the same thing.

(*Here's some good ones for the books—Johnny Green's new tune, "Body And Soul," and the latest by George Whiting, "My Ideal." And Jimmy McHugh's still turning out hits—he has one called "On The Sunny Side of The Street." Cute idea.*)

Got to catch up on the new records. They say the phonograph industry is in a bad slump since the crash last Fall, but gosh, there's plenty of good stuff still coming out. Have you heard that new one by Fletcher Henderson, "Chinatown, My Chinatown," and "Somebody Loves Me?" He has some fine young musicians in the band—kids like John Kirby, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, and, of course, the great Coleman Hawkins—and a guitar player named Clarence Holiday; he has a daughter named Billie, only thirteen, they say she's going to be a great singer some day.

Got to get both those new records of "Rockin' Chair." One's by Mildred Bailey—she's been using it as her radio theme, of course. The other's by the composer himself, Hoagy Carmichael, playing piano and leading his own band. There's Bix Beiderbecke and Bubber Miley on trumpets, Tommy Dorsey on trombone, Benny Goodman on clarinet, Bud Freeman on tenor sax, Joe Venuti on hot fiddle, Eddie Lang on guitar and that fine young drummer from Chicago, Gene Krupa. Some of these fellows have been making a lot of records with Red Nichols, too, as well as playing with him in the pit bands for some of the Broadway shows. Men like Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller on trombones, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey and Babe Russin and Adrian Rollini on saxes. Nichols certainly is the big man on records these days. He calls his band the Five Pennies but there are always at least eleven of 'em.

(*Say, I see where Victor's Hot Tune Of The Month is a thing called "Boogie Woogie," recorded by King Oliver. They think of more weird titles, don't they? Better get a copy of that, and while I think of it, let's rehearse "The Stein Song" tomorrow—and "Rio Rita," "Little White Lies" and "Lady Play Your Mandolin."*)

Did you hear the new records by Louis Armstrong? He picked up a band out West, has some good men in it; trombonist by the name of Lawrence Brown and a seventeen-year-old drummer who's sensational, named Lionel Hampton. They made "I'm A Ding Dong Daddy," "Confessin' That I Love You," "If I Could Be With You," (*Continued on page 94*)

Sure "Scotch" Tape would do it better





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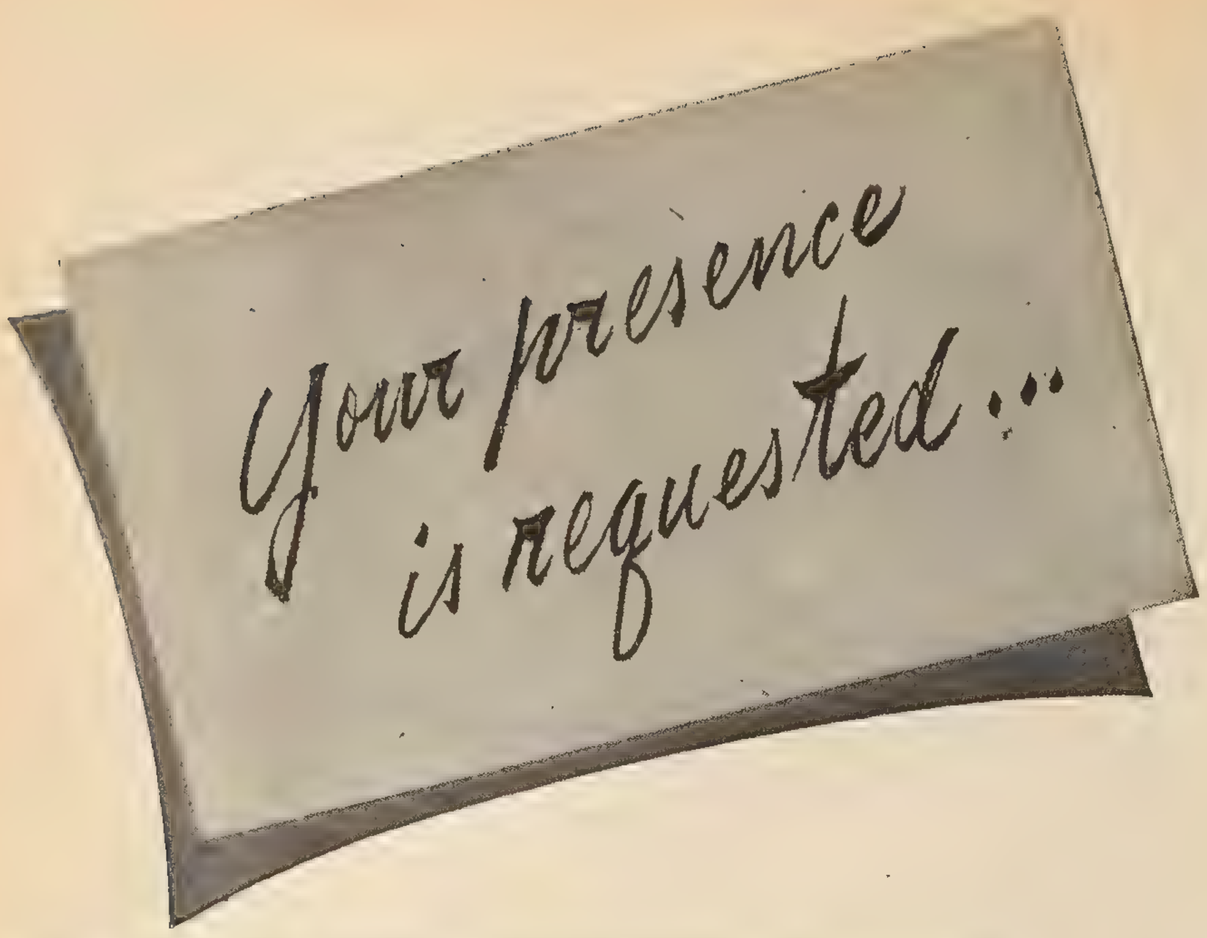
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All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—so perhaps you'll want to plan a party for good friends working hard to help win the war



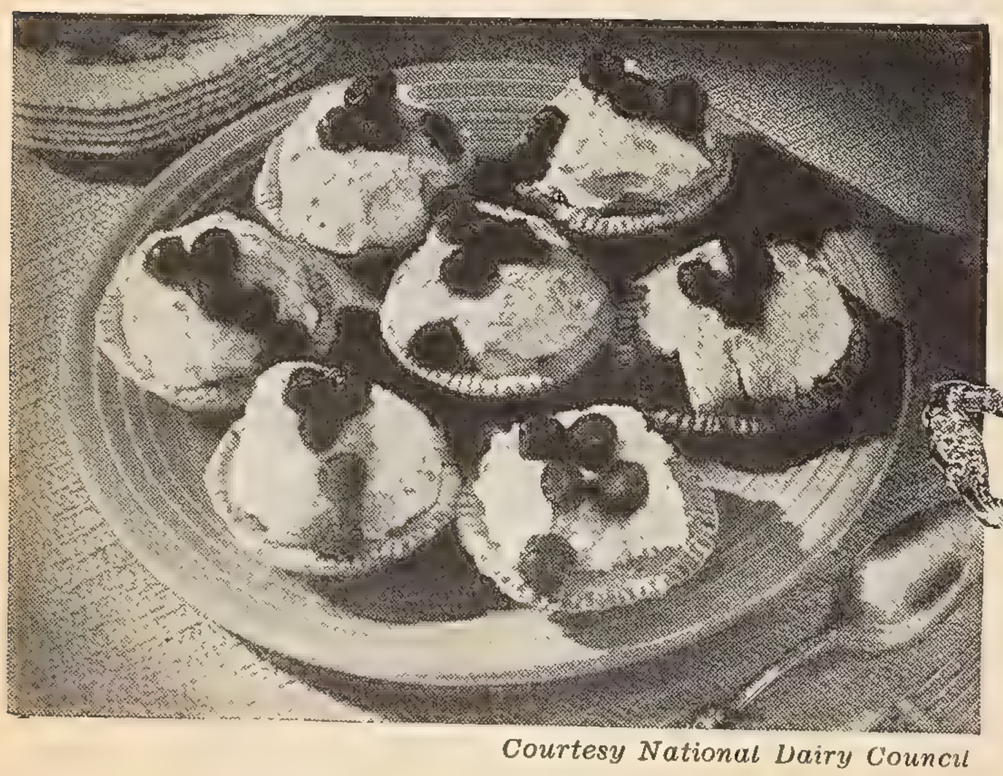
Newlyweds Gloria De Haven and John Payne had a lovely time at M-G-M's party for MODERN SCREEN. Bet Gloria wonders if John expects her to make all these! (They're easy, Gloria!)



■ Everything has a birthday—trees get more and more annual rings, tires less and less tread, oysters make bigger and bigger pearls as the year's irritations mount, boys and girls have more and more birthday candles and MODERN SCREEN just keeps right on getting more and more readers! That is why, out in Hollywood, a lot of charming people—The M-G-M, Twentieth-Fox and Paramount studios—gave MODERN SCREEN birthday parties and fifteen pats on the back cover with one to grow on! And there were refreshments—tasty little nibbles of which everyone ate more than they'd planned to. A really lovely time was had by one and all.

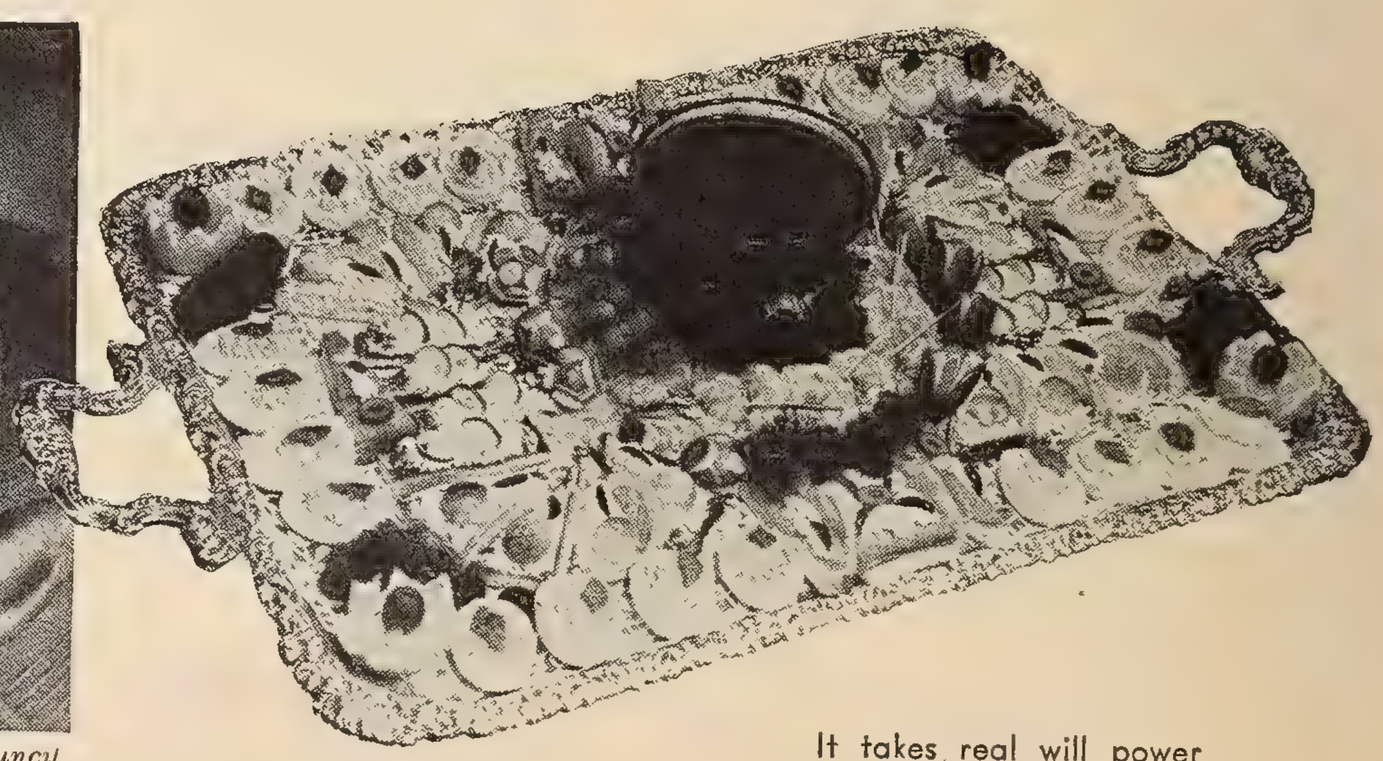
We hope there will be a lot of happy occasions in your life in the near future which deserve a party. V-day and your favorite G.I. home for keeps, a good friend's birthday or engagement, or something else nice. You'll want suggestions for tempting little delicacies, not too hard to make. Some of the tidbits served at the MODERN SCREEN birthday parties would be especially appetizing with cocktails, iced tea or carbonated beverages.

You already know that the *appearance* of food is like a first taste. Remember to get some dainty lace paper doilies, parsley or watercress, extra lemons to be cut into attractive shapes for garnishing. Nasturtium leaves are lovely—when available lay one on each individual sandwich plate. Olives, small cubes of ham or cheese, narrow strips of bologna rolled around a sliver of pickle, shrimp, one-inch squares of pickled herring or cocktail sausages can be placed on gaily colored tooth-



Courtesy National Dairy Council

"The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts," but the way we hear the story the queen was so flattered she invited him to her next party and made these special cherry ice cream tarts!



It takes real will power to make a choice among these delicious tidbits!

By Nancy Wood

picks and stuck into a grapefruit, bright red apple, egg plant or small, good-looking head of green or red cabbage.

Trim crusts from thinly sliced bread, cut into fancy little shapes and toast before spreading. If bread is too fresh to cut neatly, chill it in the refrigerator.

Some of these MODERN SCREEN hors d'oeuvres should be good bachelor bait:

Remember, very few men can resist deviled eggs, especially if there are chopped olives in the stuffing and they're topped with a gay little strip of pimento.

Now, on to our canapes! Very attractive and as good as they look—toasted strips of bread heaped with cream cheese in which slices of radish have been set. Dust with paprika.

Cream cheese is the smooth, rich basis for another delicacy. Spread toast strips with cream cheese. Place ball of avocado (or chopped cucumber marinated in French dressing) on one end. Decorate other end with slices of black and green olives.

Crisp cracker covered with smoked salmon. Top with finely mashed cottage cheese blended with minced chives.

If bacon hasn't become a collector's item in your community, mix peanut butter and crisp bacon bits. Serve on toasted cracker.

These will look yummy on your appetizer tray: Put hard-cooked eggs through ricer (or coarse sieve), blend with mayonnaise and prepared mustard to taste. Spread on diamond shaped bits of bread and top with anchovy. If you can't get anchovy, use a sprig of crisp watercress.

Increasingly popular is the tray of assorted cheeses, served with toasted crackers or buttered triangles of bread. More or less easily available these days are camembert, Liederkranz, blue cheese and a variety of cream spreads.

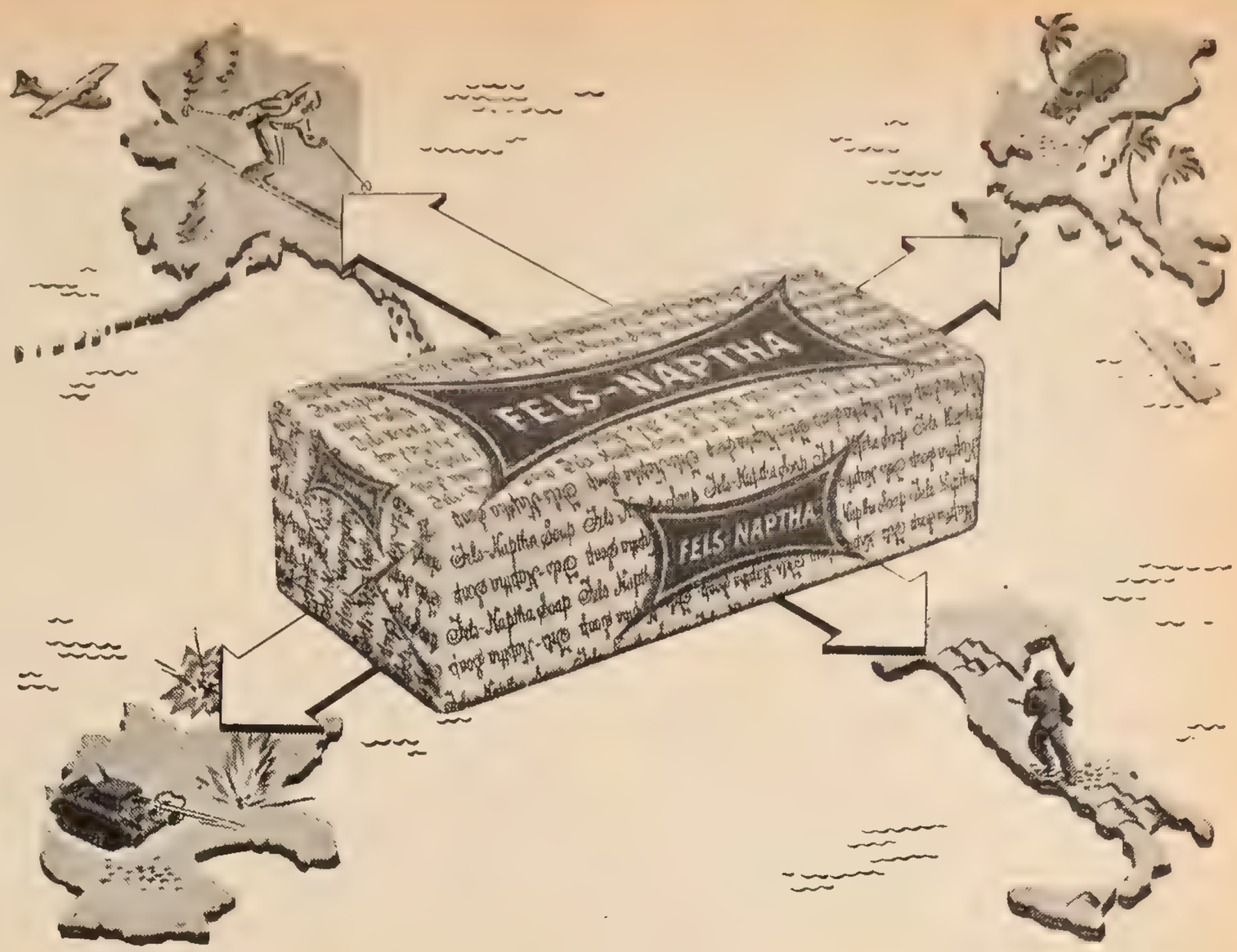
So much for the non-sweet party refreshments. Perhaps your friends have sweet-tooths (could this possibly be the correct plural?) then naturally you'll give them a beverage such as hot or iced coffee or tea or carbonated beverages. With these beverages go ice cream or gelatin desserts, cookies, cake or tarts. Maybe you'd like to start with little sandwiches such as cream or cottage cheese and chopped nuts, olives or jam. Chicken sandwiches are easy to make and everyone likes them.

A delicately pink and perfectly delicious ice cream can be made by adding half maraschino cherry juice and half water to your favorite packaged vanilla ice cream mix. When you've beaten it smooth and light after its first freezing, add ¼ cup chopped cherries and ¼ cup chopped nut meats. Freeze firm for serving. This will serve four or five. Multiply the recipe as many times as needed for your guests, but better plan to use an ice cream freezer in that case.

Hello! Here we are, at the bottom of our column and we haven't had the space to tell you about a very delicate orange and nut cake we love! Nor an easy-to-make fruit milk sherbet! Then there's a chocolate brownie you'd love to serve with ice cold lemonade or fruit juice, several recipes for long, delicious cold summer drinks. And you must have the recipe for fruit chiffon tarts!

Just send us that stamped, self-addressed envelope while you think of it. Address:

THE MODERN HOSTESS, DEPT. B. P.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

and that talkie song, "I'm In The Market For You." Louis sounds better than ever, and I've been listening to him since he worked here in New York with Fletcher Henderson's band back in '24, six years ago.

I hear Duke Ellington's recording the song from his movie, "Three Little Words," and using Paul Whiteman's Three Rhythm Boys for the vocal—Al Rinker (that's Mildred Bailey's young brother) and Harry Barris (the fellow who just wrote a new song called "I Surrender Dear") and Bing Crosby. They ought to sound good with the Duke—they've sure done a swell job with Whiteman.

(We're still getting requests for "When It's Springtime In The Rockies"—don't forget that one, Joe. And you know what I keep hearing on the air? "Beyond The Blue Horizon." And "Fine and Dandy." And another Jimmy McHugh one, "Exactly Like You.")

This Rudy Vallee certainly is sitting on top of the world, huh? Had a night club named for him, made a talkie, got a cast-iron NBC contract, publishing a book about himself, women fainting all over the place before he even gets the megaphone to his lips. That reminds me, we ought to make up an arrangement on "Something To Remember You By." If Vallee does it, it's sure fire.

Bert Lown's doing very nicely at the Biltmore, they say. And I hear young Ozzie Nelson's done a grand job out at the new Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle. Plays saxophone, guitar and violin—talented kid. But the big names are still mostly out on the Coast. Did you see the list of celebrities who've been swarming into the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles to hear Gus Arnheim's orchestra? Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Marian Nixon, Marie Dressler, Sally Eilers, just about everybody who's anybody, I guess.

Say, you know this songwriter Billy Rose, the one who wrote *"I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling"* with Fats Waller and Andy Razaf? They say he's decided to become a producer and opened his own offices. Some fellers don't know when they're well off. He'll lose his shirt. I hear Razaf teamed up with Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake to do the new "Blackbirds" show.

Talking about Sissle, did you hear what a big hit he was in Paris at the Ambassadors? Looks like all you have to do nowadays to make a hit with a band is go to Europe and come back so you can announce "Direct From Sensational European Tour!"

Horace Heidt just came back from over there; now he's playing theatres all over the country and cleaning up. Hal Kemp was big in London and Paris, too. Had that youngster Bunny Berigan in his trumpet section. And they say the Ted Lewis band got $5,000 a week at the Kit Cat in London. Some of his boys made some records with Spike Hughes while they were in England. Spike is the local hot jazz hero and he got Jimmy Dorsey, who was making the trip with Lewis, to sit in on a record session with him.

Funny how almost all the big band-leaders in London are Americans, even if they have all-British bands. Howard Jacobs, for instance, he's the big noise at Claridge's, they say he's getting as much as $500 a week for himself, net. And Roy Fox at Cafe de Paris, Ray Starita, Carroll Gibbons—all from over here, but formed bands over there.

(Last set coming up, Joe—give 'em "Cheerful Little Earful" and "It Happened In Monterey." And don't forget the "Pagan Love Song," they always go for that!)

* * *

After that little excursion into the past, here I am back in 1945 with some slightly more up to date gossip. The big talk of the day concerns Benny Goodman's new band. From what I heard at rehearsals and their first broadcasts via Fitch Bandwagon and Spotlight Bands, I'd say Benny has hit his stride very fast. Despite the difficulty of getting men at almost any price nowadays, he's done a fine job, roping in such people as Trummy Young on trombone and Jane Harvey, a promising singer who was a hit last season at Cafe Society Downtown. But the big kick of course is the Quintet (or Sextet, when he adds a guitar for records)—with Red Norvo on vibes, Teddy Wilson on piano and Slam Stewart, who used to be with Slim and Slam, bowing his bass and doing those weird vocal noises. Between them and drummer Morey Feld, it's the solidest small group Benny's had since the memorable 1941 outfit with Cootie Williams and Georgie Auld. Red Norvo tells me that working with Teddy is his idea of paradise, and an inspiration both to himself and Benny.

Glad to note that Benny is continuing his policy of taking an occasional vocal himself, as he did with the band he had in '43. I suspect Benny's wife was the instigator of this, just as several other facets of the Goodman policy, such as his intention of avoiding too much travel away from New York, can be traced to Alice—and she's right, since the headaches involved are too numerous. As you read this BG will probably have followed Duke Ellington into the 400 Club on Fifth Avenue.

Tommy Dorsey's stay at that increasingly popular spot caused plenty of excitement. Brother Jimmy, who didn't speak to TD for so many years, came in beaming on the opening night and sat

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



YODORA *deodorant cream*

in with the band, as did Roy Eldridge. Lana Turner was in several times, though Buddy Rich told me he's engaged to someone else. Tommy made a sensational move in adding Charlie Shavers to his trumpet section. In spite of the big string section, the band swings, thanks to terrific work by men like Buddy and Charlie.

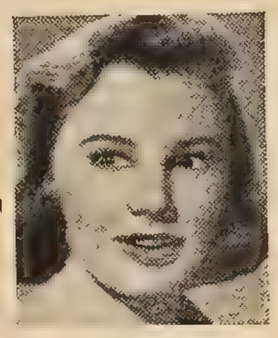
At a couple of after-theater gab sessions, sitting around with Artie Shaw and Ava Gardner, I found him as stimulating a talker as ever. He's on a rampage against people who make fast distinctions between "jazz" and "classical" music.

Said Artie, "There's no such thing as writing a classic. When Beethoven sat down to write his Fifth Symphony he didn't say to himself, 'This will be a classic.' The Fifth Symphony is good because Beethoven was a great musician, and a hundred years from now the really fine music of today will also be classic. Classic applies to any work good enough to be a model of its kind."

This Shaw man makes a lot of sense. Some day I wish he'd write a book. Talking of which reminds me that Barry Ulanov, most literate of all the jazz critics, is working furiously on a full-length book on Duke Ellington which will be published in the fall.

Barry and I spent a wonderful day out at Louis Armstrong's house in Queens. Louis's sister, up on a visit—first time in her life—made us the most fantastic Louisiana gumbo, a gourmet's dream. Louis, still the same wonderful-natured Satchmo whom I first met in 1932 at the Palladium in London, reminisced about his 28 years in the music business. Louis also spoke very forcefully about the need for progress—he just can't understand some of the jazz fans who worship the musicians he played with in the 1920's, in preference to the great young musicians of today. When we asked Louis to name the great hot jazz trumpet men of today, the first name that sprang to his lips was that of Roy Eldridge.

Oh, before I forget—this department, only in its second month, has already seen one of its predictions come true! Pearl Bailey, the great singer about whom I raved last month as a movie bet, just called to tell me she'll shortly be signing a seven-year pact with MGM. Don't forget to watch for her—remember Pearl Bailey!



Dear Boys:

What can I give Modern Screen *for her birthday? She wouldn't care for perfume or hankies—or even a diamond bracelet, if I could afford it. I can't cook, or I'd bake her a birthday cake with fifteen candles. That's what I did for my mother once and, when I wasn't looking, she threw it in the garbage can. So you can imagine—*

So I'll give her the only thing I can. The grin on my face when you ran my first picture—my yips and gurgles over every story about me—the way I laughed and cried when I made the poll. I don't know what she'll do with the silly bundle, but here it is, all wrapped in love and tied up with gratefulness.

Please hand it to her for me, will you, boys? And I hope she'll be as happy on her birthday as she's made me.

June Allyson

Now! FOR THE FIRST TIME

One powder-shade intensely flattering to 4 different types of skin!



"Bridal Pink"

BLENDED BY ENTIRELY NEW COLOR-PRINCIPLE

Makes even a bride look more romantic!

Here's something entirely new and different in a shade of face powder!

Lady Esther's exciting new "Bridal Pink" is not just for one particular type of skin-coloring. Blended by means of a new patented color-principle, it's *intensely flattering to these four basic types:*

IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look *softer, more feminine!*

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IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will give an exciting lift to your *entire appearance!*

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion . . . "Bridal Pink" will *wake up* your skin, give it life and warmth!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look *different* tomorrow! Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" — the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth.

The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55c. There are also handy pocket-book sizes for 10c and 25c. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" *today!*

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!

3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!

4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!

5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!

6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



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EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

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SOOTHES · REFRESHES



HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM M.G.M.

(Continued from page 40)



Gus Gale, MS's photographer, shows Elizabeth T. how he takes these wonderful pics, while someone else snaps the lesson.



Lucille Ball, who danced with her Desi Arnaz for the crowd (they're a couple of the best dancers here), gets a compliment from Craig.

THANKS A MILLION!

Thanks Metro, and Paramount and 20th Century-Fox for making those wonderful birthday parties possible. The least we can do in return is to tell our readers what current or soon-to-come pictures all these stars appear in. Here's the list. Check off your favorites:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

(pages 38, 39, 40, 41)

Greer Garson....."Valley of Decision"
Hedy Lamarr.....
"Her Highness and the Bellboy"
Jimmy Durante.....
"Two Girls from Boston" (Forthcoming)
Gloria De Haven.."Between Two Women"
Esther Williams...."Thrill of a Romance"
Van Johnson....."Thrill of a Romance"
Elizabeth Taylor.."Hold High the Torch"
Robert Walker.....
"Her Highness and the Bellboy"
Tom Drake....."This Man's Navy"
Peter Lawford....."Son of Lassie"
Judy Garland....."The Clock"
James Craig....."Gentle Annie"
Phyllis Thaxter....."Alter-Ego"
Jan Clayton....."This Man's Navy"
Lucille Ball.....
"Ziegfeld Follies" and "Without Love"

Twentieth Century-Fox

(pages 42, 43, 44, 45)

William Eythe .....
"A Royal Scandal" and "Colonel Effingham's Raid"
Anne Baxter....."A Royal Scandal"
John Payne....."The Dolly Sisters"
Gene Tierney.....
"A Bell for Adano" and "Dragonwyck"
Dana Andrews....."State Fair"
Dick Crane....."Captain Eddie"
Jeanne Crain....."State Fair"
June Haver....."The Dolly Sisters"
Vivian Blaine.."Nob Hill" and "State Fair"
Stanley Prager....."A Bell for Adano"
Henry Morgan....."A Bell for Adano"
Charles Russell....."Captain Eddie"
Eddie Ryan....."The Caribbean Mystery"
John Hodiak....."A Bell For Adano"

Paramount

(pages 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51)

Sonny Tufts....."Miss Susie Slagle"
Marjorie Reynolds..."Bring on the Girls"
Diana Lynn....."Out of This World"
Barbara Britton....."The Virginian"
Gail Russell....."Salty O'Rourke"
Joan Caulfield....."Miss Susie Slagle"
William Bendix.....
"Two Years Before the Mast"
William Demarest....."Salty O'Rourke"
Eddie Bracken....."Out of This World"
Olga San Juan....."Out of This World"
Alan Ladd....."Salty O'Rourke"
Veronica Lake....."Out of This World"
Gill Lamb....."Practically Yours"
Jim Brown
"Our Hearts Were Growing Up"
John Coy....."Bring on the Girls"
Glenn Ford.....(Columbia star)
Lana Turner.....(M-G-M star)
"Weekend at the Waldorf"
Turhan Bey.....(Universal star)
"Night In Paradise"



Dear Al and Henry:

There are two things I'd like to say to MODERN SCREEN *on its fifteenth birthday. Congratulations and thanks.*

The first explains itself. The second—well, maybe that's obvious too, but on birthdays you try to put your feelings into words. Right now, Hollywood's a long way off, and I'm casting no backward glances at it. Right now, all that counts is the Army Air Force. But some day the war'll be over, and when that day comes, I hope to go back into films.

MODERN SCREEN'S *been swell to me from the start. But I think you've been extra swell to actors in the service. I'm not talking about guys like Gable and Reagan. They'll always be in, no matter how long they're out. But fellows who were just starting out—the Grangers, O'Connors, Jaeckels, McCallisters—you've certainly done your best to keep our memories green—*

For myself, thanks, fellas. Thanks for being interested, thanks for the breaks, thanks for helping me feel there may be a job to come back to. And good luck to you, too.

Lon.



Before



After

"I lost 77 pounds in 6 months!"

—says Mrs. Jane Ende of Rock Island, Ill.

"Most women worry when their weight goes up just a few pounds," says Mrs. Jane Ende. "Can you imagine, then, how I felt—watching those scales go up . . . UP . . . UP! until I actually weighed 202. I think my greatest jolt came when I went to buy a dress and had to take a size 44. Right then was when I decided to start the DuBarry Success Course."

The first six weeks she lost 30 pounds. She kept right on and went through her course again and again. Today she weighs just 125—is slim, trim, attractive.

"Life is very different now," she declares. "I look and feel as a young woman of 28 should. I can wear smart, stylish, youthful dresses in size 14 instead of matronly 44. I have the pep and vitality to keep up with and enjoy my two children. And I know that following the DuBarry way, I need never be overweight again."

MRS. JANE ENDE'S MEASUREMENTS TELL THE STORY

	Before	*After*	*Total Change*
Weight	202 lbs.	125 lbs.	77 lbs. less
Height	5'3½"	5'4½"	1" more
Bust	42½"	34½"	8" less
Abdomen	44"	32"	12" less
Hip	46"	34½"	11½" less
Thigh	26½"	20"	6½" less

HOW ABOUT YOU? Precious days are slipping away . . . days when you might be discovering for yourself how to have a figure you're proud of, gain vital energy for strenuous wartime living.

The DuBarry Success Course brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to bring your weight to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour. You follow, in your home, the very same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon in New York.

Why not use the coupon now to find out what this course can do for you?

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With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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THESE ARE THE LOVELIEST!

(*Continued from page 58*)

Gracie Fields' hilarious song about the Aspidistra, and apologies for Johnson, Bogart, Flynn, Milland and Cotten as victims of the biggest Astigmatism in the world!

"Astigmatism" commonly is defined in dictionaries as "a structural defect of the eye, such that the rays of light do not converge to a point on the retina." That is Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls' polite way of saying that the five Hollywood heroes are so cross-eyed that they couldn't see Catalina on a clear day. Either these five boys are cross-eyed, or they don't get around. (On second thought, this is hard to believe. Bogart covers more ground, standing still at Burbank, than a World Atlas, and Flynn, according to stories I read in the papers, gets to the darnedest places.) No, I'm afraid they are just cross-eyed, and Van Johnson also suffers from youth, which I would like to be suffering from too!

As it stood when I came in, these five favorites of yours had voted Garbo and Lamarr into a tie for first place. They voted Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford and Dolores Del Rio into a four-cornered tie for second place. And there was a four-cornered tie for third, Olivia de Havilland, Danielle Darrieux, Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young.

With the deciding vote entrusted to me by the editors of this magazine, I hereby pick Hedy Lamarr as more gorgeous than the stunning Garbo; I pick Ingrid Bergman to dissolve the second tie, and I pick Loretta Young as winner of the tie for third. Which gives us Hedy Lamarr, Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce, Olivia de Havilland and Danielle Darrieux as the Top Ten. (These are the selections of Van Johnson, Bogart, Ray Milland, Flynn and Joe Cotten, not mine. I disown that cross-eyed jury.)

In acting as the expert swordsman to cut the Gordian knot, I concede that I am a dope. Judging beauty contests, of any kind, is hazardous and perilous. The judge can't win! Immediately this magazine is on the street, menacing voices will telephone and tell me off. This is to be expected. From the dawn of time, the subject of beauty has engrossed more men than you can shake a sorority at.

To console those who aren't beautiful, various writers have disparaged its possession. So we have the Polish proverb: "Beauty will not season soup." As though any guy in his right mind would want soup with a Hedy Lamarr at his table! Some author, smart enough to remain Anon., thus went morbid:

"Beauty is but skin deep;
Ugly lies the bone;
Beauty dies and fades away,
But Ugly holds its own."

Truest summation of all, of course, is that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Each one of us responds to something else, and the something else may be a blonde, brunette or titian-haired. So while I can disagree with Bogart, Flynn, Johnson, Cotten and Milland, just as certainly they can disagree with my equally stubborn and positive preferences because beauty IS in the eye of the beholder!

In "Algiers," Hedy Lamarr was, I think, the most exciting beauty ever to appear on film. Jimmy Howe, who photographed her, can take credit for at least an assist! Jimmy (his formal tag is James Wong Howe) always has claimed that to become a glamour girl, a woman needs only two features—full lips and expressive eyes. He proved it with Hedy Lamarr, because there are two weaknesses in The Lamarr: she has a slightly weak chin, and is a bit on the flat-chested side. So Jimmy had the chin appear stronger by throwing a heavy light on it, thus creating a heavy shadow underneath. He took your attention from her chest by focusing on her eyes and lips. And then little James Wong Howe played his camera ace: He always has maintained that a woman looks most seductive when she is wearing a veil. He created the effect of a veil by shadowing the forehead of Hedy Lamarr and he says that it was this lighting effect which caused audiences to murmur excitedly when she first appeared on the screen.

If you doubt that Howe knows what he is talking about, consider for a moment that Hedy Lamarr, Ingrid Bergman, Loretta Young all have weaknesses and irregularities but EACH has full lips, eloquent eyes. Your reigning beauties all have irregularities of features. Regard Ann Sheridan's irregular nose and round, full face; Bette Davis's pop eyes, Dietrich's broad nose; the broad forehead of Zorina.

Look at yourself in the mirror and you'll find that very few people have

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.



FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

absolutely straight noses. They have a tendency to curve to one side or the other. If your face, then, were lighted by a cameraman, from the SAME side as the direction of the nose's curve, it would accent the curvature. Ann Sheridan's cute nose curves slightly toward the left of her face. So in photographing her, Jimmy would light the left side of her face. Simple, huh?

So if you have a long nose, or a large mouth, or eyes too big, they may turn you into a very exciting creature. The left side of Madeleine Carroll's face, for instance, is much fuller than the right side, but it adds to her appeal. Marlene Dietrich's narrow face, plus a broad nose, gives her that sexy slant. (Yes, I know. She has legs, too). Ann Sheridan, when she was making "Torrid Zone," showed up one day on the set with a pimple near her mouth. Howe covered it with a beauty spot, thus drawing attention to her mouth. A defect became an asset by accentuating the negative and converting it into the positive. Hubba-hubba!

If I seem to be suggesting here that in Hollywood, beauty often owes a great deal to lighting, that is right. In my time, I've interviewed or talked or dined with every girl on the five lists submitted by Milland, Cotten, Bogart, Flynn and Van Johnson with these exceptions—Dolores Costello, Lauren Bacall, Mary Astor and Toumanova—so I can speak with some authority on how they look with and

HOW THEY VOTED

Van Johnson

Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Greer Garson
Joan Crawford
Lana Turner
Gloria Swanson
Katharine Hepburn
Marlene Dietrich
Hedy Lamarr
Colleen Moore

Humphrey Bogart

Lauren Bacall
Hedy Lamarr
Ingrid Bergman
Dolores Del Rio
Ina Claire
Greta Garbo
Billie Dove
Vilma Banky
Mary Astor
Danielle Darrieux

Errol Flynn

Tamara Toumanova
Joan Crawford
Olivia DeHavilland
Madeleine Carroll
Linda Darnell
Hedy Lamarr
Dolores Del Rio
Loretta Young
Virginia Bruce
Maureen O'Hara

Joseph Cotten

Ingrid Bergman
Sally Blaine
Virginia Bruce
Dolores Costello
Dolores Del Rio
Marlene Dietrich
Greta Garbo
Hedy Lamarr
Vivien Leigh
Loretta Young

Ray Milland

Fay Wray
Joan Fontaine
Olivia DeHavilland
Marlene Dietrich
Ingrid Bergman
Greta Garbo
Leila Hyams
Carole Lombard
Joan Crawford
Danielle Darrieux

Is your marriage *lacking something*

because you don't know these intimate physical facts?

WHY IS BILL SO INDIFFERENT?

WHY DIDN'T MOTHER TELL ME?

COULD IT BE MY FAULT?



THERE comes a time in so many women's lives when they wonder, "Is my marriage a mistake?" There's no open rift. Just sort of an exasperating indifference on the husband's part.

Did it ever occur to you this fault may lie with the *wife*—her ignorance of how important *douching* often is to womanly charm, health and happiness—her ignorance of a *proper* germicide to put in the douche?

Important Facts Wives Should Know

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe* to delicate tissues as ZONITE—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and renowned Chemist.

ZONITE helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! ZONITE *instantly* kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Positively *Non-Poisonous, Non-Irritating* For Feminine Hygiene

Despite its powerful germicidal action and strength—ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. It positively contains no creosote, phenol or mercurial ingredients; no carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

ZONITE also instantly *destroys* and *removes* odor-causing waste substances and never leaves any lasting odor of its own. So *cleansing*, so *refreshing*. One of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered. All drugstores.

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For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504-O, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE Booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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Discover the thrill of Color-Bright Hair



And what a thrill it is to say goodbye to dull, mousy-looking hair and see your own locks gleam with color and brightness. Why I remember . . .



. . . how drab-looking my own hair was before I heard about Nestle Colorinse from my beauty shop girl. She explained how Colorinse rinses richer, warmer, *natural-looking color* into the hair . . . fills it with sparkling highlights and gives it a beautiful, glamorous sheen. Colorinse is not an ordinary bleach nor a dye—it's easily removed with shampooing—yet it won't rub off.



Men like nothing better than gleaming, color-bright hair, for it makes a girl look so radiant—so much lovelier. See the exciting difference in your own hair when you make it COLOR-BRIGHT with COLORINSE.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.



Nestle HAIRLAC

without their warpaint. I have seen Garbo repeatedly at close range.

Off the screen, the most gorgeous Hollywood eyefuls, to my way of thinking, are Greer Garson, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Lena Horne, Ilona Massey, Loretta Young, Gene Tierney and Virginia Bruce. Ranking right up with them would be Mary Howard, who played nothing but supporting parts in Hollywood. More arresting than any of them would be chic Connie Bennett, who always gives the impression that she just stepped from a bandbox.

It is an interesting thing to me that Humphrey Bogart, in listing his selections, remembered Billy Dove and Vilma Banky; that Joe Cotten remembered Dolores Costello, and that Van Johnson surprisingly listed Gloria Swanson. Despite the frightful make-up and lighting to which stars of an earlier era in Hollywood were subjected, great beauties distinguished the early Mack Sennett comedies and other films. Olive Thomas, Anita Stewart, Barbara Lamarr and Mary Pickford were standouts. Mabel Normand was unforgettable. Billy Dove, Dolores Costello and Vilma Banky would not have to yield to any of the moderns.

Styles in beauty have, of course, changed, just as styles in acting have improved. I'll never forget Theda Bara, an early heartbreaker, as she appeared in "Cleopatra." In a costume composed largely of beads, Miss Bara was a lush beauty, lush in the sense that she was quite hippy. In those days, women were unattractive if they were not lavishly upholstered. For instance, Lillian Russell today would make ALL sweater girls run to cover with her magnificent frontal displacement, but she was built in proportion.

Just when streamlining came in, I don't know, but I have a hunch that it must have been just about the time that Marlene Dietrich draped her leg carelessly (?) over a chair in "Blue Angel" and sang the song that forever after was to be associated with her husky, sexy voice. Previously, legs had been ignored in polite conversation. True, the movie producers had crept up on the interesting subject by engaging shapely Annette Kellerman to splash for them, and grand opera had sneaked around the taboo by casting shapely girl singers as pages, but Dietrich brought legs to flower, Bud! The silk stocking manufacturers should kneel on their unshapely legs every night and say a prayer of appreciation for Dietrich.

Just how Van Johnson remembered Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore, I do not know. I thought he was too young to share those memories with us. In fact, Van's selections altogether are disconcerting. I thought he'd pick June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, June Havoc, Shirley Temple, Jacqueline Dalya, Joan Caulfield, Ginny Simms, Jayne Reynolds, Lauren Bacall and other slick chicks of the jive groove, but outside of Lana Turner, he was quite sober in his picks. Apparently Johnson likes them serious.

Of the First Ten, selected by the heroes, it is interesting to note that not one of them is a new star. Hedy Lamarr, Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce, Danielle Darrieux and Olivia de Havilland are not of the current school of young femmes now coming to the screen. Six of them incidentally, are foreign born, and to underscore the idea, three of the six foreign-born actresses, Lamarr, Garbo and Bergman ran 1-2-3. Sweden, placing two out of the first three, proves that it can produce something extra-special in addition to its Gunder Haggs. Most American-looking of the entire First Ten, of course, is Ingrid Bergman.

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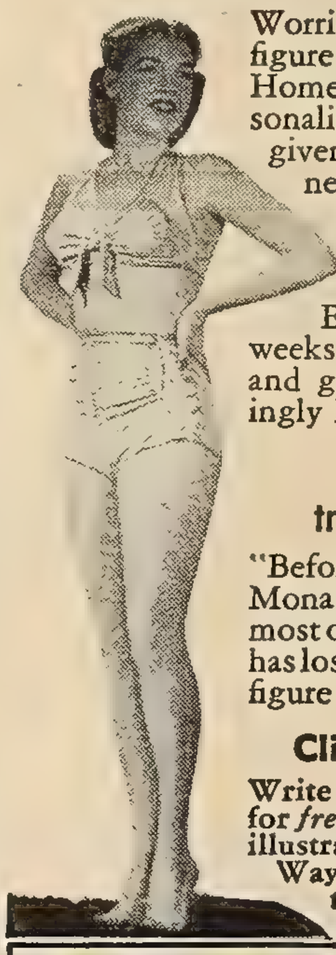
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CO-ED LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 34)

My family won't allow me to have dates so I have taken to having them behind their backs. Maybe I'm a sissy, but somehow dishonesty goes against the grain with me. What should I do? W. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It kills half the fun when your night work must all be under cover, doesn't it? You're very right in wanting things aboveboard. Assuming that you've reached the age of dating, the only thing to do is to place the matter squarely up to the family. Tell them that you're the only girl in your crowd who isn't allowed to go out. Explain to them that they have given you high standards and that you haven't the least interest in going out with undesirable or shady characters. Let them know that you want to bring the boys to your home for parental inspection, and that you're eager to co-operate with them on questions of curfew, number of dates a week, etc. Let them know that you don't approve of girls meeting beaux around the corner, but that that is one solution if they aren't permitted to invite them to their homes. We feel sure that you can reach a satisfactory compromise, if only you keep your temper and appeal to their logic.

I am in my last year in high school and a total flop with the guys. Is it too late to perk up and be a success? Helen, Cranford, N. J.

Nope, not if you really work at it hard. We'd suggest that you look over our Super Coupon on page 32, and send for whatever charts you need. When you've got your face and figure where you want them, you'll find yourself increasing in poise, developing charm. You'll catch yourself smiling at boys you were terrified of before, speaking to them as unselfconsciously as if they were your buddies. Along about that point, launch yourself via a really spiffy party. Maybe a bicycle picnic to a nearby brook. The kids all meet at your house to pick up directions and their share of the lush food. Somebody's got a portable radio. You stick in a batch of funnies, a pack of cards, a softball and bat. The party's terrific and so are you. You're made! It's as easy as that. Start promoting you today.

We live near a Navy base and are forever being asked on blind dates. How do you start talk going on one of these? My mind goes a blank. M. W., South Norwalk, Conn.

The old obvious things are usually best to kindle conversation. Where do you come from? What's it like there? Do you have a big family? What would you be doing if you weren't in the Navy? They're trite but comfortable, and once your tongues are unloosed you'll find endless things to talk about. Just relax and don't jabber. Don't feel impelled to fill every silence. If your mind should go blank, try a good warm smile. That says a whole lot.

If you've just plain fallen out of love with a boy who still loves you, how do you let him down without too much of a thud? He's not overseas or anything. Just a senior at my school. B. K., Grosse Point, Mich.

The big thing to be considered is the lad's pride. When you hand him the big news, do it in such a way as to let him feel it's by mutual consent. "Don't you think we both need a change of scene?" is one angle. Then there's "Every gal in school would be in heaven if you were back in circulation. Don't you think it would be kind of a smart idea to cut ourselves adrift for awhile?" He'll get the picture and love you (in a nice platonic way) for your tact in handling a tricky business.

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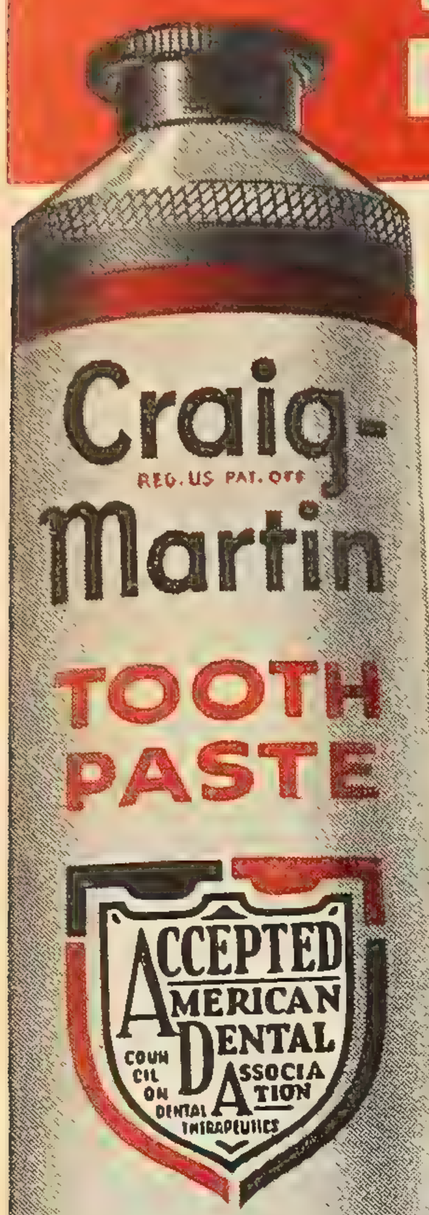
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CO-ED

(Continued from page 34)

back he probably won't give a hoot about seeing any of them? He won't care beans for anybody but a character named Joe who worked on the plane next to his in England or for a battered-looking chief from his LST. No matter how actively you dislike his new buddies, don't tell him, for right now they are dearer to him almost than you are. When he resumes a normal way of life, he will ease back into your warm, close circle of friends. They'll love him again. Just don't push it before he's ready.

If the lad you're welcoming back is a husband or sweetheart, be prepared for flashes of jealousy that are as new to him as all that fruit salad he wears over his heart. He'll think you were giving Bob the old business. That you danced too long with Bill. It will make you perfectly furious, but bear with him. It's part of his emotional readjustment. He needs such reassurance of your love for him. Give it to him constantly, and leave all coy, hard-to-get tactics alone until he can cope with them.

If your man should come home handicapped, you must be so terribly careful not to show any pity or revulsion. Make him know that you love him every bit as much with one arm as with two, with a scarred face as with his glamour puss. (It has been suggested that squeamish wives try to work in veterans' hospitals among men with the same injury as their husbands. That way they will accustom themselves to the sight of it and be far better able to withstand the shock of seeing their wounded husbands.) Discuss his trouble with him unemotionally. Help him get the necessary medical atttention and vocational guidance. Accept the handicap, whatever it may be, and instead of brooding about it and making him bitter and self-pitying, help him to build a full, useful and happy life for himself. And for all the wounded veterans we're going to see: Don't stare at them. Don't whisper about them. Don't ask them how it happened. Don't say you're sorry. The more casual we are toward them the less odd they will feel and the happier they will be. This is their world; let's help them be at home in it.



Friend Al:

Happy birthday from the Paynes. Remember us? We met at a party given for you, so we owe you a happy birthday.

We send our sincerest good wishes. I've been following the book for a number of years, and I like the way you handle Hollywood and her citizens. It's always been my contention that, under the so-called glamor, Hollywood's no different from other American towns. People, by and large, are the same the world over. That seems to be MODERN SCREEN'S *idea, too. I like the way you feature the human angle. No misleading headlines. No sensationalism. Things go wrong and people blunder out here, as they do in Podunk. You don't blow the blunders up out of all proportion to the truth. You seem more interested in the essentials. You show people living their lives, working, relaxing, caring for their families, doing all they can to guard the good things of this country that everyone's fighting for. Keep it up.*

Yours in appreciation,
John Payne

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CLARK GABLE

(*Continued from page 64*)

kind whose love took the form of endearments. Hugging, kissing, would have embarrassed them. Their feeling expressed itself in other ways.

The little boy stood at the window of the big warm kitchen, watching the snow fall, smelling the tomato ketchup Grandmother cooked over the wood stove. Suddenly he cried out, "The chicken! Granny, the poor chicken!" Across the snow the poor chicken stumbled, battling foolishly, feebly with the gale. Grandmother caught up a heavy shawl, ran out and rescued it, laid it gently in a box near the stove. Clark stroked the wet feathers, smiled up at Grandmother, who was smiling back. Her face was beautiful. The child's heart swelled with love for the goodness of his Granny.

another mom . . .

Then his father married again. It was hard for the boy to leave his grandparents, still harder for them. But to their clear way of thinking, it was right that he should go to his father—as it had been right that they should give him shelter when it was needed.

The new home was at Hopedale, ten miles from Cadiz, where he was born. The new mother was all a mother should be—gentle and kind and one who understood boys. Here there were children to play with and, a little later, school. School was good because it brought games and companionship. But without books, it would have been still better. He was no student.

At eight he fell in love and remained true to his love for five long years. She was small and dainty, with soft brown eyes and hair, and her name was Treela. Instead of fishing on Sunday, he went to Sunday school because Treela was there. The boys called him Sissy, yet he went—even then his own master, bent on living his own way. As they all grew older and had little parties, he and Treela refused to play kissing games. To kiss each other in public was to spoil something, and by no means would they kiss anyone else.

For the rest, he played baseball, tooted a horn in the school band, and spent summers caring for the horses on his grandfather Gable's farm. Meantime, his father, having turned from farming to the oilfields, turned back to farming again. They moved to Ravenna, sixty miles away. This meant farewell to Treela. The girl cried, the boy tried not to. It was many years before they met again. Treela was married, the mother of two pretty children. But through all the years she remained a fragrant memory to Clark.

He was fifteen and restless, bored with high school, tired of forking hay and feeding hogs. "Let's go to Akron," said his friend, Andy Means.

"I want to go to Akron," Clark told his father.

"To do what?"

"Work. Study medicine, nights."

"You're too young to be turned loose in a big town."

He knew better than to argue with his father. But he also knew that where he would fail, his stepmother might succeed. He took his problem to her, and somehow she gained his father's consent. I have already said that she understood boys. Her parting gift was a razor, which enchanted Clark.

"I know you don't need it yet, son, but you will before long. And if you ever get tired of being away, remember we'll be waiting for you."

In Akron the boys went to work, mold-



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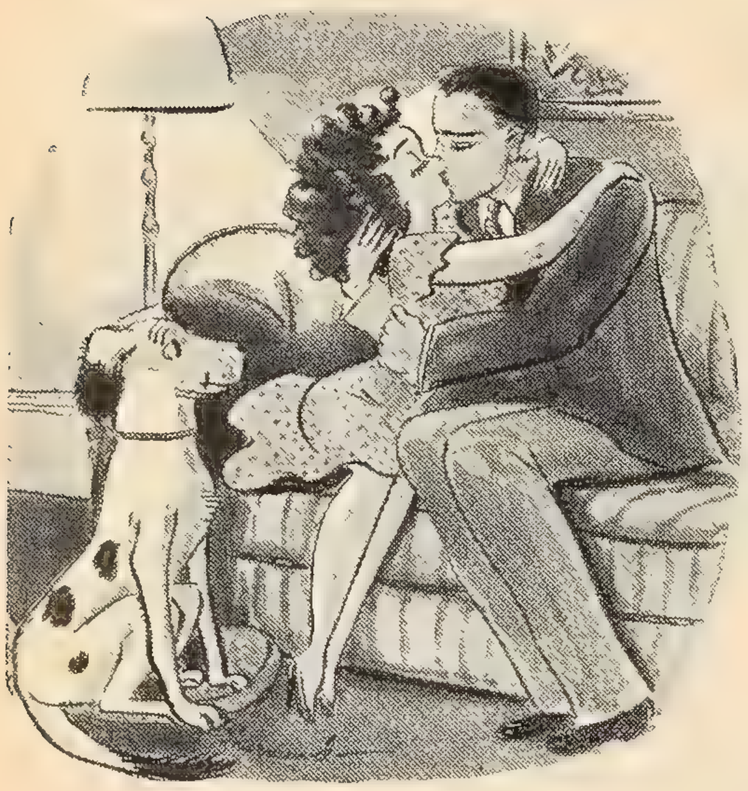
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ing treads for the Firestone Company. Every evening Clark attended pre-medical courses at the University. He was quite in earnest about meaning to be a doctor. "Principally," he explained to Andy, "because if I'm a doctor, I won't have to be a farmer—"

Had medicine been the goal of his dearest hopes, he would have stuck to medicine. It was merely a stopgap, an excuse to escape from the farm. There was nothing he had a burning desire to be. . . .

Till he saw his first play.

Sunday was his one free evening. Down at the Music Hall, the Clark-Lilly Players were giving "Bird of Paradise." Andy and some of the other boys were going. Clark went along. Stepping into the theater changed the course of his life.

He could never explain what happened to him that night. A farm boy, his background and heritage alien to all the stage represented, he left the theater resolved to be an actor. Forgotten the medicine, forgotten the rubber factory. Each night he sat in the gallery, each day he hung round the stage door, and finally plucked up the heart to walk in.

"I want a job," he told the manager. "Any job."

The manager knew how to deal with stage-struck youngsters. "We need a call boy, but we can't pay you anything. You can sleep backstage."

Clark felt this was just. Why should he be paid for admission to paradise? He was a good call boy. His players were all out front on time, even if he had to sew on their buttons for them. In return for these and other small services, they took care that he ate.

Back in Ravenna his father said: "The boy's gone crazy." But at such a distance, there was little he could do about it. Clark was even beginning to do walk-ons when the wire came, calling him home. His stepmother was dying. He arrived barely in time to see her. He had loved her deeply. For the first time, he knew the desolation of a loss that cannot be measured.

The elder Gable had had enough of farming, enough of this place of sorrows. Always he had preferred the oil fields to ploughing. Now there was an oil boom in Oklahoma. He and Clark would go there.

Clark said, "I want to go back to the theater." But there was no longer one who could speak for him, and this time the father had his way. The boy went to the oil fields.

the cross roads . . .

For two years he worked as a tool dresser, earning twelve dollars a day. Earning nothing a day in the theater, he had been happier. One night, in the shack he shared with his father, the end came.

"I'm quitting," said Clark.

His father's opposition broke against rock. He was nineteen now—a man, with a man's will. At length, the other recognized defeat.

"If you want to throw your life away, I guess I can't stop you."

They parted grimly—one to return to the oil fields, the other to start on his unknown road.

Thus came the wandering years.

Kansas City and a third-rate road show. Traveling through the Middle West on ten dollars a week. Stranded in Butte, Montana, and a moment that might have meant surrender. Heartsick, all but penniless, he entered a telegraph office, composed a wire asking his father for train money back to Oklahoma. For a moment he stared at it, then crumpled and tossed it into the wastebasket. Wandered through the streets, made for the depot, hopped a freight train to Portland. Portland, he'd heard, was a good show town.



Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never *risk* scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

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FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. - CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

First, he must have money. Leaving the freight car at Bend, he worked for three months as a lumberjack. At first his palms bled constantly—to the scorn of his partner, a big silent Swede. "Ay tank you bane verkin' inside too much," said his partner. In three months, it was the only observation he made.

Portland. Selling neckties in a department store. Meeting Earle Larimore, then a fellow salesman. Joining his Little Theater Group and working with them to organize a professional company. Opening in Astoria, a hundred miles north. In the first play, Clark was a Negro cook. In another, a seaman. In a third, a huge baby in a huge crib. Plenty of fun, but no money. The drama held no appeal for fishermen. On milkboats, they worked their way back to Portland. . . .

One of the group was a pretty girl named Franz Doerfler. She and Clark fell in love. He asked her to marry him, but Franz was afraid. What would they live on? He spent a few weeks with her family on their ranch near Portland—a few idyllic weeks, running around in overalls with Franz, forgetting his troubles. The girl's pet name for Clark was Big Calf, because of his ears. Later, Spencer Tracy was to call him The Moose for the same reason.

He worked in the hop fields, he worked on a logging road and—again—in a lumber camp. Again with a Swede. Clark had no luck with Swedes. One day Ole said, "Dis fella too dumb for work wit' me," and walked out.

Money saved again. Back to Portland. Back to the endless hunt for a place in the theater. Knocking at every door till his money gave out. Then a job in the want-ad department of a morning paper. There might come an ad for work round a theater. If so, Clark would see it first.

No such ad came. The indoor life was too much for him. So when the telephone company wanted a lineman, Clark put the ad in his pocket and applied and went to work, never guessing that the telephone line would lead straight to his heart's desire.

What was destined to happen didn't happen for a year.

telephone for a ticket . . .

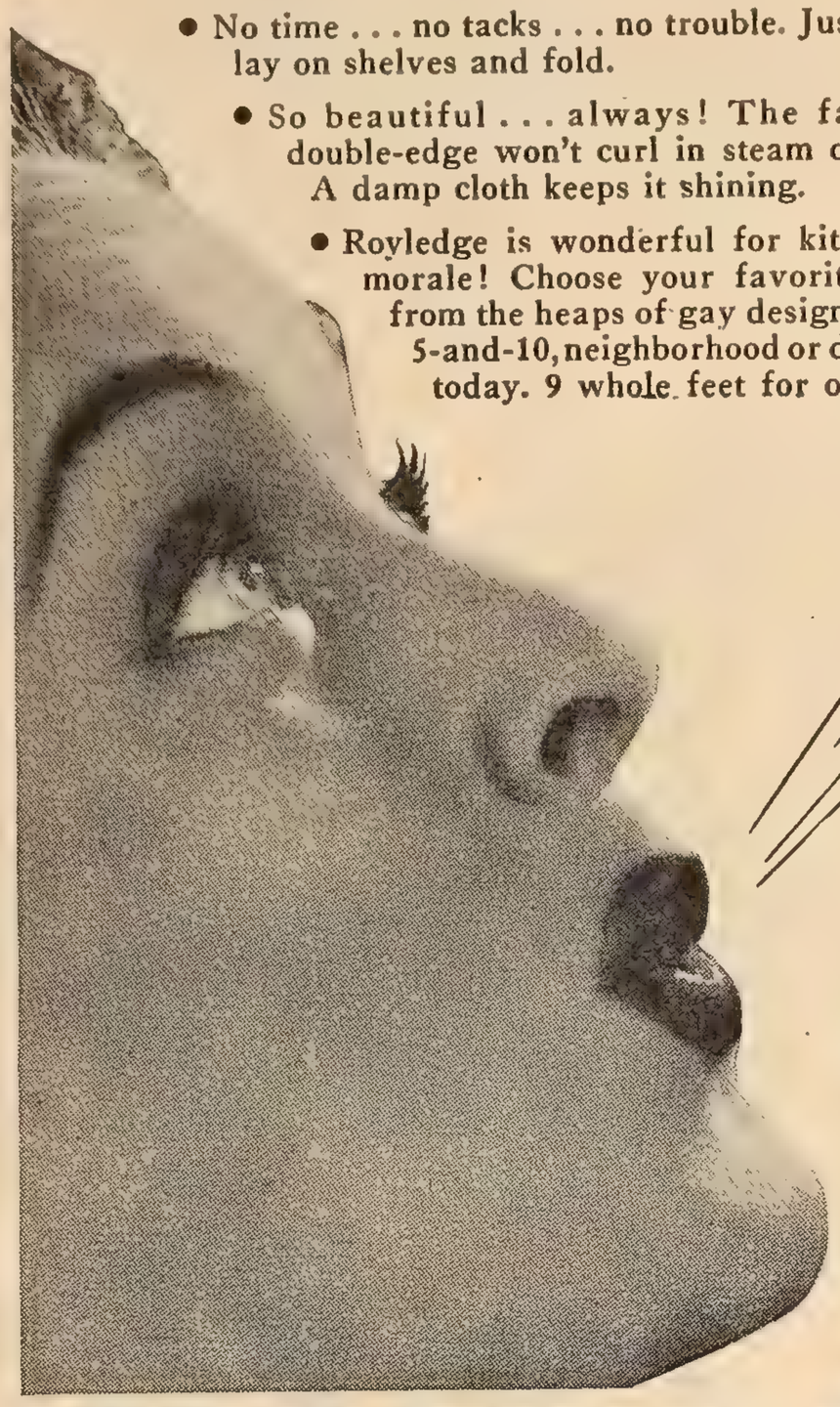
Miss Josephine Dillon of Los Angeles, dramatic coach, came to Portland to start a Little Theater. A telephone wire in her theater broke down. She called the company. They sent Clark to mend it.

Before he left, Miss Dillon had heard his story and had offered to help. At first, her interest was wholly professional. She saw Clark's possibilities. She taught him stage presence, how to walk and sit and use his hands. She read plays with him. For the first time, his floundering efforts were being directed by someone who understood and she found him an eager, appreciative pupil. Through her influence, he joined the Forest Taylor Stock Company. But by now they were more than teacher and pupil. When Josephine returned to Los Angeles, Portland ceased to hold much charm for Clark. He followed. On December 13, 1924, they were married.

It was the end of lumber camps, but far from the end of struggle. They lived in a bungalow, their rent twenty dollars a month. To begin with, Clark tried the studios. In the tight suit of a grenadier, carrying a sword, he made his first appearance before the cameras in a Lubitsch picture. Mr. Lubitsch did not cry "The great Gable!" Mr. Lubitsch took one look at the grenadier and passed on.

A day's work here and there. Soon Clark felt sure that the movies were not for him. He began to think of New York, where plays were produced. But for New

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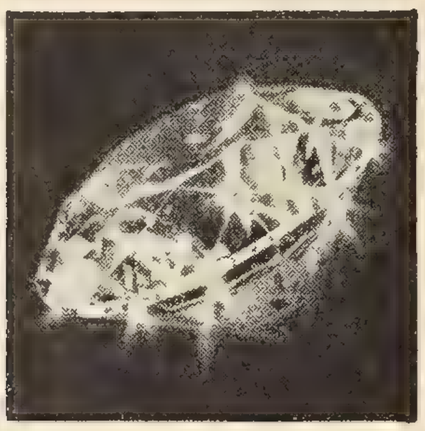


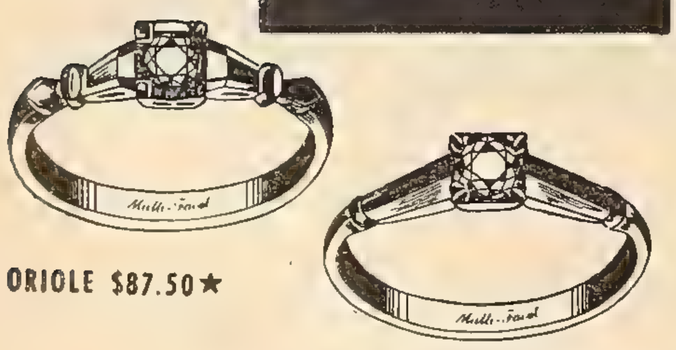
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York, again one needs money. Louis MacLoon was about to present Jane Cowl to Los Angeles in "Romeo and Juliet." The call went out for tall men to play the guards of Verona. Being six foot one, Gable was hired. Through the twelve-week run, MacLoon watched him. He was getting ready to produce "What Price Glory?" One of the characters, Sgt. Kiper, was described as lean and hungry-looking. Clark was lean and hungry-looking. The producer offered him the job.

His first speaking part on a professional stage. That was fine enough. Yet finer things were to come. MacLoon proved his good angel. When Sgt. Quirt gave notice, he said, "Like to play it, Clark?" All through Clark's opening performance, he stood in the wings, coaching, encouraging. When the curtain fell, he said: "You'll do, my boy."

Gable stayed with him till the end of the season, appearing in six plays. One was "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore. Like Josephine Dillon, Barrymore found qualities in Gable that promised well. The two became friends—a friendship that was to bear fruit.

Meantime Clark took a job as second lead with a Texas company. Again the leading man left, again the newcomer stepped in. Earning two hundred a week, he saved most of it. Then back to Los Angeles to seek MacLoon's advice—

"What do you think of my going to New York?"

"I don't have to think. Go while you've still got money in your jeans. Or you'll never get there—"

Josephine went with him. They'd been married almost four years, not too successfully. For months they'd been drifting farther and farther apart. This was to be their final try together. It didn't work out. Early in '29, Clark's wife returned to Los Angeles and filed suit for divorce.

To Arthur Hopkins, he presented a let-



Dear Mr. Delacorte:

Once you printed a story about me, called "Sixteen's Er-ker." The reason I mention it is in case you've forgotten that er-ker means okay. Well, I hope fifteen's er-ker for MODERN SCREEN, *and twenty and twenty-five, and as long as you care to have it go on living, which is practically forever, I suppose.*

I really meant to write long ago about the last color layout you did at our house. Mom and I thought it was simply super, and we couldn't get over how wonderful the reproductions turned out. That's one thing I love about your magazine—the beautiful colors. They make me feel cheerful, which is my favorite way to feel. You sort of expect to see the big portraits in color, that's not so unusual. But you turn a black-and-white page, and out pops a home sitting of Deanna Durbin or someone, all red and blue and just laughing *with colors. Sometimes, when math gets me down, I take time out for a couple of extra peeks—which is bad for math, but good for morale. Maybe it's good for math too, because you go back feeling sort of refreshed.*

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ter of introduction from MacLoon. He made no effort to impress Mr. Hopkins. With complete candor, he unfolded his odyssey, including the milkboats. The producer cast him as the Young Man in "Machinal." He might have done worse. "Young, vigorous and brutally masculine," said one paper. "Plays the casual, good-humored lover without a hackneyed gesture," said another.

hollywood bound . . .

Play followed play. In none did he create a sensation, but work came without too much difficulty. He liked New York and had ceased to give the movies a thought. Had the offer from MacLoon come at another time, he might have refused it. But in May, the New York season was over. "Will you come out to play Killer Mears in 'The Last Mile?'" MacLoon had wired. A fine part in a fine play. And he owed MacLoon a lot. . . .

He owed MacLoon still more when the curtain fell on opening night. The audience had cheered. The Hollywood which had ignored him now sang his praises. All the studios wanted to test him. But by virtue of their friendship, Lionel Barrymore's claim came first. He took his brother, John, back to Clark's dressing room.

"Young man," said John, "you're going far."

Lionel shook his head. "You're wrong, John. He's already there."

Not quite.

Barrymore took him to Irving Thalberg. "I want to test him as a native for 'Bird of Paradise.'" By an odd coincidence, the first play Clark had ever seen.

Thalberg looked him over—the ears, the shoulders, the toughness. Enthusiasm was lacking, but he said all right.

They took him to make-up. They smeared him dark all over. They curled his hair, dressed him in a G-string, stuck a hibiscus behind his ear. Never had he felt such a fool. Barrymore showed the test to Thalberg. Thalberg, a man of great self-possession, lost his composure. "Not that, not that!" he groaned. "Take it away!" Clark, for one, didn't blame him.

Other tests were made by Warners and Universal. No good. His ears stuck out. He looked lumpy. He was all over knuckles.

Once more he prepared to shake the dust of Hollywood. In New York Al Woods wanted him for a part in "Farewell to Arms." He was packing when an agent called. "Come on out to Pathé. Come running—"

At Pathé they said: "It's a Western. Do you ride?"

"Sure—"

"That's fine. We'll pay you seven-fifty—"

Seven-fifty! Today they were paying extras more. He opened his mouth to protest, but the agent nudged him. Outside, Clark asked, "What's this seven-fifty business?"

"Seven hundred and fifty bucks a week—"

Clark whistled. "For that I ought to know how to ride—"

"You mean you don't?"

"Haven't been on a horse since I was a kid. But I'll learn—"

gangster gable . . .

"The Painted Desert" didn't start for five weeks. When it did, Clark could ride. Also he made an impression as the heavy. An impression so good that M-G-M forgave the hibiscus and signed him as the heavy in "The Easiest Way." But not yet did the women claim him as their own. Not till one woman—Joan Crawford—asked that he be cast as the gangster in



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"Dance, Fools, Dance." That was when it began—a small but persistent chorus that swelled into full power with "A Free Soul."

M-G-M was having a hard time, finding this gangster to play opposite Norma Shearer. He must be a combination of villainy and charm, a thoroughly bad man who could yet turn the head of a girl of gentle breeding. It was offered to many well-known actors and turned down. "Too small," they said, "and too unsympathetic—"

As Clarence Brown, the director, lunched in the commissary one noon, a tall young man entered—a young man who carried his broad shoulders easily, whose blue eyes held the look of far spaces, who smiled with a touch of ironic humor—

"Do you know that fellow?" Brown asked his companion.

"His name's Gable. We have him under contract."

"Ask him to come over."

He took Clark to Hunt Stromberg, the producer, who approved his choice. With the actor, Mr. Stromberg was frank. "You're getting it because nobody else'll touch it. But I'll make a prediction. When it's over, you'll be a star—"

The prediction came true. Norma Shearer explained why. "No matter how despicable he was, the sympathy went his way. You couldn't help liking him." The unpleasantness belonged to the character, the tough masculinity was Gable's own. It triumphed over the implications of the role. M-G-M wisely let the women have their way. Gable the heavy became Gable the hero.

There is little point in detailing his triumphal march—from "Susan Lennox" with Garbo through "Dancing Lady" to another landmark—"It Happened One Night," which brought him an Oscar and a reputation for light comedy. From "Mutiny on the Bounty" through "Test Pilot" to "Gone With the Wind"—because movie goers would hear of no other Rhett Butler. All this, with no diminution of popularity. For eight consecutive years among the big box office ten. For five of those years, second only to Will Rogers or Shirley Temple.

In 1940, M-G-M destroyed his unmatured contract, and signed him to a new one. Seven years without options, at a figure that would bring him a fortune, whatever Uncle Sam took. On the studio's part, it was a declaration of faith in his long-term hold on the public. Holding the pen, Clark felt slightly ill at ease—as he always feels on formal occasions. He sought to lighten the moment. "How'm I doin'?" he grinned.

From the farmlands of Ohio, from the oil fields of Oklahoma, from the northern lumber camps to this. Through poverty and failure, through hopes that had crashed and disappointments that had multiplied. Knocked down a hundred times, picking himself up, starting out again. A shabby little theater in Akron had given him the vision. In himself, he had found the strength. He was doing all right.

In 1931 he had married Rhea Langham, whom he met while playing in "The Last Mile." Four years later they separated.

Much has been written on the subject of his two broken marriages. Much that has hinted at a lack in Gable. My feeling leads me to other conclusions. . . .

mistaken love . . .

In spite of his early economic self-reliance, in spite of his years of roving, my feeling is that the young Clark understood little of women. Himself uncomplicated, not given to self-searching, neither did he try to analyze feminine

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psychology. At 23, he married Josephine Dillon—an older woman, opening vistas on a new way of life.

In a way, the situation repeated itself. Rhea Langham too, was older than Clark, mother of two children. She too, showed him a new way of life. Poised, sophisticated, with a Park Avenue background, she moved in a circle of brilliance, gayety and wit. There can be no question but that Clark was dazzled—by her charm, by the difference between her and any other woman he'd met.

Through the frictions of his second marriage, he learned to know himself. The first suspicion of basic differences stunned him. In '32 they separated briefly but were reconciled. Clark fought for this marriage. He tried hard and honestly to fit himself into the rigid pattern of that social existence which was natural to his wife.

But finally, he learned to know the kind of man he was. A man who had to be himself, who could fit into nobody's pattern. To whom money and social standards meant nothing.

This life was not Rhea's life, which was no reflection on either. He didn't expect her to change. Nor could he change himself. So they parted. He took a suite at the Beverly-Wilshire, with none to question his comings and goings. Shortly thereafter, he left on a 25000-mile tour of South America.

In 1933 Clark and Carole Lombard made a picture together—"No Bed of Her Own." People say they didn't get along too well. In 1936 they met at the Mayfair Ball. She was with Cesar Romero. He arrived late. He promised himself to dance one dance and leave. That dance was with Carole Lombard, and he didn't leave. They danced again, and again. The room was crowded. But for these two, it might have been an island where they were alone.

So began their love. Not till three years later were they to marry. For this, there were several reasons. . . .

From the beginning, Carole made no secret of her feeling. She too, had tried marriage and failed. But on her, the failure had left no scar. As surely as if an angel had pointed him out, she knew that Clark was her man. . . .

With him, it was different. Every instinct drew him toward this honest, gay-hearted girl, and yet he was afraid—the burnt child, dreading the flame. How could he know? Twice before he had thought himself in love. Twice the end had been disenchantment. Despite two mistakes, he was no man to step easily in and out of marriage. Resolved on freedom to be himself, he longed for anchorage, too—in the warmth of home, the comradeship of laughter, the blessing of love. Perhaps all this was too much to expect. . . .

Especially from Carole. Carole was a party girl—a restless seeker of excitement, living in a whirl of night clubs and hilarity. The last girl in the world from whom you'd expect peace.

Yet all this was camouflage over a spirit which itself sought peace. She found it in Gable, like a lost child come home. He was her world and the rest dropped away.

And at last Clark realized that the miracle had happened. Knowing himself at last, he knew that he'd reached emotional maturity, that this was the love all men wait for and few achieve. . . .

One obstacle remained. Legally, Rhea Langham was still Mrs. Gable. However, her only reason for not giving Clark a divorce was a simple one—he'd never asked for it. Now he paid $286,000 plus taxes for a release and in March of '39, he was free to marry. . . .

On a March day in '39, a car drove through the streets of Kingman, Arizona. It stopped at the parsonage where Carole



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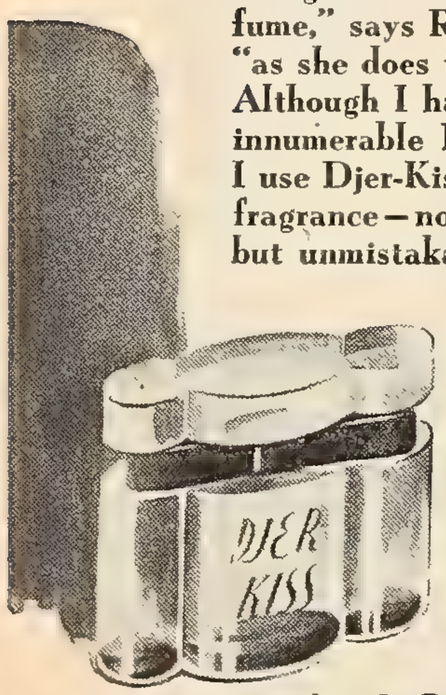
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By Kerkoff

and Clark stepped out—as well as Otto Winkler, their friend of the M-G-M publicity department.

The parson was out, calling on a sick parishioner. His wife asked them to wait. Side by side on a sofa in the little parlor they sat till the parson arrived. . . .

"Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable are here," said his wife. "They'd like to be married—"

There was no time for a honeymoon, not then. When Clark's picture was finished, they started for New York. But in a Mexican auto camp they were sidetracked. What matter that theaters and gayety waited? Here they tramped around all day in slacks and jeans, here the country was beautiful, nobody bothered them. Day after day they stayed, till the weeks of their holiday were gone, and they drove contentedly home.

It was an idyl that lasted not quite three years.

Out in the valley lay a ranch, for which Clark had hungered. It belonged to Raoul Walsh, the director. Clark was crazy to buy it. "And Walsh," he grinned, "would be crazy to sell it."

But one day a real estate agent called Carole. He told her the Walsh place was for sale. She called M-G-M. Clark was in the midst of a scene. "I'll hang on," she said, "if it takes all night. Because if he hears this from someone else, I'll do murder."

When he came, she said, "You still want the Walsh ranch, Pappy?"

He said, "If this is a gag—"

"It's no gag, it's for sale—"

They bought it that day, trading in another place as part payment.

There, in the house of shingles and whitewashed brick, they found happiness as complete as it's given anyone in this world to know. There Carole made for Clark the home that was not a showplace, where dogs were welcome, where mud on the feet was no tragedy. A home of friendliness, of chintz and maple, sunshine and flowers and open hearths—a home for living. And the fields outdoors, where Clark worked with the hired man. Horses to ride, and chickens that Carole took care of. Carole, darling of the night clubs, learned about tractors and irrigation ditches and alfalfa. She learned to hunt and fish. She refused to make pictures when he wasn't working. Once, asked for his favorite type of girl, he answered, "A girl who likes my type of man. If I come home Friday, and say, let's grab a few clothes and dig out for the week end, my kind of girl will say fine, and mean it."

Clark had found his kind of girl.

December 7, 1941. Bombs crashed on Pearl Harbor.

December 8. America was at war.

In January, the Treasury geared its forces to a huge bond drive. Carole's home town was Indianapolis. Carole's personality was electric, compelling. Her presence at rallies would sell more bonds. They asked her to go to Indianapolis.

So one day she left the beloved home at Encino. Clark drove her to the train. They stopped for her mother, who was going along to see old friends. At the station, Otto Winkler waited—the same Otto who had been their marriage witness. He would handle details of the trip, of the speaking engagement.

There were pictures of Carole in Indianapolis—a slender, fair-haired young woman, wrapped in furs against the cold of outdoors, vital, aflame, conveying the passion of her convictions to her countrymen. Ten days of unflagging labor. Then, with the knowledge of a job well done, with the sale of millions of bonds credited to her efforts, she turned her face toward home.

The story goes that a coin was flipped: Heads, they would take the train—tails,

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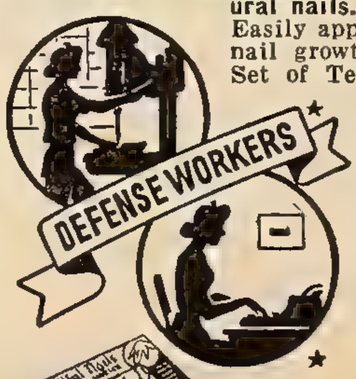
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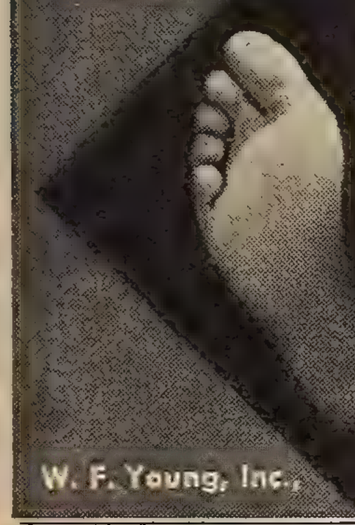
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the plane. The story goes that Carole was pleased when it turned up heads. The plane would get them in on Friday, and she would have Sunday with Clark who had just begun working in "Somewhere I'll Find You." When he worked, Sundays were doubly precious. . . . .

So came the last day of her life. At the airport he waited with a friend. First, they were told that the plane would be an hour late—then, that it had been grounded at Las Vegas. Clark grew uneasy, but his friend persuaded him to go home, since Carole might be trying to get him there. He himself would call Las Vegas for information. As he stepped into the phone booth, the news came in.

It was Eddie Mannix who had to go out and tell Clark. Not that Carole was dead. He couldn't face the man who loved her and push the dreadful words across his lips. There had been an accident, he said, no details had come through. They would fly to Las Vegas.

Clark spoke no word, asked no questions, moved with unseeing eyes. From the car to the airport, from the airport to the chartered plane. The blue eyes were blank, looking inward on chaos. At Las Vegas they still said they didn't know. The plane had crashed. Searchers had gone out. Some in the plane might be alive.

None were alive. The bodies were brought down. By war regulations, Army personnel first. Women next. Carole and her mother. Clark refused to leave till Otto had been found. The day after Carole and her mother were buried, he sat through the services for Otto, beside Otto's wife. Then he collapsed.

Not for weeks did he mention Carole's name. The first person he spoke it to was his father. . . .

For Clark it had been a major achievement to get his father to Hollywood. Being a normal parent, he was enormously proud of his son. Being himself, he never admitted in words that Clark had done



Dear Editors:

Thought you'd like to know I ran into a pal of yours overseas. Name of MODERN SCREEN. *Passed a table in one of the recreation rooms, and there she perched, big as life and just about as battered. Looked like she'd been cased by every guy in the joint. I leafed through her myself for a squint at the old familiar faces. Some were scissored out—promoted to pin-ups, no doubt—and I'm sure you'll agree that it was a promotion.*

Made some inquiries, and found that you print a special overseas edition. Met a fellow who used to be in your game himself, and he gave me the fine points. "No ads," he said. "That's smart. Because lipsticks we don't need, and perfume we can get along without. Also notice it's full size, so we get full benefit of the glamor art. Hollywood's important here, Bing. It's gotta be, or these books wouldn't get precious space in planes. Sure, they're flown out to bomber bases, and distributed from there—"

Made me feel kind of good, so I'm passing it on. By the time your next birthday rolls around, hope the boys'll be reading your domestic edition.

Yours,

Bing

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well to become an actor.

After Carole's death, the older man took to coming over for breakfast. For the rest, he left his son to himself. He too, had known what it was to lose a young wife. A man must find his way through agony alone.

out from the shadows . . .

Little by little, Clark moved from under the shadows back to life. First, he finished the interrupted picture to which his studio was committed. On August 11, 1942, he enlisted as a private in the Army Air Force. Found qualified for OCS, he started the rigorous training at 41 among men who were fifteen and twenty years his junior. In a class of 2600, he finished gunnery school No. 700. By the time he was shipped to England, he'd earned his Captaincy.

As gunner and operational photographer, his job was to take action pictures over enemy territory, and from those pictures to make a training film. His other job was to man a gun and shoot at attacking planes. Next to being under fire, his greatest discomfort was the publicity he couldn't always avoid. What he wanted most was to do a good job. What he wanted almost as much was to be left alone—not to be singled out because once upon a time he'd been a movie actor.

A year later he returned with campaign ribbons, the Air Medal for his combat missions and 50,000 feet of film. A press conference in Washington. A hundred reporters and one uneasy Air Corps Captain. Yes, he'd shot at many German planes. No, he didn't think he'd hit any. Yes, he'd been a little scared. Yes, his own plane had been hit, but nothing out of the ordinary.

Then someone asked for a fifty-word tribute to the men he'd fought with.

He answered quietly. "That's something I couldn't put into words—"

He spent almost a year on his picture. It's called "Combat America." Originally, it was meant for the Armed Forces only. Because of its excellence, the government will give it general release.

Late in '44, Captain Gable was placed on inactive duty. For obvious reasons. Flights at 20,000 feet are hard on the system even of youngsters, and after a year on the ground, he was out of training. Rather than keep him on minor assignments, the AAF felt he could be of greater service in the movies, rated essential to soldier and civilian morale. Clark didn't like it, but the choice wasn't offered him. On one point he had his way. No discharge. He's still a member of the AAF, subject to recall, should he be needed.

Once out of uniform, he went to Oregon on a two-months' fishing trip. Then to Florida and New York. At M-G-M, his first picture was in preparation: "Strange Adventure," in which Clark will play a Marine on furlough. If the schedule holds, he will be at work when you read this.

The movies didn't make Gable. He was fashioned by the land he was born on and the people he came from, by the dragons he vanguished and the dream he followed. Through such adulation as few have known, he has kept the simplicity of his forbears. Through tragedy, he has gained new strength. Through the comradeship and service of battle, he has found meanings in life beyond the personal. Through all the tests by which we are measured, he has been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. The rest doesn't matter.

He would laugh at all this. "Too many words, and they're all too long."

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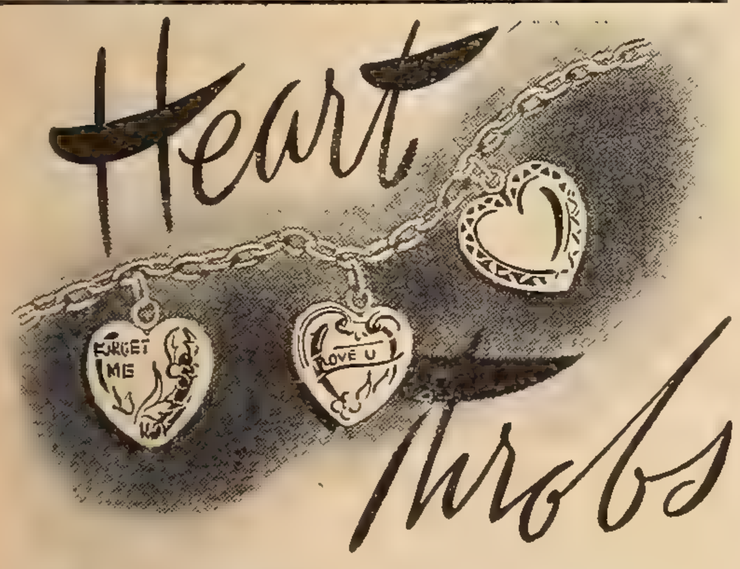


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HEDDA HOPPER'S MEMOIRS

(*Continued from page 57*)

where he'd come from. But no, into the scene he went, like a lamb to the butcher. Of course it was impossible. Might as well have asked Shirley Temple, ten years ago, to make sophisticated love to Charles Boyer. Gary was all hands, all feet, all blushes, all stammers. And did Clara turn on the heat as only the "It" Girl could! I thought Gary would shrivel down to a strip of crisp bacon. But he sweated it out. The next day, though, there wasn't any leading man. Gary was gone, vamoosed, AWOL. He wasn't home, either. He had run away like a stampeded steer and he was still running when they caught up with him, in a tiny hotel room somewhere in California. And when Gary did come back, he was the same as ever, scared out of his skin, but this time Clara Bow relaxed and tried to make it easy—gosh, the whole company did—and somehow Gary got through his first romantic job and was off to the races.

lanky lover . . .

Because, while as an actor, frankly he smelled like a skunk in a trunk, there was something in the big, gawky, handsome man's man that made women swoon, the same something there is today, only it's been polished up, matured, mellowed. Crazily enough, Hollywood romance did that, too—not the set kind, but the real kind. The cowboy kinks were ironed out of Gary by a dozen willing teachers, but of them all I seem to remember Lupe Velez best. Dear Lupe—what a beauty she was when Doug Fairbanks first brought her up from Mexico to play his leading lady in "The Gaucho," if I remember right. Now she is dead, tragically dead through a romantic mess that somehow still doesn't make sense to me. Because if anybody ever brimmed with life and the love of life it was Guadalupe Velez Villalobos. Gary fell for the charming little Mexican early in his Hollywood career and she kidded him out of his pathetic shyness, made him laugh and lured him out of his back country reserve like no one else could. I can still hear her loosing a torrent of Spanish at the happily bewildered guy. Because when Lupe was in love you could hear her a country mile. When she yelled "Gayree!" it was certainly the noisiest sweet nothing ever voiced, but one of the nicest, too.

Gary would do the darndest things for her. I remember one time he gave her an eagle—a real live one, and naturally she loved it. But also naturally she had an objection.

"W'at good ees wan eagle?" screamed Lupe. "'E must 'ave ees mate. Get 'eem a mate for me, Gayree!"

I'm not going into the education of Gary Cooper here—that's a story in itself and some day, because he's one of my favorite people, I might break down and write it. After he broke up with Lupe he ran away from Hollywood again, this time as far away as he could get. Typically Cooper, he went down to a steamship office and asked bluntly, "What's the longest boat trip you can take?" They told him Italy via the Panama Canal would be fair and that's where he went. In Italy he met Dorothy, Countess Di Frasso, and she put him through the school of fashion and society and the *haut monde* of two worlds. Then he fell in love with Veronica Balfe, the Eastern society girl who's his wife, the "Rocky" Cooper we know today, and they're very happy and very much in love, and, like I say, on the outside you'd never, never know that Gary

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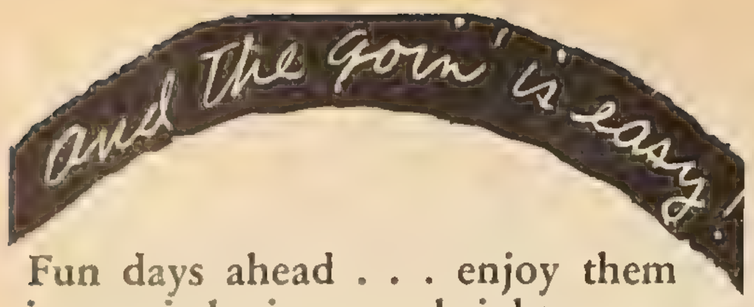


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Cooper, world traveler, famous star, man of the world and solid citizen, was once a gangling wide-eyed cow waddy from Montana. Hollywood and Hollywood women have worked the great transformation.

Ah me—yes, Hollywood changes people and people change Hollywood. But the Great God Glamour was worshipped from the start as it is today. That's one thing, you can bet, that will never change, not as long as G for glamour is also G for gold. Or better yet, G for Goldwyn. Because salesman Sam Goldwyn is one peddler of that marvelous merchandise who's still with us today with his Goldwyn Girls and his super-expensive epics. I remember Sam's greatest production although it was twenty-odd years ago and I'll remember it just as brightly and as awesomely twenty years from now if I'm not a memory myself by then! Sam Goldwyn's greatest production wasn't a picture—it was a wedding.

super-nuptials . . .

We've had some mighty fancy nuptial events in Hollywood. When Jeanette MacDonald and her Prince Charming, Gene Raymond, told it to the preacher a few years ago down on Wilshire Boulevard, I thought they made a slight mistake. With all the people they had for that exhibition they'd have done a lot better in the Rose Bowl. Jeanette was out to out-bride all brides and Gene was willin', too. The result was practically a Hollywood Roman holiday for heartstrings. You could have made a good B picture with half the time and effort, but it wouldn't have been half so good a show. I think the height of something, to my distorted mind, was reached when Jeanette, who was set on a perfect color scheme for her bridesmaids, asked Ginger Rogers, her good friend, to change the color of her hair for the wedding, so she'd match. Well, Ginger had a mess of pumpkin colored tresses at that point which were very necessary to a picture she was



Dear Modern Screen Gang:

I'm not much on a lot of language, and I'm not much on birthdays. Never celebrated my own till Modern Screen *egged me on to it last year. That's maybe why I'm feeling pretty conscious of yours this year. Can't let it go by without wishing you the best.*

I'm the original movie mag fan, Al. As a kid back home, I used to snip out pictures and paste them on the ceiling, so I could look at 'em lying in bed. Dad thought I was nuts. Just the same, he saved 'em and shipped 'em all out to me, and now they're stacked in my closets against the day when I get time to read 'em through again.

What all this leads up to is, I know my fan mags and I'd like to salute yours as one of the liveliest. I'd also like to salute two ladies of the press who contribute plenty to its liveliness. Need I say their names are Hopper and Parsons? They don't need any laurels from me. Neither does your book. Because a combination like that proves that it's (a) smart (b) lucky.

You're the editor, Al. Take a bow on your kid's birthday. And quit blushing.

Van



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making and the answer had to be "No." It was a case of crisis and I've forgotten how Ginger solved it, but for a while our blushing bride was in a tizzy.

Viewing all the Jeanette and Gene super-nuptials, I remember the Hollywood cynics (Now, I don't mean me) got up a pool. They made bets about how long this glorified union would last. I'm afraid I'll have to report that most guesses weren't on the long side. But—and there you are—it's still going strong.

Deanna Durbin didn't have such forever after luck with her marriage, but it's another Hollywood wedding that gives me spots before the eyes. Because Deanna was the Cinderella girl—Little Miss Bride—in person. She had what every girl dreams about at her wedding to Vaughn Paul. She had love, love, love. She had all of young and beautiful Hollywood to watch her march to the altar. Cameras, police, wedding suppers, gorgeous gifts and a trousseau to end all trousseaus. And, unless my eyes deceived me, she wore it all at once.

But I was talking about Sam Goldwyn's wedding wasn't I? Sam's star's wedding, I mean—Vilma Banky. She married Rod LaRoque—remember?

I think Vilma Banky was about as great a natural beauty as we ever had in Hollywood. One of those blond Hungarian women who look like honey whipped with country cream. You wouldn't call Rod any Boris Karloff, either. So when they fell in love and decided to make themselves one it was a natural. Sam not only decided to give it the Goldwyn touch, he took it over, just like Vilma was his daughter.

There were twenty-two—count 'em—22 separate showers for Vilma, to start the ball rolling. Sam made out the lists of showerettes. Not only that, he let each one know exactly what present to bring and how much to spend. Naturally, before that gift marathon expired there were enough presents to stock a store. In fact, the bride collected them all together and wanted to hire all the display windows of Los Angeles' biggest department store to exhibit them to the eager public, but Sam's wife finally talked her out of that.

the gold goldwyn touch . . .

Everything else Sam managed and he managed it with the gold Goldwyn touch, with an eye, of course, to the Hollywood sheep and goats. There were three separate invitations to the wedding festivities. I can see them now, each printed on different color paper, tickets for the three main events, the church wedding, the reception, the supper. Believe me, you had to be good to make all three. But somehow I did. That's why I know how Sam Goldwyn knocked himself out. He must have spent half the cost of an epic picture to marry off Vilma. He tossed dollars around like beans. He bought a copy of Emily Post's Etiquette and whatever Emily said the bride's father must pay for, Sam paid. But when he read that the groom stood the bill for the flowers Sam collared Rod and made him kick in—although that was a drop in the bucket. You see, Sam wanted everything fit and proper according to Emily—and he got it. What a wedding! I can see Tom Mix now, riding up in a special cowboy wedding outfit in a carriage that had belonged to the Kaiser. C. B. DeMille was best man and when the organ pealed out it played that piece, "Oh, King of Kings" and everybody chuckled. "Leave it to DeMille," they said, "to plug his picture." He'd just finished "King of Kings."

But Hollywood was just the same. Glamour was the god and Vanity the theme song. I've never seen such a spread of food that weighted the long re-





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ception tables at the Old Beverly Hills Hotel. Turkeys, pheasants, hams, roasts, suckling pigs, and all that went with them; cakes, ices, fancy French dishes and desserts. There was enough food for an army and there was an army of glamour there to eat it. Only nobody did. There were guards to see that nobody committed that sacrilege. Not a turkey was sliced. It was all for show! So everyone filled up on the bathtub gin (it was Prohibition then) and when the reception was over all of Hollywood had a snootful and half the town wasn't speaking to the other half for weeks!

Speaking of weddings—I see where Gloria Swanson tried it again the other day. That's five times now for Queen Gloria, and I call her that because Swanson will always be "Queen Gloria" to us Hollywood old timers. When I first knew that gorgeous gal she was queen of the Paramount lot and jealous of her throne. She'd passed through her first not so happy homes with Wally Beery and Herb Somborn (who founded all the Hollywood Brown Derbies), and was about to lay Hollywood right on its ear with the third. But first, Gloria had to battle for her throne and ward off a foreign invasion in the person of exotic Pola Negri. The struggle is still known in Hollywood as "The Battle of the Cats"—no offense meant, girls. These were real cats.

scat, cat . . .

You see, Gloria was a great lover of our feline friends and during her early sway tabbies and pussies roamed at will all over the Paramount lot and woe unto anyone who disturbed a hair of their precious hides. Then in swept Pola from Mittel Europa to challenge Queen Gloria right in her own cat infested domain. And if there was one thing on this earth that gave Pola the pip—it was cats! They made her scream, have bad dreams and tantrums and she couldn't work. But the minute Pola's minions scatted a tomcat off the lot, in stepped Gloria to accept the gage of battle. It was love me, love my cats and pretty soon Paramount was divided into warring factions. It almost wrecked the joint. Pola's friends shooed all the cats away and Gloria's loyal subjects dragged them back in. Swanson's shock troops poured milk in a hundred studio saucers every day and Pola's pals dumped it out. Pretty soon production was at a standstill and a few executives had nervous breakdowns. So Gloria went off to New York in a huff, the first to break off the battle, but to this day when you mention cats around Paramount you want to smile, sister—smile.

But what I remember about Queen Gloria most was her triumphant return to Hollywood, with a real, live marquis in tow. That was her third marriage and Swanson was right in her prime and to us Hollywood yokels nobility was something new and different and very, very awe inspiring. Believe me, we were impressed. Talk about fans mobbing Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson—say, all Hollywood acted like a bunch of bobbysockers.

Gloria had met and married the Marquis de la Falaise in Paris where she'd made her first French movie, "Madame Sans Gene." "Hank," as we soon knew him, was a nice guy and I'm sure he was not only confoozed but amoozed at the circus parade Hollywood staged to greet its very first, genuine Almanach de Gotha title snagged by a home town gal.

hail the queen . . .

I can still see the big banner stretched clear across Hollywood Boulevard at Vine Street. "WELCOME HOME QUEEN GLORIA" it screamed, although the dear gal was only a marquise. The crowds were





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so thick you couldn't wiggle. And for two blocks down the street from the studio gates there were wooden bleachers with reserved seats for all the Hollywood big shots. There was a brass band, too—honest—blaring out the "Marsellaise" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "Here Comes the Bride." Whistles tooted, horns blew, drums rattled and cameras whirred. But the sweetest touch of all, I thought, were the flower girls. Paramount had gathered up all the female moppets in Hollywood it seemed, dressed them in organdie frocks and stationed them along the last grand line of march. All the flower gardens in Southern California had been stripped of blooms to shower the royal pair. But all available baskets and buckets gave out quickly so most of the little garland tossers had to use what Paramount could find. And until my dying day I'll never forget the sight of Queen Gloria and her noble knight riding in triumph up to Paramount's gates, pelted with roses and posies snatched by dainty little fingers —out of galvanized garbage cans!

Royalty, somehow, always makes me think of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Hollywood's Royal Family, but especially good old Doug, as charming a man as ever lived. And, thank goodness, he passed on his charm and love of life and talent to his son Doug, Jr.—excuse me, Lieut. Commander Douglas Fairbanks, USNR. Doug. Jr., was almost spoiled by coming to Hollywood too young and getting exposed to the glamour school, but he snapped out of it and he made a name his Dad would be mighty proud of. And how thrilled Doug would have been if he'd been alive the other day when the King of England decorated his son for gallantry. How Doug loved royalty, and pomp and circumstance and courtly glamour! Mary and Doug were as near as Hollywood ever got to a royal family and as near to a



Dear Al and Henry:

Some day in 1985, Nancy and I'll be sitting by the fire, remembering. And I'll say, "Did that happen before little Frankie was born?" (Gosh, will we still be calling him little Frankie?!) and Nancy'll say, "Well, we don't have to break our heads. Let's look it up in MODERN SCREEN."

So I'll get the files out and put on my specs and, whatever we're looking for, betcha we'll find it. It'll be like going through the old family album, only more so. Words and pictures. Cute gags the kids pulled. An evening at home with Nancy that we'd both forgotten, and that starts us dreaming back. Old friends and bobbysockers—"Bless 'em," says Nancy, and I say, "Amen." It's a priceless record, boys, and something we never could have done for ourselves.

There'll be a picture on the piano of Nancy and the children and me, as we were in 1945. It's not there yet, but I'm hoping it will be. I'd like Gus Gale to make it—there's something Gus catches in a kid's face that we'd like to keep. If that's okay with you, I promise you one thing. The picture'll still be there on MODERN SCREEN'S *fifty-fifth birthday. We'll look at it, Nancy and I, and we'll say, as we're saying now, "Thanks for the memories."*

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perfect movie marriage too, and I always thought that the heart-shaped drive which led up to Pickfair was more than symbolic. I happen to know that they missed reconciliation by just three hours, after Doug had had his European fling and before Mary fell in love with Buddy Rogers—but that's a story I'll save for later.

I was always soft on Doug—he could make you feel like a princess with that flashing smile—and I knew him a long, long time. In fact, it was Doug's first wife, Beth Sully (who's Doug, Jr.'s mother) who found me my first house in Hollywood and dug me up two Japanese servants. But there's one thing I always held against him and Mary and that was the old-fashioned, intolerant way they treated Joan Crawford when young Doug married her, very definitely without royal consent. Oddly enough, it was royalty that first opened the doors of Pickfair to Joan.

When Lord Louis Mountbatten and his Lady, first cousins to the Royal House of Windsor, made their first visit to Hollywood, they stayed at Pickfair and at that time Doug, Jr. and Joan were in the doghouse. Joan was a daughter-in-law of our Hollywood Royal House, but she'd never been inside it. She'd never been invited. The Hey-Hey girl and flaming Charleston champ that Joan was then, the girl-about-town gone Hollywood, the ex-chorine turned movie star, was too much for the dignity of Pickfair to swallow. At that awkward moment came a royal command which Doug and Mary could not refuse. The Mountbattens wished very much to meet their glamorous daughter-in-law, Miss Joan Crawford, whose fame had spread to the British Isles as well as to the rest of the world, despite Doug's and Mary's frowns.

So the invitation, long delayed, arrived and Joan almost swooned with excitement. As usual, she made the visit a production. She had a special gown of white satin whipped up with a long train—she was going to meet royalty, wasn't she? She had a court coiffure and all the jewels she could muster. She drove up to Pickfair in style and tried to look regal and ladylike as she tripped into the room, although she was nervous as a witch. But alas—luck was against Crawford. As she glided up to the Mountbattens to make her curtsey, a servant happened to step on the train, just on the edge—but it was enough. "R-r-r-i-p!" Off it came, down it fell, and you could cut the silence with a knife. Joan gave one dismayed look, gasped, colored, turned—and fled.

I've always felt sorry for Joan Crawford. I know it's tough to feel sorry for anyone who has made as much money as Joan has, or basked in the spotlight of fame for so long. Joan has had almost every worldly thing you can get out of Hollywood. But she has never been satisfied with herself. She has always wanted to be somebody different than Lucille LeSeur. I've seen Joan's various personalities come and go, but the Joan Crawford I liked best—and I don't think I was alone, because that's the Joan who leaped to stardom—was the unvarnished Crawford of "Our Dancing Daughters"—the wild, unpredictable, life-loving, hell-raising Crawford with the flaming spirit and the big, soft, straight-shooting heart.

jivin' joan . . .

That was the Joan who kept a special room in her house for all the cups she won dancing the Charleston at the Coconut Grove and the old Montmartre Cafe. The Joan who had one of the most beautiful paintings of herself, *au naturel* (but for a string of pearls) hung in her room. Both the cups and the portraits are carefully stowed away in the basement now. Joan wasn't so ladylike then, but what

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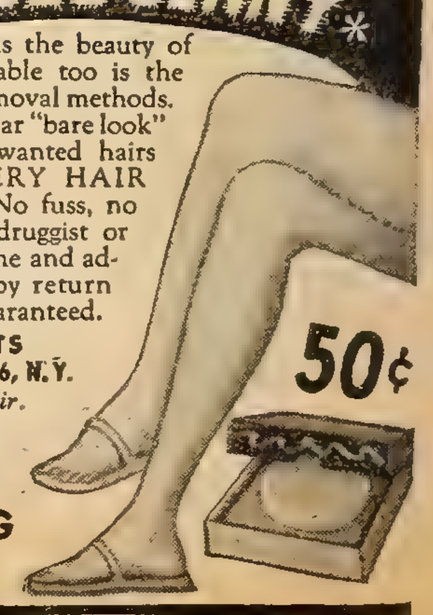
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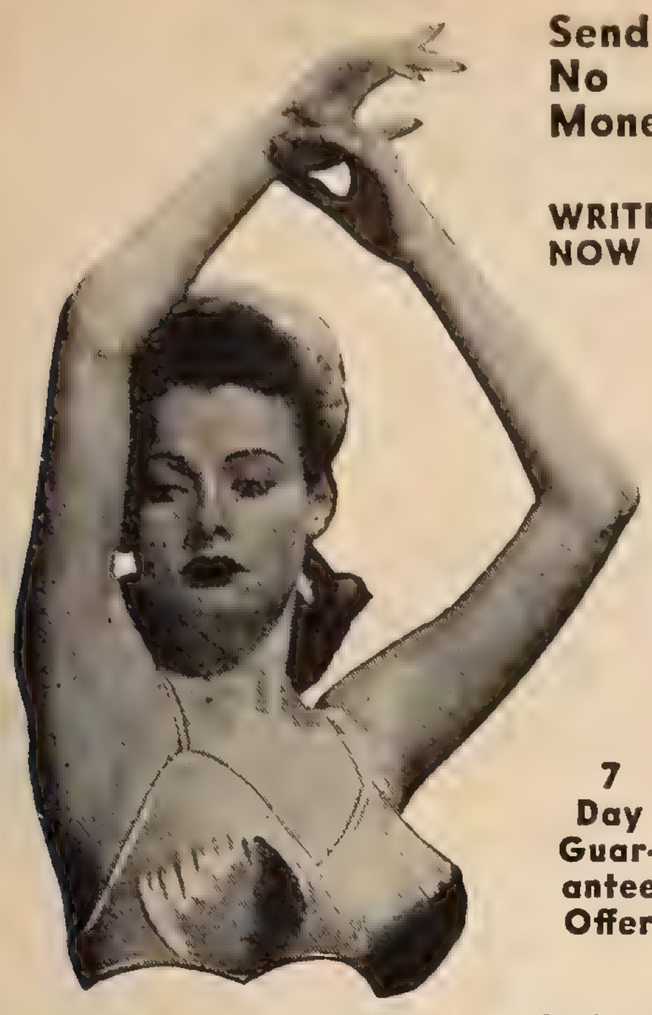
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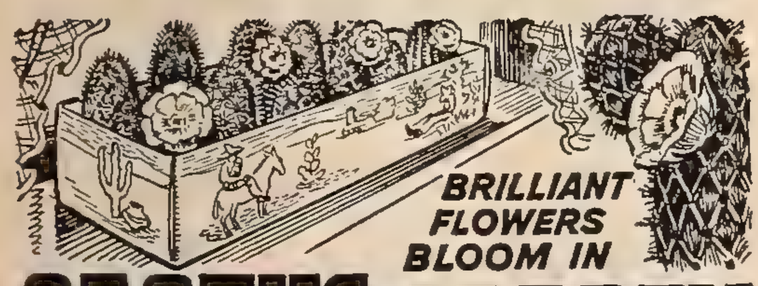
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is better for a movie star she had personality and color. She had more beaus than a debutante, too, and she had a heart as big as all outdoors, which she still has.

I remember one night after hey-heying into the wee hours at the Montmartre, as she did about every night then, Joan sped home in the cool dawn with her escort, a young man about town whose name you wouldn't know. The top was down and cooling off too quickly gave the poor chap pneumonia. He died from it and it turned out he hadn't a friend in Hollywood—except Joan. So she arranged for the funeral and tidied up all his affairs, even went around to all her friends, gathered them in for his last rites and had them write letters home and you'd have thought the fellow had been one of Hollywood's most respected citizens.

Joan seemed to be a *femme fatale* that way for a lot of men. She went with Jimmie Hall and he died. Monroe Owsley was another beau who passed on after a Crawford romance. That's just coincidence, of course. A great many others have loved Joan and survived very well, thanks, including Phil Terry and Franchot Tone, the "Gardenia Man" (Joan was going through a gardenia phase in their courtship—remember?) and, of course, Doug, Jr., the "Dodo" whom I wonder if she really has ever forgotten.

Rambling on about Joan Crawford takes me back to the night life we had in the dear, dim days.

hollywood goes snooty . . .

Hollywood first got exclusive at the Little Club in the Ambassador where only the *bon ton* and the elite could cavort and caper on bathtub gin. But I think Hollywood snootiness flowered much later on at the Mayfair dances. Something happened there I'll never forget.

The Mayfair numbered Hollywood's ultra-smart set. A Hollywood copy of the London West Enders, of course, and oh, my dear, so formal. For a time its balls made news all over the world and I doubt if there was ever a more publicized and flash-bulbed Peacock Alley anywhere. But it was never the same after the "White Mayfair." They should have called it The Black Mayfair. But the cause of it all was a scarlet dress.

Bette Davis snatched that incident for one of the best scenes in one of her best pictures, "Jezebel." But Bette wasn't involved in the original. The stars were Carole Lombard and Norma Shearer.

They'd dumped this particular Mayfair right in Carole's lap. She was the gal to plan it, stage it and run it, and whenever Carole took on a job she threw her whole vital being into it. She decided on a white ball—all the ladies to wear white, without a touch of color anywhere. It seemed like a swell idea and everyone promised to rally round. For weeks every Hollywood couturier was wearing his fingers to the bone stitching on white silks and satins. Came the big night and the ball was halfway through and going like a house afire and Carole, although she'd knocked herself out with all the work, was as happy as only Carole could be when she was having fun.

red scare . . .

Then in through the foyer and down the steps of the old Victor Hugo restaurant, (now Adrian's swank's gown shop) where the ball was held, swept Norma Shearer, smiling her pearlies from ear to ear, dead sure that every eye in the house was on no one but her. Because she had on the reddest red evening gown you ever saw. The only spot of fiery color in the whole place!

There was one mass gasp. People were stunned and shocked. I saw Carole turn



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whiter than the holy-white dress she wore. Then she turned and walked out of the place.

I saw a tall, dark and extremely handsome guy hurry after her. He followed her out the door and he took her home. His name was Clark Gable. That was the night their romance really began.

I've known lots of vain ladies in my time in Hollywood. Norma Shearer is not the only peacock in the pen, of course. It's an occupational affliction and I've got a touch myself. Marlene Dietrich, much as I admire her, was so darned mirror-happy when she first came to Hollywood that it's a wonder she didn't cut herself to pieces every move she made. Marlene had mirrors on the walls, the floor and the ceiling wherever she stayed more than a couple of hours. She just naturally admired the sight of her famous face and figure, and who else didn't? Dolores Del Rio, that unearthly beauty from Mexico, was troubled the same way. Once, I know, Orry-Kelly, who used to dream up creations for Warner Brothers stars, made a white fringed, daringly decollete gown for Dolores. It was a knockout, all right, and revealed much of Dolores' beautiful bronze body topped by her glossy, patent-leather coiffure, liquid eyes and heavenly, sensuous mouth. The effect was much too much for Del Rio. When she saw herself in the mirror she gasped and then impulsively ran up to the glass—and kissed her image!

But Norma, when she was queen of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, could give Del Rio cards and spades. Once, during the Depression when all the other stars at M-G-M were limited by strict studio decree to three takes on all closeups (to save film and money) Norma shot no less than fifteen *reels* on one scene alone, the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." And my sharp little eyes caught Norma red handed once in a plain case of preening. That was the night they premiered "Marie Antoinette," Norma's most lavish effort and first stab at movie royalty. There was a big post-premiere party scheduled at the Troc and half of Hollywood as well as an army of fans followed Norma from the theater to the supper spot. At the premiere, Shearer was a vision in a cloth-of-gold evening gown. *But* when she sat down at the Trocadero blowout she wore black sequins. I never knew where or when she made the quick change—maybe in the ladies' powder room—but anyway when I saw that, I said, "Baby, now you've seen everything in the vanity department."

Carole Lombard never forgave Norma. But I'd say it was worth it, considering that Gable took her side and soon took over her heart, too. I was always crazy about Carole. I never knew a franker, more honest, more utterly fascinating gal. And I knew Carole a long time. In fact, I was there the day Carole Lombard was born.

star naming . . .

Wait a minute—don't get me wrong. I'm no midwife, or even a nurses' aide and I'm really not that old—honest. What I mean is that I happened to be hanging around the day Jane Peters changed her name to Carole Lombard, the name by which the world will always know that swell person who gave her life for her country just as surely as if she'd gone over the top.

It was up at Harry Lombard's house. Harry was no relation whatever to Carole. But he and his wife were two of the dearest friends a lot of us had in Los Angeles in those days. The Lombards weren't professionals, but they had a lot of friends in the movie colony and somehow everybody met there for cocktails about every day at a hospitable open house

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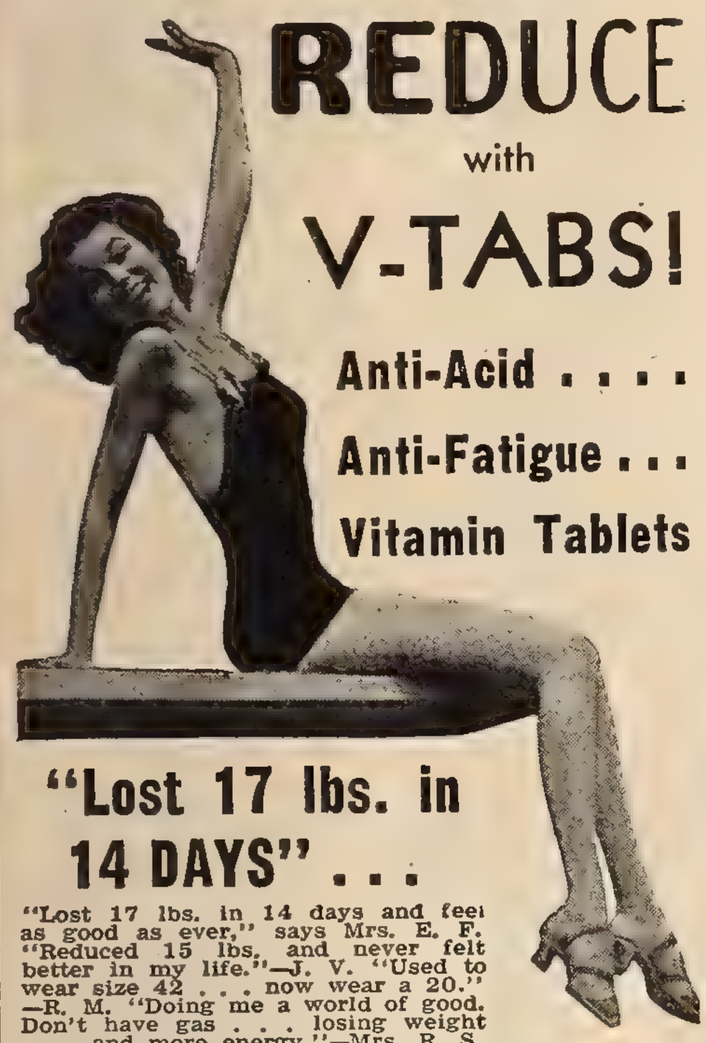
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that Harry held. You could always find everybody you knew at Harry's. Carole, I mean little Jane Peters, was a pet there. From a good Los Angeles family, Jane had ducked out of her fashionable girls' school a movie star for to be. She burned with ambition, but to me she always looked like she needed to grow up some more. She looked about 14 that day, but her violet eyes (no one ever had violet eyes like Carole) were shining like the star sapphires she later loved so well.

She burst into the room and we almost dropped our gin fizzes. "I've got a contract!" she cried. "Darlings, look at me—I'm a leading lady! Fox has signed me to play opposite Eddie Lowe!" It was her first Hollywood break. Her first crack at being an actress. She bounced around the room like a rubber doll.

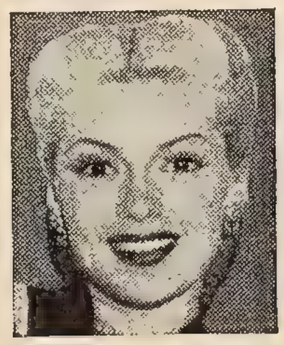
Then Harry Lombard sighed, "You'll never get famous as Jane Peters. It's too plain. Who'll want to see Jane Peters up in lights?"

Carole stopped dead and frowned. "Oh, damn!" she said. "I never thought of that. Of course I won't. I'll simply have to get a new name. What on earth will it be?"

"How about mine?" suggested Harry. "How about Jane Lombard? That's more theatrical." And Harry wasn't theatrical at all.

But the 'Jane' was still wrong and everybody in the big room started chipping in with suggestions. Finally somebody, I've forgotten who, came up with Carole and the new Miss Lombard snatched it like a trout does a fly. "That's it," she cried happily. "Meet Carole Lombard." So we did and afterwards so did a lot of other people.

I hope Clark finds the right girl to make him happy and marries again. That's what Carole would want him to do and I think he knows it. That doesn't mean that he'll ever forget her. The only personal treasure Clark salvaged out of the charred



Dear Modern Screen:

A little bird told me you were having a birthday, so I had to write.

You know, I used to think editors were all sort of middle-aged and serious, and I'll never forget how surprised I was when I first met you and Sylvia and Henry. I suppose you must be serious too, in a way, else you couldn't be running a magazine like Modern Screen. *But Sylvia's so young and pretty, and you two boys are so young and, well—cute-looking, with your grins and your crewcuts. (Which reminds me, is there a rule about crewcuts for* Modern Screen *editors? You don't have to answer.)*

Anyway, you turned out to be just as gay and human as you looked, and I think of you more as friends than editors. That goes for the whole staff. Know what I read first in the magazine? The editorial page. It's like family news—parties and pictures of Pete and all about that nice Jean Kinkead and her husband in the South Pacific. You're all real to me—same as you try to make us real to the readers, and I only hope they react the same way I do. Because knowing you makes me think you're a grand gang.

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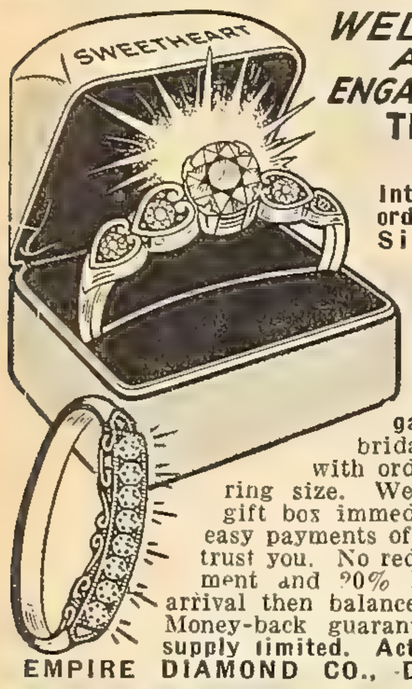
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plane wreck that he found on the side of that mountain where Carole met death was part of a ruby clip she was wearing. He had given it to her a short while before. He had a special box made for that precious fragment and he has carried it ever since. He carried it when he went bombing over Germany and he carries it today. I expect he always will.

school for scandal . . .

It was an ill-starred plane ride that shattered another perfect marriage, and indirectly, that launched one of the swellest actresses into a school for scandal.

Kenneth Hawks was one of the nicest guys I ever knew, besides being one of Hollywood's best directors and the idol of his wife, Mary Astor. But Kenneth went up in a plane one day for some shots and the plane wasn't constructed safely for aerial photography. So they knocked off a door to save a few dollars instead of doing it right and that plane took Kenneth and his crew down to their deaths.

Mary was madly in love with her director husband. She was the sweetest, most faithful wife in town. She'd been around Hollywood since her silent star days when she was only a girl, but such a beautiful girl. And then Kenneth was killed. She went all to pieces. It was Freddie March's wife, Florence, who persuaded her to take up her career again in a Broadway play. Mary was just getting back on her feet when along came Dr. Franklin Thorpe.

I was making "Holiday" with Mary when Dr. Thorpe was courting her. Their relationship seemed to breed nothing but unhappiness for Mary and her reaction was to seek other companionship. George Kauffman came along and the famous "Diary." It dragged her private life through the mud in court but it never hurt Mary's career. She's better now than she ever was, which goes to show whose side Hollywood was on in that business. Just as Hollywood, which has an uncannily keen sense of moral right and wrong after all, always plugged for an actress I'd rather not name (because I like her so much) when she was under the spell of her first husband.

No Hollywood wife ever stuck as loyally to a bad actor husband as this girl stuck to hers. Her trouble was that she believed, almost religiously, that the guy was the greatest actor in the world and that she, from a humble background, was fit only to sit at the great man's feet and admire. Her husband certainly never corrected her on that impression. He's doing all right on Broadway as I write this and the critics hail him as what his wife thought—a great, great actor. But in Hollywood he was not only a flop, he was an unpleasant flop, although his delusions of grandeur never weakened. Next to lousing up every movie he made, his greatest contribution to Hollywood was making his wife so unhappy at home that she lost herself in her picture parts and became twice the star he will ever be, for my money.

He squandered her bankroll time and again on flop plays to glorify himself. Her money was his to spend and he wasn't backward. Once, I remember, she sank $10,000 into one of his shows and the opening night her ever loving husband paid her back by tumbling into the orchestra pit. Once, too, I remember, they went to look at a house to rent and while she was upstairs, looking the place over, he, downstairs, bought it without even a by-your-leave and with *her* bonds.

When they finally got around to divorcing, the jerk was so nasty about their common property that the poor woman had to call the cops.

Of course, why some stars marry the

men they do will always be a mystery to me. For instance, you know the reason Jack Oakie became a movie star. Because he'd been small fry in a Broadway show where Joan Crawford didn't amount to so much, either. "Innocent Eyes," it was called. And when Jack heard about Joan's movie break he came out to Hollywood to marry her! Why did Gloria Swanson ever marry Wally Beery? The idea seems absurd. Why did Jean Harlow wed Paul Bern, or Hal Rosson? But then why did Charlie Chaplin marry Oona, a girl more than twice as young as himself? Why did Bette Davis ever let the only guy she ever loved, Ham Nelson, divorce her?

I don't know why Ruth Chatterton ever picked on George Brent to live with in holy matrimony. But I do know *how* it happened. Ruth came out from the stage, very grand and impressive, a great actress, and she had whatever her little heart desired at Warner Brothers. Came the question of her leading man and Chatterton sat for days and days in a projection room as reels and reels of Hollywood glamour men ran off. Finally along at the tag end a practically unknown Irishman came on. "That's him. That's the one!" cried Chatterton. "What's his name?" So she put him in her picture and her house too, by benefit of clergy. She taught him the technique of studio rebellion and he worked it overtime from then on.

In fact, George Brent has been on more suspensions than a trapeze artist. Once, Warners searched for days the whole United States for their missing star. No results. Then one day George appeared at the studio, out of nowhere. "Where have you been?" they screamed.

George's eyes were wide with innocence. "Here at the studio," he said. They snorted bitterly. But it was true. All the time he'd been living in his own dressing room, right on the lot!

But George Brent wasn't the type of mate for Ruth Chatterton. He's a sulky, unruly, rough Joe, despite his charm. Beneath the veneer that Chatterton tried to gloss him with, he remained George Brent, black Irishman. But Ruth Chatterton was one of Hollywood's first Grand Ladies. At least that was her publicity peg and I'm sure Ruth, for one, believed it.

When I think of Hollywood's Grand Ladies before and since, I have to stifle a few unladylike chuckles. Dear, sweet Irene Dunne, the Kentucky songbird. "I'm going to revolutionize my whole personality," Irene announced once. "I'm going to start chewing gum!" And Grace Moore, tops in temperament, during her brief stay with us yokels. There was a great crisis on "New Moon," I remember, because Grace had to wear Russian boots and she said the thick soles ruined her voice. And all you had to do to toss La Moore into a tizzy was say, "Jellicoe, Tennessee." She didn't like to be reminded of her home town. I suppose she thought she ought to have been born in Graustark.

But I suppose to most people, Hollywood's grandest lady as ever was is the girl who got in on a rain check. I mean Greta Garbo. Garbo was lugged along by her Svengali, Maurice Stiller. The great foreign director wouldn't come to Hollywood and make an epic without his youthful protege. So Hollywood said, "Well—okay," and added an extra $200 a week salary for the dumb dame, charging it off to petty cash. But Stiller's picture was tossed out. A new one was shot with new clothes, new story, new director—but the same gal that nobody wanted at first—Greta. They kept Garbo and fired Stiller and that's how we got our Swede.

About Garbo I'm like Westbrook Pegler is about Harold Ickes. I've never been fooled for a minute, although a lot of our

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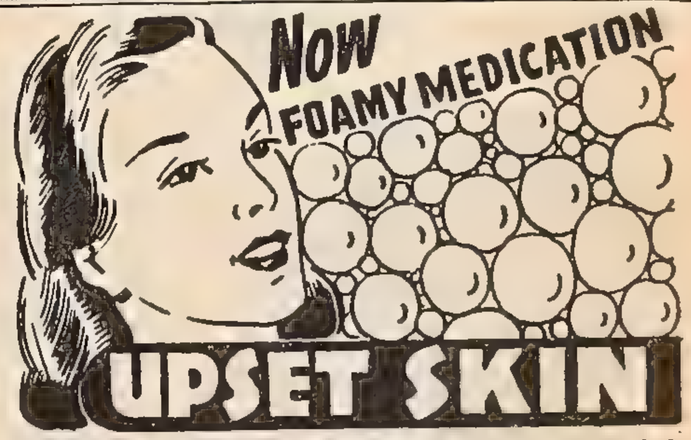
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better stars have swooned away, worshipping her mysterious, spiritual, divine glory. Ho-hum! Marlene Dietrich, much as I admire her, was a rabid fan of Garbo's for years and did everything she could to meet her, and, far as I know, never succeeded. Joan Crawford had pictures of Garbo all over her M-G-M dressing room and almost fell on her face trying to get chummy with Greta. But though her dressing room was right next door, she never made it.

Garbo-Mamoulian, and the chases through the desert. Garbo-George Brent, and more hide-and-seek. Garbo-Stokowski on the isle of Capri. Garbo-Dr. Gaylord Hauser and raw carrots. Garbo-several other people. She's had her share of romances. But in that department Garbo always brings to my mind high strung, wild, neurotic, too good-looking John Gilbert, who busted his heart over Greta and died of the strain, I firmly believe. Jack Gilbert installed a suite of rooms for Garbo up in his Tower Road mansion. It had shiny black marble walls, but when Greta took one look, she said, "Ay don' like." She said they were too smooth and shiny, so Jack spent Lord knows how much money having them all fluted. He was that mad about her, and he came as near as any man to marrying her.

They even went down to the marriage bureau to get a license—but at the last minute Garbo got panicky and ran out of the hall like an awkward, frightened kid. Jack was so shocked that he almost came to his senses. In fact, he did, just long enough to marry lovely Ina Claire on the rebound. Garbo was making a picture on location at Catalina Island when they brought her the news of John Gilbert's marriage. You know what she did? She laughed—the loudest anyone ever heard her laugh until she made "Ninotchka."

I will say that for once Garbo acted like a lady. That was her pay-off to poor, beatendown John Gilbert when she chose him for "Queen Christina." Maybe her conscience caught up with her and maybe it was just a case of thinking the old Gilbert-Garbo team would revive again and lay 'em in the aisles. Anyway, it was Garbo, against M-G-M's better judgment, who insisted that Jack get that part. He was in such a nervous state making it that he couldn't say the simplest lines for days and lost his lunch time and again on the set. Pure nerves.

In fact, the greatest good that came out of "Queen Christina" was another lucky case of a free pass to Hollywood for a great star. Miss Vivien Leigh. Yep, "Scarlett" of "Gone With the Wind."

They'd have you know, of course, that Vivien was the pearl unearthed after worldwide searches for the one, the only, the perfect "Scarlett." Well, Dave Selznick did do a lot of lookin', all right, but why should he look for a Southern Belle in England—ever think of that? Vivien Leigh came to Hollywood as a bonus to lure Laurence Olivier.

You see, M-G-M wanted Olivier to team with the throaty Swede in "Queen Christina." They even had his clothes all made, and Larry had his lines all learned, his make-up tests—everything. Then, in stepped our stubborn friend and said, "No—I want John Gilbert." So they signed John and next time when Hollywood sounded its siren call Olivier yawned, "I say, old boy, have you heard any more funny stories?" He was in love with lovely Leigh and he liked England just fine. To get him across for Heathcliffe or something, I've forgotten which, they had to invite unknown Vivien, too. And what should she run right into but the mammoth, colossal, jumbo Scarlett O'Hara treasure hunt! The slipper fit right away—only it wasn't David Selznick who found

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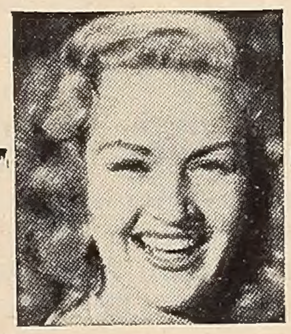
her, as some people think. It was his brother, Myron, an agent. Dave, I'm afraid, laughed heartily at the very idea of a British belle for a "you-all" yum-yum. But a test told the tale and the rest is Hollywood history. My cockeyed hat is off, by the way, to Olivier and Leigh. They proved what great actors they were not only in movies but in Shakespeare.

But—hey, here—I said I was going to let down a few bobby pins, and look—my hair's down to my hips like the Seven Sutherland Sisters. Here are a few choice memories—gay and grim—that stick in my addled brain.

Well, there was the "Society for the Protection of Olivia De Havilland" which shows you how soft-hearted Hollywood males can get. I've forgotten who belonged, practically every man who ever worked at Warner's, through Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn, Brian Aherne, a dozen others anyway, all soft as mush on sweet, untouched Olivia and sworn to keep the wolves away from her door. Gosh, I remember on "Anthony Adverse," a certain wolfish actor got to ducking into Olivia's dressing room and closing the door. But the "Protection" society fixed that. They took off the roof of Liv's room, so all the grips, juicers and carpenters up on the rafters could look right down and foil the rascal! Then what did snowy white Olivia do but go hey-hey on the crowd and start having one red-hot romance after another!

Then—whoops—what a buzz there was when we had our first visiting Indian Maharajah and a certain studio's stars turned out en masse to wine and dine him, leaving out a pretty little Negro actress who was hurt and unhappy. But on his way out of the studio the Rajah saw her, asked her into his car and away they sped. And the next day what a gorgeous emerald ring she had!

There was Mae West, too, and the ghost husband who popped up to pop Mae out of Hollywood. I always liked Mae and I remember once when a group of visiting Washington Senators and their wives



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I wonder if you realize how much we appreciate that. It makes all the difference in the world. Instead of being tense and nervous, you relax and say what you have to say, because nobody's trying to trip you up. I don't mean you've got a monopoly on writers like that. Other magazines have plenty of them, too. But I've never met one on MODERN SCREEN *who's let me down.*

So here's happy birthday to them and all of you from

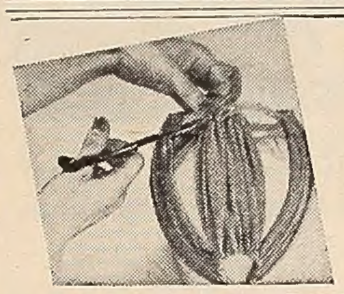
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came on her set. Paramount was quaking like jelly; they thought the wives would cut sexy Mae cold. But in no time at all she had them under her thumb and exchanging recipes. I'll never forget a visit I made to Mae's fantastic apartment in Hollywood. That luscious nude of herself in the front room, all the white rugs and things and artificial flowers all over the room with the real ones dying to be picked outside in the sun. Mae swished up in a slinky negligee and a cloud of perfume that almost knocked me over. Then in from the next apartment wafted a strong odor of—onion soup! That somehow spelled Mae to me—sexy and high falutin' for the act—but plain as a pot of soup underneath.

I can get sad when I think of ravishing Jean Harlow, the fatal beauty who had a horrid time out of her fame and finally died because she couldn't say "No" to the army of parasites who lived her life for her. And poor Bill Powell, whom she loved so much before she died and who put a gardenia in her hand when she lay cold and quiet.

I can get blue about a lot of memories—Charlie Chaplin's kiddie sex cutups through the years to stain the name of a great artist—Errol Flynn's indiscretions, too, because he's such a charming blarney peddler under it all— Poor Lupe Velez's way out, which wasn't like her and still a puzzle to me—and the strange death of Thelma Todd.

But there are chuckles and grins to balance. I think of Ann Sothern's excited Hollywood debut, when, as Harriet Lake, M-G-M called her into the recording studio and she thought she was making a big test for a part. Only to step in a movie house a little later, see a Pete Smith canine short and hear her voice dubbed in as "Mrs. Dog!" Ha! I can still see the consternation on Jean Arthur's face when the governor of Arizona introduced her at a big banquet as "Miss Gene Autry!"

Well, it was always that way in this off-the-beam, custard-pie town. As for getting bigger and better—well—the late Tom Mix still holds the record for the biggest salary check ever cashed in this town and he had the greatest army of fans. Good old Tom—he was Hollywood right in the flesh—with all its poses but its basic virtues, too. I loved the hard-bitten, battle-scarred gent—and he was one—and I remember when Tom brought his last wife to the massive Beverly Hills mansion his riches had bought. She was an ex-circus acrobat and nobody knew Tom was married again until they saw this gal in pink tights out tumbling on the front lawn.

Somebody called him on the phone. "Who is that lady doing cartwheels on your lawn, Tom?" they asked.

"That ain't no lady," barked Tom, "that's my wife!" Just like the old vaudeville wheeze.

I don't know who owns Tom Mix's big mansion now. But not long ago a very dignified event was held there—a tea honoring Madame Secretary Frances Perkins of President Roosevelt's cabinet, and some other visiting Washington big shots. About all that remains of Tom's glory in the great house, I noticed, is the bell-cord that hangs in the parlor. I remember when Tom wove that bell cord out of his beloved horse, Tony's, tail.

I had to snigger—and I'll bet Tom had a snigger with me, somewhere up in the Last Round Up—to think that the cord that rang for Madame Perkins' tea was—old Tony's tail!

Sic transit gloria mundi—as the Latin scholars say, which liberally translated, means: "Anything can happen in this crazy world!" Only, in Hollywood you can double that in spades!

FREE OFFER!

Of course, we think all the stories in this, our Birthday issue are terrific—but just to show you we love you, and 'cause we'd like to know, we're still making our usual offer—500 FREE Dell mags for 500 speed demons who will answer, and whip off to us—the Questionnaire below. Be sure yours is in the mail by not later than May 20th—to be sure that you'll be one of the lucky ones to get an exciting Dell Mag FREE!

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Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

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TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 3-B, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Also Dept. 3-B, 22 College St., Toronto, Canada*

Send TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO CAKE in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 60c plus postage with postman, on guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 60c Tax Included ☐ 2 CAKES $1.20 Tax Included

(If money with order, TINTZ pays postage)

NAME..... (*Print Plainly*)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Check shade:
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn
☐ Henna
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Black

* Price in Canada 50c or 2 for $1.00 Tax Paid.



Mary's complexion made her sad—



But I knew what to do!

Now she has that Ivory Look



And he loves her . . .

wouldn't you?

. . . Here's how you can be lovelier too . . .

Ever notice what lovely, kissable skin an Ivory baby has? More doctors advise Ivory Soap for babies . . . and for YOU . . . than all other brands put together!

Remember that—and you can get that Ivory Look—a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion!

Stop careless skin care, and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a pure, mild cake of Ivory. It contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin.

More doctors advise Ivory
than all other brands put together



99 44/100% pure—
it floats

Why it's important to conserve soap: Ivory contains vital war materials. So don't waste even a sliver!